


BROWN, JOHN

DRAWER 10B

REFORMERS

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# Abraham Lincoln and Reformers

John Brown

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

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Boston Cultivator,  
Nov. 19, 1857

#### John Brown a Farmer.

John Brown, under the sentence of death at Harper's Ferry, was formerly engaged in the peaceful and quiet vocation of a farmer and stock-breeder, in Northern New York. A correspondent of the New York Observer, who knew him there, thus writes:—He came to North Elba, one of the most secluded towns of Essex county, situated near the Northern wilderness of New York, about ten years ago. His humble farm was located on a broad plateau, embosomed in the giant arms of the Adirondaeks, amid the most exquisite natural beauties and grand physical features. He came here about the time of Gerrit Smith's abortive attempt at colonizing blacks. I do not know, however, that he had any connection with the movement, or any agency in promoting the eccentric movements of Mr. Smith.

At the Agricultural Fair of Essex county, in 1850, he created a great sensation by the exhibition of a herd of Devon cattle.—They were the first exhibited at the county fair and attracted great attention. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that John Brown was the owner, a resident of North Elba; and the result of the exhibition was the introduction of several choice animals. The writer of the Observer soon opened a correspondence with Brown in regard to his stock. The letter in reply was written in a strong, vigorous hand, and evincing more than ordinary scholarship. It was remarkable for force and precision of language, distinctness of its statements, and equally so for its sound sense and honest representation. The following is an extract:

"Your favor of the 30th of September came on seasonably; but it was during my absence in Ohio, so that I could not reply sooner. In the first place, none of my cattle are pure Devons; but all are a mixture of that and a particular favorite stock from Connecticut, a cross which I much prefer to any pure English cattle, after many years' experience of different breeds of imported stock. \* \* I was several months in England last season, and saw no one stock that would average better than my own, and would like to have you see them all together."

Such were the habits and tastes of the man while engaged in the pursuits of husbandry. His natural impulses were just and honorable, and his education and abilities of a superior order; but his mind had become distorted. The influence of others, says the writer, have precipitated him into deeds of blood and treason, which will terminate in an ignominious death. He was in North Elba last summer, disseminating his peculiar opinions, and his small remaining family still reside at his rural home, clustering round the hearth now so fearfully bereaved and desolate.



### The Character of John Brown.

The wife of John Brown, residing in North Elba, Essex County, N. Y., in a recent conversation with a writer of the Independent, gave an interesting description of the character of that eccentric man, from which we make some extracts. The writer says, I adverted in alluding to Captain Brown's religious opinions, to the common report that he was an Old School Presbyterian. She replied that he had been a church-member ever since he was a boy; that he united, at sixteen years of age, with a Congregational church in Hudson, Ohio; and that on removing to Pennsylvania, thirty years ago, he transferred his membership to the Presbyterian church, with which he has since remained connected.—She said that the religious element of his character had always been the ruling motive of his life. He had always observed religious exercises in his household with exemplary regularity. It had been for many years the custom of the family to read the Bible every morning, in regular course of chapters, each member reading in turn a verse. She said that her husband's familiarity with texts of Scripture was so great that he could detect almost the slightest misquotation of any passage, and that if a portion of a verse in almost any part of the Bible were read or repeated to him, he could immediately repeat the remainder. His conversation frequently abounded with Scripture texts, and his letters were always filled with them.

I asked for his favorite passage; she replied, "He had a great many; one was, 'Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.'" In his habits of living she testified that he was always singularly self-denying. As an example, he never suffered himself or family to wear expensive clothing. His standing admonition was, "Let us save the money and give to the poor." When some cloths were sent from New York to Mrs. Brown, to go in a box to her husband, among the articles was a new coat of fine brown cloth, which, when it was shown to her, she immediately pronounced too gay for her husband to wear; it was accordingly sent back, and in return a coarser coat, which would better suit his taste, one which the brave old Puritan might not think too good for him to put on! He never in his life had used tobacco or ardent spirits, and never, until within the last few years, has taken tea or coffee. His mode of living has been so rigidly temperate that, in Kansas, he would sometimes go for days with scarcely a mouthful of food.

I referred incidentally to the design upon Harper's Ferry as having been premeditated for two years, to which she replied, "Not for two years, but for twenty! He had been waiting twenty years for some opportunity to free the slaves; we had all been waiting with him the proper time when he should put his resolve into execution, and when at last the enterprise of Harper's Ferry was planned, we all thought that the time had now come; Mr. Brown was sanguine of success; we all were equally confident; he had no idea, nor did any of the family, that the experiment would result in defeat; we all looked to it as fulfilling the hopes of many years."

I wrote down these sentences a few minutes after they were uttered, and as I repeated them she added:

"For he has borne the yoke of the oppressed as if upon his own neck for these thirty years!"

She made several and repeated references to various newspaper accounts, in which her husband's character had been misrepresented. She had been pained to see him described as a cruel man, for, as she said, "No man ever had a kinder heart. He is generous by nature. He has always aimed to impress his family with a spirit of benevolence. He has always taught his children to be unselfish; to act always for others before acting for themselves. His sympathies for the poor and the oppressed have always been too easily excited."

I then put the question which I had been chiefly solicitous to ask, "It is the common talk of the newspapers that Captain Brown is insane; what do you say to that opinion?"

"I never knew," she replied, "of his insanity until I read it in the newspapers.—He is a clear-headed man. He has always been, and now is, entirely in his right mind. He is always cool and deliberate, and never over-hasty; but he has always considered that his first perceptions of duty, and his first impulse to action, were the best and the safest to be followed. He has almost always acted upon his first suggestions. No, he is not insane! His reason is clear. His last act was the result, as all other acts have been, of his truest and strongest conscientious convictions."

In addition to what we have extracted from the Independent, it is stated that he is a farmer, the fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower in 1620. They have all been farmers. His grandfather of Simsbury, Ct., was a captain in the Revolution. His father

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er removed to Ohio and was largely interested in raising stock, and was a contractor to supply the army with beef in the war of 1812, and John Brown, then a boy, was with his father, and witnessed the surrender of General Hull. He always cherished great respect for his father as a man of strong character.

Those who have seen John Brown and heard him speak, have been impressed with his artlessness and boldness. It was remarked by one, that, "He joins that perfect Puritan faith which characterized his fifth ancestor, with his grandfather's ardor in the Revolution. His creed consists of two articles, the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule." "Better," said he in a recent conversation in Boston, "that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away by a violent death, than one jot or tittle of these should fail in this country."

An acquaintance of ours, who knew John Brown as a farmer long before the Kansas difficulties occurred, bears the strongest corroborative testimony in regard to his honesty, unflinching integrity and firm adherence to his convictions of right. He was slow of speech, and whatever he said or wrote, was deemed by him, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. Thus is revealed the key to his character as described above by Mrs. Brown.

His speeches in the Court have interested the nation and will interest the whole civilized world. Take these words: "If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the great, or any of their friends, parents, wives, children, it would have been right. No man in this Court would have thought it a crime. But I believe to interfere as I have done for the despised poor, I have done no wrong, but right." No wonder that the Governor of Virginia was led to say of him, "He is a man of the most integrity, truthfulness and courage, he had ever met."

Whatever may be said or thought of his career in life, and especially that part of it connected with Kansas and Harper's Ferry, his, has become a historic character,—one that future historians will not let die, or suffer to be forgotten.

We have thus endeavored to give an outline portrait or sketch of the character of John Brown, who is now under the condemnation of death,—and, who, alas! will have suffered the extreme penalty of the law before our next publication day will have come round.

**THE JOHN BROWNS IN COUNCIL.**

**Great Confusion and Frequent Interruptions.**

**Wendell Phillips and Dr. Cheever on the Stand.**

**Independent Organizations in the Same Room.**

**Serious Prospects of a Bloody Termination.**

**UNWONTED ACTIVITY OF THE POLICE.**

**VARIOUS OFFENDERS EJECTED.**

**PSALM SINGING, LAMENTATIONS, DIRGES,**

do, do, do.

The Cooper Institute was crowded last evening by the friends of the late John Brown, of North Elba, New York, who so recently carried the horrors of fire and sword into the State of Virginia. The occasion was one that clearly showed that whatever may be the depth of genuine patriotic feeling pervading the intelligent classes of the North, there is yet a clique of misguided and credulous people who cling with strong infatuation to the bloody and revolutionary principles enunciated and put into practice by the republican abolition hero of Harper's Ferry. The audience last evening at the Cooper Institute consisted of respectable looking persons, not a small proportion of whom were ladies. As the number of visitors continued to increase, the female element assumed larger proportions. On some of the side seats we noticed several colored men and women, who paid the greatest attention to the exercises of the evening.

About seven o'clock the audience was considerably enforced by a large arrival of persons whom it did not take long to see were inimical to the proceedings. These were apparently very respectable citizens, who for some time preserved silence and order, but as the speeches of the orators progressed, they could no longer restrain their feelings, and joined lustily in hissing and groaning.

Mr. THADDEUS HYATT, the gentleman who originated the sale of John Brown's photographs for the benefit of the family of the deceased, called the meeting to order by nominating Dr. Fairbanks as chairman, who, however, declined to act.

The band then very plaintively played the sweet music of "The Sicilian Mariners' Hymn," after which

Rev. Mr. FRENCH, editor of the "Beauty of Holiness," addressed the Throne of Grace, invoking the Divine blessing on the meeting. He prayed for the Members of Congress, that God's presence might be manifested so that order might be brought out of confusion, and that they might discharge their duties with a single eye to the glory and welfare of the whole nation. He continued thus:—

O God, bless, we beseech thee, the afflicted family of thy servant, our brother John Brown, who has been taken away from them, and now left them in affliction. O, we thank thee for the warm place thou hast given them in the affections of so many. O, God, we believe thou dost sympathize with them. May they be under thy especial care. Watch over them. Be thou the widow's God and the father of the fatherless. And this valuable, this costly contribution which the widowed wife has made—that of widowhood—to the cause of humanity. O, bless her abundantly for it; and grant, Almighty God, that in after years they may have reason to thank thee for the precious fruits that follow this sacrifice. And do thou have mercy on the men who on the morrow are to be executed. O give them repentance for every sin. Give them pardon for their transgressions, and when they depart, O may they not die as felons in the eyes of God if they do in the eyes of their fellow men; but may they die forgiven of God, accepted of God; and, O, let their execution preach a sermon to bystanders and to this nation. May all these things be overruled for the bringing of the bonds of the oppressor, and deliver our nation from its sins and its iniquities, and we pray thee to raise up a great host of men who shall have pure consciences, noble souls, fearing God, and working righteousness, and endeavoring to save this nation from its sins.

The band then played "Ployel's German Hymn," after which Mr. Hoyt introduced the Rev. Dr. Cheever, of the Church of the Puritans, who was received with applause.

**SPEECH OF REV. DR. CHEEVER.**

Two hundred years ago, after the completed action of Oliver Cromwell and the regicides, John Milton took his pen, and in his work on the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proved that it is lawful and right to call to account a tyrant or a wicked king, and to put him to death. On the same principles, but with still greater power of demonstration, would John Milton have approved John Brown's effort to deliver an enslaved race in these United States from the cruelty of a tyrannical and wicked government.—(Applause and hisses for some time)—and the man's disinterested benevolence and desperate attempt would be a fit and worthy subject, even for the genius of the poet of the "Paradise Lost." "But there is another sort," says Milton, "who coming in the course of these affairs to have their share in the great actions above the form of law and custom, or at least to give their voice and approbation, begin to swear and almost shiver at the majesty and grandeur of some noble deed, as if they were newly entering into a great sin; disputing precedents, forms and circumstances, when the Commonwealth nigh perishes for want of deeds, in substance, done with just and faithful expedition. To these I wish better instruction, and virtue equal to their calling—the former of which, that is to say, instruction, I shall endeavor to bestow on them." Would to God that Milton were living at this hour, to speak to John Brown's countrymen with "that voice whose sound was like the sea," the lessons of John Brown's piety and heroism. Some men are afraid even to praise him; yet he is powerful even in that fear. (A voice—"Amen," hisses and applause.) And of him may be said what Wordsworth wrote of a hero of like spirit, Toussaint L'Ouverture—

Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee, in earth and skies;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Under the constitution of the United States, and by the word of God, John Brown had a perfect right to proclaim liberty to the enslaved and to labor for their deliverance. (Loud applause and hisses.) If the constitution had forbidden him to do this, while the word of God commanded him, then he would have been bound to obey the word of God—anything in the constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. (Renewed applause and hisses.) But there is nothing in the constitution requiring John Brown or any other man, to defend slavery, or not to oppose it. (Applause and hisses.)

[The police here put out a man who was disturbing the meeting.]

Mr. CHEEVER continued.—If God's word required him to oppose it, he could commit no treason against the constitution or against his country by obeying God. It was John Brown's natural right to protest against slavery, and in every just and righteous way to put that protest into action—(disturbance)—and any State establishing slavery by law—though God has forbidden it, and forbidding such a protest by law—though God has required it—(disturbance)—instantly makes such a protest not only a right, but a duty, and doubly so.

Here a man in the audience rose and said, "If you are sent here to talk about John Brown, talk about him; don't you talk about anything else, God damn you."

Cries of "Put him out!" and great confusion.

Mr. PISHURRY, Superintendent of the Police, here made his appearance on the platform.

A VOICE.—Mr. Pishurry, are we to be protected in our meeting or not? (Applause, amidst which the band played "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner.")

Mr. HYATT—I would ask the friends who are here, if they please, not to express any approbation. Thus they will give no occasion to the other side to express disapprobation. The persons who were put out were disturbers, not because we were not willing there should be an expression on both sides; but as time is limited it is best for us now to express neither approbation nor disapprobation.

An excited man here attempted to speak. Cries of "Put him out," and disturbance.

Mr. HYATT.—We will commit the order of this meeting into the hands of Mr. Pishurry.

Mr. PISHURRY.—Will the audience keep their seats? If they will we will be able to see who the disturbers of this meeting are. I cannot tell unless they do. I trust the speaker will be allowed to go on. We all have our rights here. He has a right to speak. I trust you will hear; that you came here to hear what he has to say, and others. We want quiet here. I wish the audience, those who are disposed to hear the speaker, will keep their seats. (To the speaker) I think you can go on.

Dr. CHEEVER continued.—John Brown was at liberty not only to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," but also to protest against the unrighteous law. The State, commanding the wickedness and forbidding the protest against it, made such a protest so much the more John Brown's duty towards God; for the moment anything criminal in itself is sanctioned by law, that moment two distinct obligations come upon every man. First, not to do the thing commanded; second, in God's name and by God's authority to denounce the law commanding it. If it be admitted that all men owe supreme allegiance to God, then John Brown, in going against slavery, could not possibly commit treason, but was merely acting out what common men theorize—namely, putting in practice a righteousness which limits laws and hypotheses restrict to abstract speculation, cravels information you that abstract right becomes practical wrong, if there is any law against it, and that while such law exists God's law is a mere abstraction, and man's law the practical right—the only present obligation. John Brown was hanged for entering his protest, in action, against such atheism. John Brown is the very man described in two impressive passages of God's Word, assisted by his prophets, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, in view of the very oppression against which John Brown, by natural right and by God's commission, set himself.—"Run ye to and fro through the land and see now and know, and seek in the head places thereof, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth, and I will pardon it." Then the corresponding passage in Ezekiel—"The people of the land

have vexed oppression and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully; and I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me, for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none." Jobu Brown is God's gaspman. (Hisses.) God found him, and men killed him. God prepared and commissioned him to protest against the nation's crime, and against the government that legalizes it; and, as of old, they caught God's messengers and slew them, and cast them out. So now they have slain this man of God, because of his message from God, and his faithfulness with it.

[Again the meeting was interrupted by hisses and confusion. A man near the platform shakes his cane at the speaker, and is immediately seized by the police and put out. Another in the audience is hustled out for attempting to interrupt the meeting.]

Dr. CHEEVER again resumed.—Their language is, "Run ye to and fro, and see if ye can find a man, if there be any, that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth, and we will hang him. He must be hanged by us in self defence, or there is an end of our government; for our government is treason against God, and if he is faithful to God he is a traitor to our government and cannot be suffered to live." This is the logic of all who contend that Virginia was right in putting John Brown to death for the violation of unrighteous law. All law in defence of slavery is unrighteous and forbidden of God, and the act of putting a man to death for the violation of such law is judicial and governmental murder. It is that shedding of innocent blood which distinguished the career of Ahab and Jezebel, under pretended authority of the statutes of Omri. It is that crime, the commission of which fills up the cup of a nation's iniquities, and, if the people accept and justify it, shows them to have passed the limits of God's forbearance. Besides, the Word of God, whose commands to deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, to break every yoke, and proclaim liberty every man to his brother and every man to his neighbor, John Brown acted upon to the letter. There is another method by which the quality of his action may be weighed, which is this: suppose that all men acted in this matter just as John Brown acted; what would be the consequence? This is not a had criterion of conduct, and the answer would completely justify his course; for if all men acted precisely to the letter, as John Brown has done, in regard to this wickedness, and it were known that they would, slavery could not exist; it would be peacefully abolished; the wicked laws maintaining it could not be executed, but would have to be repealed; the rights of the black man would be regarded as sacredly as of the whites; there would be no more kidnapping or slavchunting; benevolence and kindness would be the law; violence would no more be heard in our land, nor wasting nor destruction in our borders. The course which would be just and blessed, if all men pursued it, could not be changed into injustice and crime, because only one man followed it, and that man John Brown. I stand here to-night to vindicate the majesty and supremacy of God's law over man's; to say that man's law, if against God's, has no authority, but on the contrary, you and I, and the whole country, are forbidden to obey it. Such obedience would be treason both against God and the constitution, which not only does not profess to lay upon us any obligation contrary to natural and divine law and right, but recognizes such natural and divine right as the supreme law. (Hisses.) Freedom, equity, and the most perfect justice are declared to be the objects of our constitution, and any law that contradicts and renders impossible its object and spirit is null and void, both in itself and because it is unconstitutional. ("Amen" and hisses.) John Brown was indicted for treason and murder, neither of which crimes was proved against him, and of neither of which was he guilty. He did not intend either, directly or indirectly, but simply intended to give liberty to as many of the enslaved as possible, and without insurrection or the shedding of blood. The insurrection was on the part of the slaveholders and the slaveholding government in defence of the unrighteous claim of property in man—against John Brown as the representative of God's government. John Brown was no more guilty of treason or of crime in endeavoring to release and deliver the slaves (hisses) unrighteously held in bondage as property than the patriarch Abraham was guilty when he armed his trained servants and went against Chedorlaomer, and the king's confederate with him, who, in open war, had taken captive the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Lot along with them. "He divided himself against them, he and his servants by night, and smote them," and delivered the captives. How many he killed in this raid we are not informed; but he is neither accused of treason for luvading the State and government of Chedorlaomer, nor of murder, for putting to the sword those who resisted his attempt to deliver the captives. On the contrary, their resistance against his attempts was held responsible for all the violence and for every death. Nevertheless, if the federal government of which Chedorlaomer was President had conquered Abraham and caught him, they would have hanged him as a traitor and a murderer. On the other hand, it is obvious that if John Brown had had Abraham's 318 trained men instead of 17, the tables would have been turned, and the hanging deferred indefinitely. But it is a much greater crime in Virginia to hang John Brown than it could have been in Chedorlaomer if he had hanged Abraham; for the government and slaveholders of Virginia, in maintaining that it is a Christian right to make merchandise of men and forbidding all opposition to such property as treason, are a corporation of pirates in comparison with the government of Chedorlaomer, poor heathen that he was. (Clapping of hands and hissing.) John Brown could not commit treason against Virginia in endeavoring to release the captives, for he owed that State no more allegiance than Melchisedec. He could not commit treason against the federal government in that endeavor, for there is no article or principle of the constitution which makes it the duty of any of the citizens of the United States

to respect slavery, or prescribes its defence as an emblem of loyalty, or requires any obedience to its cruelties. On the contrary, the principles and letter of the constitution, rightly interpreted, forbid it, and one of the most eminent of American jurists, the Hon. John C. Spencer, has averred "that the adoption of the Declaration of Independence rendered slavery unconstitutional, and that the first act of our nation, being a solemn recognition of the liberty and equality of all men, and an affirmation that the rights of liberty and happiness are inalienable, was the corner stone of our confederacy, and is above all constitutions and all laws." John Brown, therefore, was perfectly loyal to the constitution and to the federal government in acting out the principles of liberty for which the constitution was framed, and by which it must be interpreted. This being settled, we have shown that John Brown could not commit treason against God, for God's law forbids slavery; and in setting himself against slavery, John Brown was obeying God. (Hisses.) We have also shown that if human laws established slavery, and command men to support it, then again God's laws command men to disobey, and reject those wicked statutes. The laws supporting crime create and commit a second crime in such unrighteous legislation, and make it the duty of all good men to set themselves against such laws. There is a much more imperative obligation laid upon men to oppose it when it is commanded by law than when it is not so commanded; plainly, because such commands, if not resisted, will inevitably whelm multitudes in the perdition of such crimes. But there are also explicit passages in God's word which commanded John Brown to interfere in behalf of the oppressed and enslaved, and be declared that he intended doing this peaceably; that is, without insurrection, without injury to any human being, all the rights of men being respected. You all know the seal of Virginia against tyrants John Brown acted under its instructions—obeyed them to the letter. John Brown has simply stamped the meaning of that seal with an individual action. You all know the May Flower compact, the foundation and security in God of your liberties; John Brown has simply fulfilled the terms, and acted out the spirit of that covenant. You all know the preamble of your constitution; John Brown has merely carried out that preamble, bringing back the constitution to its first principles. You all know the great commandment whereon hang all the law and the prophets. John Brown has simply obeyed that commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," taking our blessed Lord's own interpretation for his guide, in the history of the good Samaritan. You all know the exclamation of one of Virginia's eloquent sons and patriots in her better days—"Give me liberty or give me death." John Brown has expanded and transfigured that watchword beyond any utter patriot's imagination of sublime disinterestedness, by acting it out in behalf of our enslaved, debauched and hated race. "Give them liberty or give me death." (Applause and hisses.) Which was the grandest, Patrick Henry's exclamation or John Brown's action? But now the creed of the patriots and wise men of Virginia reads—"Give us slavery or give us death; concede to us the privilege of holding and breeding slaves as property, and confess that it is not only no crime, but that you will hold it sacred from invasion, on pain of death as for high treason, or we will march straight out of the Union." The shibboleth of Ephraim now at the ford of this Jordan is—"Slavery or death." You know the man that, while our revolutionary fathers were fighting, starving, dying for their country, went through the American camp bowing "Beef, beef, beef."

[A disturbance again took place, but was soon quelled by the police.]

Dr. CHEEVER continued—You see now a resurrection of that kind of patriotism in the merchants and "men of property and standing," that, to drown if possible the thunders of God's providence and word, in John Brown's death and letters, are shouting for cotton and the Southern trade. It is the patriotism of those who made silver shingles for Diana. It is a trade union with slavery that these plated patriots are advocating, and not a union for the sake of liberty; and, God helping us, we mean to maintain liberty and union one and inseparable; and we neither mean to march out of it ourselves, nor suffer them to march out of it. John Brown's memory will in due time take a noble revenge for all the insults, outrages and falsehoods of his persecutors. John Brown's characteristics of Christian patriotism were the legitimate fruit of the study of the word of God with prayer, and we see in him what kind of a man the word of God and the grace of God do make, when God requires such a man for his purpose. He was laboring for others, not for himself, and thus he became a martyr. There have been martyrs of liberty, martyrs of science, martyrs for the truth—but a martyr of the word of God for the deliverance of an oppressed race from bondage, is a new marvel of heroic virtue.

[Again there was an interruption. "He did not become a martyr at all," said some one in the crowd in one part of the hall; and in another part an old Tammany rough "Paddy Burns," offered some resistance to the police, which created a disturbance there, but he was removed and order was again restored.]

Dr. CHEEVER then continued—America has treated the very first instance of such heroism with the gallews. America! And it is little more than seventy-five years since Warren, Washington, Lafayette were canonized and rewarded for treason against Great Britain—violent, armed, intended treason—incomparably worse than John Brown's, less justifiable, not so directly commanded of God, and they who applaud Washington for taking up the sword, now quote against John Brown our blessed Lord's proverb, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." We justify no resistance that God forbids or condemns, and never shall. But if we do not acknowledge the grace of God in this man, we should show a malignity like that of the persecuting Jews, who stopped their ears from listening to the truth, and ran upon Stephen, gnashing on him with their teeth. Had the churches and the ministry in this country only thirty years ago begun and continued an earnest, united, peaceful protest, with the word of God against the wickedness of slavery, John Brown's protest in petition would at this day have been superfluous; such

an interference would not have been needed. A right and faithful proclamation of that word of God which made John Brown a Christian abolitionist would have broken up this whole system of wickedness in less time than it pleased God to take for the moulding and discipline of his character and life, as the first great martyr before the Moloch of the sin. We thank God for the grace of God vouchsafed in him. He is the legitimate fruit of that piety with which the study of the word of God by prayer baptizes, informs, energizes the soul. He is the masterpiece of that school of the old masters among whom he had his education and brought up his family—Bunyan, Baxter, John Fox, Doddridge, the Saint's Rest, the Book of Martyrs, and the Pilgrim's Progress. We thank God for the unaffected deep humility towards God, mingled with such firmness towards man, conspicuous in his nature. We thank God for all the precious evidences of his Christian experience and character. We thank God for the triumphant testimony he has been enabled to leave in gratitude for the infinite grace of God, to the honor of His word, to the efficacy of prayer, to the reality of faith, in the confidence of his own soul in God, in Jesus Christ, unshaken in the most trying hour and circumstances of existence. One such man, one such great heart, one such noble Christian, outweighs the baseness of a million hypocrites; and his big testimony against slavery shines like the sun, in spite of all the darkness and lying of all the pro-slavery churches in Christendom. (Hisses and applause.) In an age of shams here is one reality; in an age of speculative theological and editorial skeletons hung round with broadcloth, here is one living soul; in an age of paste, here is one red gum; in an age of doughfaces, here is one of God's flints—(hisses and applause)—here, in a time of hollowness and cant, is a man of faith—a man to whom the idea of disinterested benevolence was a living expression—a man to whom the negro was a brother and a man—(hisses and applause)—a man who to the death rejected religious communion with slaveholding ministers as defiling to his soul, but, on the way to the scaffold, stooped down and kissed a little negro child whom God had put in his path, that through that little one his last dying act might be the giving of a cup of cold water to that enslaved race for whom he died.

A WOMAN'S VOICE—"God bless him!" (Hisses and applause.)

Dr. CHEEVER—Here is grandeur; here is God's own work and grace; here, in an age of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, is one great soul, like a living organ, through whose trumpet notes God has blown an anthem that shakes the land like an earthquake. Can Senator Mason put down John Brown's ghost by a bill of inquiry? Can Senator Trumbull put down John Brown's ghost by standing up to be catechized? Will it put down John Brown's ghost to declare that slavery is no crime? You might as surely imagine that you had imprisoned his immortal spirit in the grave by putting an additional screw in his coffin. Presently you will hear of some new miracle of disinterested love to whom that are in bonds as bound with them; and a new battering ram of God's divine word and providence will be driven against this wickedness, and Herod again will start from his uneasy slumbers: "John I have beheaded, but who is this?"

[Another disturbance here, which lasted for some time.]

Dr. CHEEVER continued—John, the beheaded, is but the forerunner of Christ the conqueror; and if need be in this conflict, he will raise up soldiers for his truth out of the stones in the streets. But whoever comes, on whomsoever the mantle falls, he cannot go beyond John Brown in his faithfulness, living or dying; no man can strike a more terrible blow at the heart of the slave power, nor bear a more emphatic lawful record in life, in death, as to the incompatibility of slavery and Christianity. Rather than seem to admit to the world that a man defending this wickedness could be a Christian minister, he would pass to the scaffold and the grave alone, rejecting the offer of the gospel from such a man. But God was with him, and John Brown felt that any man who by defending slavery maintains the moral assassination of the living as consistent with the Gospel, is unworthy and unfit to convey its spiritual revelations even to the dying. We rejoice in the sublime and sacred score with which he refused the spiritual services of any apologist for such a crime. That dying protestation was a blow against slavery more effective than could have been struck by the living victor in a battle. Thanks be to God for the firmness and consistency of John Brown's testimony even to the close; for the awfully solemn witnessing, on the verge of eternity, against the wickedness of slavery, as so wicked that the man who defended it would not be suffered to worship the same God with a Christian about to die for his opposition to it. Let that work, and work it will, in the hearts and consciences of millions. Let that work, as by the grace of God it can be made to work, till our churches every where shall be constrained to excommunicate this wickedness as incompatible with faith in Christ and the hope of heaven, and slavery will speedily be abolished. And now, let me remember that because John Brown is hanged the stock is not exhausted. There are plenty more of such creations through the power of God's Word, God's discipline, God's spirit, when God's time has come—plenty more of such scourges. They that will keep slaves must be content to do it as men settle on the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, with all the offsets God has appointed against the security of such property. Twenty thousand signatures for a

Union-saving meeting cannot prevent the eruption of the volcano under them—it cannot prevent the resurrection of John Brown. They cannot silence God's Word; they cannot prevent the fire of God's Word, when it gets into the bones of such a man as John Brown, from breaking forth as in a conflagration. They cannot prevent God, whenever and in whatever way it pleases him, from raising up men to execute his plagues against their wickedness; and when God commissions such a man as John Brown, he will protect his memory and justify his cause. Amidst the Babel of tongues at Washington one manly voice has been uttered, declaring the great and only question in this conflict—"Is slavery right or wrong?" Let Mr. Curry remember—let the whole South remember—that there are millions at the North who receive God's word on this subject just as John Brown received it, and with convic-

tions of the wickedness of slavery as deep as his. Those who disregard and violate, and by force would snuff out, these convictions and the truth of God—those who, North and South, deny the supremacy of God's law in this matter, are standing on the only real volcanoes. These convictions can never be given up; never! and God's word cannot be concealed or silenced. The conflict is not between North and South, but between the South and God; and we to him that striveth with his Maker. He that reproveheth God, let him answer it. The Union of these States is a Union under God for liberty, not slavery; and so, God helping us, we will abide by it. God appointed it for liberty. God commands us to maintain it for liberty. We have been called unto liberty, but not liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, not liberty to enforce slavery, but by love to serve one another as the servants of God; for all the law is fulfilled in one word—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But if ye hate and devour one another, take heed that ye have not consumed one of another. Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. And, if you ask, Who is my neighbor? God hath made of one blood all them that dwell upon the face of the earth, and those whom he hath made with a skin not colored like your own are not the less your neighbors, but more, in that they need the more your love. This is John Brown's justification. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them. They are Christ's brethren. And He hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of them, ye have done it unto me;" and, "the giver of a cup of cold water only shall not lose his reward." Again, I say, that we desire to try John Brown's action thoroughly by the Word of God. We disavow all manner of resistance against evil not approved in God's Word. But we take John Brown's own solemn declaration, that he never did intend insurrection, or treason, or bloodshed, but simply what he thought he could accomplish the deliverance of a number of the enslaved without injury to any man. I, said he, I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, or for your friends, your neighbors, your children, under such oppression, you would all have applauded the action. I see you kiss a book, which I suppose to be the Bible, and it teaches me to love my neighbor as myself. And I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. If John Brown had interfered in behalf of a company of whites, carried away into slavery, to be condemned with their children to the misery of perpetual chattelism, not an individual would have reprobated that interference. But God's justice is not chimerical, neither is righteousness a quality only skin deep. Let this whole action be examined with the severest scrutiny by God's own Word, in view of the nature of slavery as a crime, and a system of accumulating crime, forbidden by him; and whatever be that judgment, it is ours, because it is God's. Whatever there may have been in John Brown's course contrary to God's law, God forbid that any of us should be found approving it. But whatever conflicting opinions there may be as to John Brown's asserted madness, or the method of it, there can be no question as to the sacredness of our duty to the widow and the fatherless. And as many as believe that John Brown was mistaken or wrong in his action, upon them lies the greater responsibility to smite with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, the evil of all villainies. In this duty towards God we go for Union, and shall hold fast to the Union, because it gives us power, and we mean to know us South no North, no East, no West, but all one in the right inalienable to lie, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Wherever there is an advocate of slavery, North, South, East or West, there is the enemy of freedom and of God, and against such an one, against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, we mean to put on the whole armor of God, and stand fast and strike with God's own weapons.

The latter portion of this speech was delivered amid great disturbance and disorder; hisses and applause, groans and speeches in different parts of the hall, being all the time in progress. It was difficult for any but those nearest the platform to follow the speaker at all times, as it took over an hour for the delivery of the entire speech.

#### SCENES AT THE LOWER END OF THE HALL.

The confusion here was indescribable, not less than three hundred individuals, most of them young men, who were under the direction of one or two leading spirits, being assembled there. Charles H. Haswell, ex-President of the Board of Councilmen, mounted one of the seats and proposed "three cheers for the constitution of the United States," which were given with great enthusiasm. At the conclusion of this demonstration another respectable looking man ascended a seat, evidently laboring under great excitement at the reasonable sentiments advanced by Cheever at the other end of the room, and said, "I am not going to have my country run down in this scandalous manner. I am a working man, I have shovelled coal all day, and I will not hear my country spoken of in this way. I did not come here to preach treason." This sentiment was received with tremendous applause.

Still another man exclaimed, "Americans! I never heard anything like this in my life." Superintendent Pilsbury advanced from the front of the platform to the scene of disturbance, and stated that order must be maintained. "We don't want to listen to treason" was the universal cry of the multitude in the back part of the edifice, whereupon three cheers were proposed and given for "the Union and the constitution." Pilsbury's voice was heard distinctly begging the crowd to be quiet—"Will you be quiet?" "Will you be quiet?" vociferated Pilsbury; but the indignation of the lovers of their country was so great that they would not be pacified. A strong desire was manifested by the occupants of the lower part of the hall to organize a "Union meeting," but as Dr. Cheever was proceeding with his remarks the purpose could not be carried into effect. Besides, as some of the more cool lovers of their country wisely observed, the revolutionists had hired the hall and had a right to hold their meeting; but, added he, as soon as the meeting

adjourn we can hold our own meeting. This speech had a tendency to ally the excitement, but only for a few moments, for the excited multitude called for cheers for the Southern States, amid counter demonstrations on the part of the sympathizers with John Brown, some of whom said: "This interruption will make thousands of republicans." "You ought to take that man out," observed a meek looking old gentleman to a policeman. "Faubst can I?" replied the minister of the law, who proved to be of Teutonic descent; "there is the Superintendent (Pilsbury), and he can do nothing." "Three groans for abolitionism" were proposed by a juvenile patriot, and the response was heartily complied with. "Three cheers for Governor Wise" was the next demand, which was met as promptly. "Three cheers for General Washington" was the last proposition, which was received with deafening applause.

After remonstrating with the excited auditors occupying this portion of the hall, Superintendent Pilsbury introduced them to take their seats and listen to the speakers, and save an occasional interruption, the request was complied with.

#### SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS took the floor at half past eight o'clock, and continued standing while the greatest disorder prevailed. The rowdies had now gathered near the platform and kept up continual uproar. Three cheers were given for Phillips, followed by groans and hurrahs. At the end of about ten minutes order was partially restored by the police, and Mr. Phillips proceeded as follows:—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—It seems to me that the result of this evening, whether you or I are allowed in our own hall to meet for our own avowed purpose in peace, is one of those elements of education which John Brown's enterprise begins to unfold to thirty States. We calculate the strength of the blow from the amount of the rebound. Men say John Brown's enterprise was a failure. He has proved one thing up to tonight in the State of Virginia—he has proved that she dares not exist except as a despotism. No man can send a message over the telegraph wire in her northern counties without a permit from General Taliaferro. Nobody may pass from one town to another without a passport from her military authorities. No man may enter the State under the shelter of the United States constitution. Why? Because seventeen men have struck on the apparently full vessel of Virginia's pride, and emptiness resounded, because seventeen men proved by their assault that a slave State is but a despotism in masquerade. (Hisses.) A Voice—"That's a lie." (Cries of "Put him out," and disturbance.)

Mr. Phillips—The question, ladies and gentlemen, tonight is, whether you are the subjects of Virginia, or the citizens of the free State of New York. (Applause and hisses and disturbance.) For one gentleman, I care not whether I speak or am silent tonight, under the noise of those who choose, not with fair hisses, but with disorderly systematic noise, to prevent the objects of this meeting. (Renewed disturbance.) For if the fact is that two thousand citizens of your metropolis cannot hold a meeting in quiet, it is better that we should know it. (Here a man was put out for disturbing the meeting.) Ladies and gentlemen, what have we come to consider? What are we here to say to each other? I hold in my hand a likeness of a girl of seventeen summers. It was taken from the honor of Oliver Brown in that armory, after he was shot, by the thoughtful kindness of a Virginia tradesman, and saved for his mother. I saw her in the rude cottage on the mountain side of the Adirondack region; I saw a group of New York Northern girls—widows. Where had their husbands gone, and for what? In that plain rude cottage you find the home of four heroic men; in the next, the home of two more, making six of that twenty who flung themselves against the State of Virginia for an idea. What was it? According to the law of the State they committed felony. What are we not to sympathize with them for? What have they done that crowd these walls with men whose hearts make ramparts for these wretched children, whose almost homeless orphans? What brings us here? There must be something about that death that divides it from common death. What is it? Was he a murderer? (A voice—"Yes.") "Silence.") I am glad to hear it. Let us try to answer. And first, let us look at the man. Pure, tender, brave, disinterested, (a voice—"A Kansas horse thief," and resolute. Every word he spoke has touched a homeless heart.) (A voice—"Who murdered Doyle?") Another voice—"John Brown." Every act he has done since Virginia held her foot upon him only lifts not him, but a million of men, into a higher level of life. Mark it! Virginia utters not one word against him—not one. Her Governor says—"Truthful, firm, brave, disinterested—the bravest man I ever saw." (Applause and hisses.) Virginia has nothing to reproach him with but the single act at Harper's Ferry. It is Virginia's subjects in other States that are obliged to run back four or five years to hunt up a forgotten lie in Kansas, in order even to get the means of breathing the shadow of suspicion over his spotless escutcheon. Mark you that he has stood the ordeal of a frightened and indignant, yes a sorely tried commonwealth, and she has not one fault to allege against him except the single incident that I am about to examine—that he pointed his rifles against her citizens. But that excepted, he is a model man, Virginia being the witness. Outside of her territory, slaves with souls who would be dearly bought at the price of a counterfeit sixpence, raked up the forgotten lie of Kansas in order to find something against him, and it is the only hold they have on the fame of the old man. Let us look at it. I blink no responsibility, standing as the mouthpiece of John Brown. (A hiss.) I say that from the time he set his foot in Kansas to the time he made the gibbet sacred in all coming ages—a hiss—there is no act of his—not one—that will not bear the closest scrutiny and the keenest analysis of any man who stands on the basis of American principles. (Hisses.) More than that, I affirm that the deeper you probe his lie the brighter it shines. (A hiss.) I went to his house on No. 10 Elha, where wheat freezes, where nothing can be cultivated but a few potatoes, where the mountains look down on a bome that is almost a shanty—a roofless dwelling, but standing upon a soil that grows heroes. I said to one of his children, "What brought your father to such a place? what could he love here? He could have

found mountains elsewhere; what attached him to these barren acres?" Said she, "When Gerrit Smith gave to the colored men of New York a hundred thousand acres, he thought they might need a friend to advise, to instruct, to encourage, to aid them." He flung away life to come up and freeze on the mountains, in order that he might be by to hold them up with his strong right arm, and a heart that never failed; and whenever you probe that life you find nothing but disinterestedness. Now, what made him fling himself against Virginia? Mark you, he was not alone. He was only the centre of a group. Around him were his sons. The old former went down with his household, and such was the magnetism of his enthusiasm that he gathered the neighbors' households to his arms, and they surrounded him as he went down to Maryland in order to assail the institution of Virginia. He was only the centre of a group. Those children in their teens, those young men of twenty—when you read their histories, their letters, their words, they seem to have grown up for martyrdom. Other men bred their sons for business, one for agriculture, another for commerce, another for college, one for gain, another for ambition. This man bred his children for martyrs. He made them—no, he didn't make them; when they were born, they imbibed it in the blood he gave them, that they were created to die for the slave. On the altar of heroism we have seen great names in our day, throw themselves for their own rights. We have seen headed men in the middle of life, in the maturity of thought, having tried other channels, come up to the deed of defending their own rights and those of their neighbors; but here are girls of sixteen and nineteen summers accepting as serenely their place in the martyrdom for a race into whose eyes they have never looked. There has nothing been as holy, nor that approached it, since the Cross that stood on Calvary, for a race in whose blood the Divine sufferer had no share. (A slight hiss, followed by silence.) I mean what I say. Heroes of other days died for their own rights. John Brown died for a race in whose blood he had no share. Now, had he a right to die? Was he a felon? Let us look at it. What were his motives? Virginia being witness, they were disinterested. There is no need of discussing the point, when Virginia herself acknowledges that his motives were pure. That is a great theory. Now, that acknowledgment of the Commonwealth of Virginia is a marvel, for Virginia lips are gagged from the Natural Bridge to Harper's Ferry at this hour. I will give you an instance of it, and when I do it I will use it to illustrate another point. When in the midst of the who in the midst of the battle at Harper's Ferry, the Mayor's body lay dead within the range of the rifles of these Northern boys, his friends said, "Bring him off; save it for his kindred home, and go." At last a boarder at the hotel said to Miss Foulke, "I will go if you will stand between me and the rifles; and if he went. He knew he could trust the gentle sacredness of woman in the eyes of these brave Northern boys. He went, placed the body on the carriage, and sheltered by her presence, carried it back to safety. A day later that very girl flung herself on the breast of one of those very young men whose rifles were spiked when she stood before them, and the son of a Virginia gentleman dared to row it in the courts of his native State, encouraged by his father, that that woman's form which had saved Virginia could

not save that Northern boy from the merciless bullet of a Virginia brute. That is the difference between Northern blood and Southern. (Hisses.) Well, if you don't think there is a difference content yourselves. (Laughter.) But this is the use I wish to make of that anecdote. In the streets of Harper's Ferry that very girl disavows her act. She says, "I do not defy it from humanity; I did it to save soiling my sister's carpet." (Laughter.) Do you believe her? No; a bit of it. She was a true woman, with the heart of a woman, on that morning. She flung herself, with an instinct that never asked its nature, for mercy and magnanimity, between Hunter's rifle and Thompson's life; but to-day the despotism of Virginia, that crushes everything, renders her incapable of disavowing her own bravery, in order that she may stand well of the community among which she lives. Despotism again—John Brown revealed it. I was speaking of his act, we have got through his motives. Virginia says they were not pure. Well, then, what was his purpose? It was to free slaves. Is that no honest act or not? Is it honest for a slave to rise and take his master by the throat, and make his way to liberty over as many dead bodies as could lay from Virginia to Canada? Is it, or is it not? (Several voices, "No, no.") Well, I was born at the base of Bunker Hill, and I say it is right. (Loud and long applause, with hisses.) Well, let us pass it. (Cries of "Treason," "Treason," "Treason," and disturbance.) I believe, gentlemen and ladies, that if a slave, with the blood of his master on his right hand, stood at the door of one of these very men, they would admit him and shut the door behind him, against any hound that was following him from Virginia to New York. There is something in the heart of a human being that cannot say "No" to the speechless eloquence of that black, friendless face. And if there were one capable of saying "With my mother stricken down on one side, and my wife on the other, and my daughter sold upon the auction block, because their skins were not of the color of the majority, I would not lift my right hand to shield them or save myself," I would admit at last that my principles might be doubtful, for I had found a man at last who was made for a slave. But I do not believe in the existence of such anomaly. I do not believe that a man exists who can say that, whatever he may say to his. Now we come to his purpose. Well, it is a little different. It was not the slave that rose. Brown went to help him rise. Is that right? Answer Byron, from the marshy bed of Missolonghi. If it is not right why did you go to help the Greeks? Answer Kocisnuo from the monument on the banks of the Hudson. If it is not right, why did you come to help us? Answer Lafayette.

A Voice—"We were white men." (Laughter.) Mr. Phillips—Ayo, aye, white men; that is the exact point. White men! and, as John Brown said, with matchless eloquent, in that immortal speech to the Court, "If I had done what I have for the white men, or the rich, no man would have blamed me." I thought as I stood on those Vermont hills, over which we carried his body to its last resting place, and saw in some houses that opened

their doors to us, the blue eyed babies of the Vermont farmers lying in their saug cradles—I thought, how often the hand of the Carolinian was laid on the brow of the black baby in its mother's lap, taking it and saying, "This is mine," and sculling it at the auction block; and the church says, "Amen," and the State says, "All right." But let us see. A man goes to Vermont and puts his hand on the sunny ringlets and blue eyes of a Green Mountain babe, and the mountains will overwhelm Carolina, and splo of party and pupil both will have back that blue eyed baby to the liberty of the Vermont Hills. (Loud applause and hisses.) So, he was black—that is the difference. But Lafayette said, "Had I known that it was to be a republic holding slaves, I never would have drawn my sword in the Revolution of 1776." (Applause.) But I was coming to John Brown's act. An act is made up of the motives, the final purpose and the means. Well, his motives were pure, his final purpose was to help the slave. I hide him behind Lafayette, and if the hisses of New York can reach him there, God save New York. (Applause and hisses.) Now for his means. Men say the great folly was that he went there with seventeen men; that if he had gone there with a million, and trodden Virginia under foot, it would have been all right. (Hisses and cries of "No, no.") Well, let us see. (Laughter.) The question is, if John Brown had gone there with an army that called itself war, and assailed the State, or what called itself a State, and given liberty to its victims, then, by the shades of Clay and Daniel Webster, who told us that every pulse of our hearts ought to beat for Greece and the South American republics, he would have been right. Over his passage to Richmond, Webster and Clay would have been seen from their seats in (if they ever got there) approval. (Applause and hisses.) They would have been bound to be there by the eloquence of their brightest Senatorial hour.

A Voice—"Don't condemn a dead man." ANOTHER VOICE—"We are defending a dead man." Mr. Phillips—Now look at the means—seventeen men.

A Voice—"Twenty-two." Mr. Phillips—Well, twenty-two. Now let us look at it. In the first place is Virginia a State? I say she is not. (Hisses.) You think that is fanaticism. If it is, it is two thousand years old. Cicero, the great Roman statesman, says in his treatise on law—"Will you call a community of pirates a State? Will you call a concord of thieves a State? Will you call an association of wicked men a State?" (Applause and hisses, and cries of "No," "No.") "No gabis," so says the Roman, "thou shalt deny it." Now, the heathen statesmanship of Cicero is good enough for me. (Applause.) I say that a State which does not ask the consent of its citizens to its laws, which does not undertake to protect the inalienable rights of one half of her citizens, forfeits before God, the character of a civil community. A State that sends one-half of its population to the auction block, that imprisons women for teaching them to read, that condemns one-quarter of its population by law to prohibition, that steals the labor of every other man, and condemns him to the life of a brute, is not a State, but is a concord of pirates—(prolonged hisses, mingled with applause)—it is an American Algiers. (Renewed hisses.) Well, I don't suppose the doctrine will be acceptable. (Laughter and hisses.) If you were to ask one-quarter of the pulpits in the land, they would tell you that John Brown was crazy. Now, I will tell you what that reminds me of. Coleridge, the English poet, says that when he was at college, he spent the night until one o'clock in his study over his books, and then he came down into the common room below, where his classmates had been drinking and were considerably tipsy; and when I entered," says he, "they all got up and voted me drunk; I looked so odd." (Laughter.) I have no doubt—I have not any doubt whatever—that to one half the American pulpits a man who undertakes to practice the sermon on the Mount and the Declaration of Independence looks very odd. (Applause and laughter.) He is so odd that I don't know that anything could be done with him but to hang him; he has no right to exist. We have had Union meetings all about.

A Voice—"Well, we will have another one." Mr. Phillips—Yes; well, have it. (Laughter and applause.) We had one in my town, and the clergyman who introduced it with prayer, prayed that the Lord would bless this glorious confederacy—"especially the Southern part of it. (Laughter and applause.) And it reminded me of the old prayer which a fugitive slave told me of years ago, which used to be made by a man in the far South who owned half a negro. He used to pray—"Lord bless Tom, especially my half of him." (Uproarious laughter, applause and hisses.) Now, I am perfectly willing that any amount of Union meetings should be held. That is one of the benefits John Brown has given us. He has given this Union a text; he has lifted nine millions of people up to a discussion of a great question of morals. He has done more to advocate the American people than our own statesman, Webster, did in forty years of public life. (Applause, hisses and groans.) Well, see if he has not, now; look at it. (Laughter.) He went down to Virginia. What did he do first? He said, in that little school house in North Elha, before he went, to his neighbors seated around him—"I know I can go South, and I can show them that the slave has a right to resist, and will resist." A Voice—"Yes; resist John Brown—and cries of "treason, treason."

Mr. Phillips—Now, it may be treason; but the fact is it runs in the blood. We were traitors in 1776. (Applause.) I tell you treason is an epidemic up in those Vermont mountains. Down here in your city the larger portion of you are poisoned, either with printer's ink or cotton dust. (Applause and hisses.) But up there, where the farmers plant their own grain and eat it, and ask no man's permission; where, sheltered from the inclemency of the winter, they are willing to live servants of God and their own thoughts. Why, up there you find men who recognize John Brown as the ideal of their piety and their patriotism both. (Applause and hisses.) Now, I was tracing him; he went to Virginia. What did he do?

A Voice—"He committed murder and got hung afterwards. That is what he did. (Cries of "Put him out," "put him out.")

Mr. Phillips—No; let him stay. Do you suppose I come here to talk to you, who know all about this matter a great deal better than I do? No, I don't; I come here to talk to him and those like him. (Applause and laughter.) And if he could have looked upon the calm brow of that old man, as he lay in his coffin, on his own



hills, and seen these daughters and one son about it, serenely yielding him to the need of a race, hardly a specimen of which they ever saw, victims to a bondage that Jefferson said "one hour of it is worse than years such as our fathers rose to resist," there is not a man in that crowd there—(pointing to where the interruptions were made)—that would have lifted his voice against the memory of the old martyr saint of Harper's Ferry.

**THE SAME VOICE**—Yes, there is. (Applause and hisses. Mr. PHILLIPS—Well, if there is, I can only say this: if there is, then New York does not breed as brave souls and as manly as the State of Virginia. (Laughter.)

A voice on the platform—"He comes from Ireland." (Laughter.)

Mr. PHILLIPS—For this is the testimony of every man at Charlestown and Harper's Ferry; for there was not a man in all Virginia who looked in the face of John Brown who was not melted into admiration of the man and his motives. But I was trying to trace him. In the first place he said, "With twenty men I can take possession of a Southern town and keep it for twenty-four hours, and I shall tell the slaves know it, and they can come to me if they wish." He did it; he took possession of Harper's Ferry, and held it from Sunday night to Monday night, unattacked. He collected some thirty slaves there, and sixteen of them stand to-day safe from the vulture of thirty States, under the shelter of the English flag in Canada. (Prolonged applause.) That is something. Well, then, he stood there unchecked. On Monday night, at ten o'clock, he was the master of the State of Virginia. On Tuesday morning two Virginia companies arrived in his vicinity, looked into the faces of those twenty-two Northern men, and what did they do? Why, according to a Maryland Colonel, who described the scene to a friend of mine, they ran until they got to the tavern, and they would have got under the beds if it had been necessary. (Applause, hisses and groans.)

**THE SAME STRANGER** in the audience—That is a lie. Mr. PHILLIPS—Well, perhaps that is not true, but a Maryland Colonel said so: settle it with him.

**STRANGER**—Name him. (Cries of "Give us his name." "No," "no.")

Mr. PHILLIPS—I have no objection to tell his name.

A voice—"Don't do it; they will mob him, and cries of "name him," "name him." (Applause and hisses.)

Mr. PHILLIPS—Now, ladies and gentlemen, just stop a minute. I am not a member of Congress, and am not accustomed to submit to be catechised. If you will send me to Congress for ten years (groans and hisses, with laughter), I may get into the habit of apologising and being catechised. But I have not got the habit yet. Whether I shall tell that man's name or not, remains for my consideration before I get through. (Hisses and groans.) Well, now, I am going on with the account. John Brown stood there on Tuesday morning until the Martinsburg company made the first assault and were repulsed. What followed? Sixteen of your agents, marines, selling their bodies to your service for \$3 or \$10 a month, approached. He had conquered Virginia, and held her under his foot. (Hisses and applause.) Well, if he had not, why did not she send him away? (Applause and laughter.) There he had stood thirty-six hours. The telegraph had flashed the news over half of Virginia. Three companies had approached twenty-two men and had been repulsed. That cannot be expected to, for it is the fact. If they had not run away, they would have been driven away. (Hisses and applause.) The United States marines approached. Now stop a moment. Suppose they had not approached. Suppose the United States, in the shape of your agents, had not approached him. Say that as a matter of bullets his enterprise was a failure. Suppose he had stood there Tuesday morning without your interference, and fifty black men from the northern counties of Virginia and Maryland, and from Pennsylvania, where black men shoot slave hunters as in Louisiana, suppose they had joined him, and he had had seventy-five men instead of the twenty-two—my impression is that he would have gone down to Richmond and—garrisoned Governor Wise. (Laughter, applause and hisses.) Yes, my impression is that if the Union had not faced John Brown, and he had had another twelve hours to gather about him the colored men of northern Virginia and southern Pennsylvania, he would have marched over the State.

**STRANGER**—You know better than that.

Mr. PHILLIPS—I know that in 1831 Nat Turner, a slave, with 301 men walked over five counties, and frightened Virginia dared not look in his eyes until they sent down to Norfolk for United States troops; and I think that if John Brown had had three days, instead of two, he might have done likewise.

**STRANGER**—Why didn't you go?

Mr. PHILLIPS—I say, therefore, that the Union crushed John Brown—the Union helped up the State of Virginia, and enabled her to exist. Very well; you conquered John Brown, not Virginia.

**STRANGER**—No we didn't; we only hung him.

Mr. PHILLIPS—It is your business and not hers. Now I have reached the point where the Union crushed him. John Brown having used his rifles, then began to use the press. ("A-men" and laughter.) Having taken possession of Harper's Ferry, he began to edit the New York Tribune and the New York Herald for the next three weeks—(laughter and applause)—and as Waldo Emerson says: "One sees now why the New York Herald was created." (Laughter and applause.) He stood there in that Charlestown jail—(groans and hisses)—he taught the Union, by the unfolding of traits that lift him above the mere guerrilla soldier into that of a teacher, a Christian and a martyr, for an idea. God called him higher than the mere boundary of a bullet. He takes his place among the men that make the consciences of their generations. He assumes the form of the teacher of the thought of the American people; and now begins the success—the consummated success—of his enterprise. I say it was a success before, so far as achieving all he promised to achieve; and then he outdid his promise, for slavery is dead to-day in the Commonwealth of Virginia. He has loosened its roots; he has destroyed its vitality; he has made Virginia begin to consider the question of the emancipation of her bondsmen; and that act—the result of a month's imprison-

ment—is a success broader than any he could have achieved as a mere guerrilla soldier, or with a dozen such assaults as this which occurred at Harper's Ferry. But I am occupying more time than I intended. (Cries of "Go on!" "Go on!" hisses and applause.) Let me allude to one point. This lie of Potawatomie. (Hisses and groans; cries of "Music by the band," "Marseilles Hymn.") This lie about Kansas. I long before I leave the stand to say one word in regard to that. John Brown was not at Potawatomie; he was not within twenty-five miles of the spot. I know that Caleb Cushing said he was, and Caloh on that occasion got within thirty miles of the truth, and that is nearer than he ever got before. (Laughter, applause and hisses.) Of course I would not insult the memory of an honest man, and one that Governor Wise affirmed was a teller of truth, as true a man as he ever knew, by weighing Caleb Cushing's word against his. No, not for a minute. I would not weigh that word against the word of a man even so distantly related to John Brown as to be named Thomas Green. No! (Laughter and applause.) But we have the authority of John Brown himself, who never told a lie, end of his son brought up in the same school, that John Brown was twenty-five miles from the killing at Potawatomie. Now, let me tell you one thing about his truth. I say Virginia praises him; it is not only my words. They arrested a man in frightened Charlestown, put him in jail and began to examine him. Old John Brown turned to him, and said, "You may let that man out; I know him; he is a harder ruffian. It is safe to let him be here." And that liberty to pass up and down the highways of Virginia, which neither your hoisted constitution, nor Virginia laws nor Virginia soldiery could give him, the unsupported word of a man they could find no better use for than to hang, secured to the border ruffian of Missouri. If that is not a compliment to the truth of John Brown—the whole State of Virginia being the respondent—I know not what testimony could be brought. I was speaking of Potawatomie. John Brown was not there. But to be a brave, magnanimous soul, as he was, he always, when he said "I was not there," added this further statement: "The net was right." Well, I have spoken a great deal too long. (Applause. "Go on, go on;" hisses and groans.) I think it very right our friends there should make a noise to stop. I ought to retire to give way to others. (Cries of "go on; go on.") I want to say one word about this Potawatomie matter, and it is this—

**STRANGER**—Who murdered Mr. Doyle?

Mr. PHILLIPS—The Kansas men had suffered death, and every insult. (A voice—"Three cheers for Governor Wise.") I wish I was speaking in Virginia; I do not believe but what I could get a silent audience in Virginia. I have got in my house a lock of hair from old John Brown's temples, sent me by a slaveholder of Virginia, the testimony of his sympathy and respect for the man his commonwealth was about to hang—(Several voices—"Name him, name him.")—and from Baltimore I had a larger sum than most men would think of giving to this very fund sent me by a slaveholder of Baltimore for the John Brown—(Several voices—"Name him, name him.") O, no, continued Mr. Phillips; manhood is not extinct south of Mason and Dixon's line, only there is a despotism reigus there that makes men fear to utter what their hearts really feel. (A voice—"That's so.") Old John Brown lifted up on that gibbet, sacred for the centuries, because he has consecrated it, will show to him every noble soul in those States as well as ours; and when free-eaters at the head of politics undertake to threaten that they will walk out of the Union, the reason they don't go is because the people won't let them. (A voice—"That ain't a reason," followed by laughter and applause.) Now, my friends, if you should ever see the town poor separate from the town, the next act will be South Carolina going out of the Union. (Applause and hisses.) Why, long before it is done our generous friends on the left (meaning those persons on the left side of the room, who were constantly interrupting Mr. Phillips) must lend them money to buy crutches, for she can't get out nor get up without assistance. I say this from no mere rhodomontade; I say it in the honorable spirit of Northern labor; I say it in the spirit of that free labor of those States which knows that by the law of God wickedness is weakness, and that by His sublime counsels despotism can never pay. As old John Brown said in his jail, when men told them it was a failure, "My dear sir, it will pay." He knew it. Now, slavery won't pay; it cannot be made to pay. The devil is always a cheat. God never allowed wickedness to lead to prosperity; it leads to bankruptcy; it cannot go anywhere else. Take this very city, take your State—men here with the brains, inheriting the culture of half a dozen centuries, and as Emerson says, "with more brains in their hands than other races have in their heads," and you work all day and your children work and your wives work and you harness the elements and send the lightning on your errands, and when you have done, at the end of the year, how much do you lay up? Six per cent on your capital, or seven or eight—a little more at the best. Every one of you work. Here is the boastful State of South Carolina with the majority of her citizens in chains, of course with no motive to work. You may buy a slave's muscles, you cannot buy his heart. The consequence is, he won't work and the whites won't. Let me tell you a story. When that Boston wife went down to John Brown's prison and stood mending the sabre cut of his coat, a young Virginian, doubtless of the first families (laughter), who had on a uniform, although requested by a friend to retire for the purpose of letting her and Brown talk of old times alone, looked in through the window. But the wit of the woman got rid of him; for, having finished her needlework, she turned round and said: "Young man, get me a brush to clean this coat with;" but the chivalry of the old State was so livid hot with rage, of being asked to do anything useful, that he went off, and was not seen again for half an hour. (Groans and applause.) Now that is a specimen of this white race in working. (Applause, and three cheers for Governor Wise from part of the audience on the left.) I say, then, that in the Carolinas these blacks only amount to about one-half of white working men, but the whites do not work at all, and the consequence is that South Carolina is bankrupt every year. One man cannot support three on his shoulders.

A voice—"I'll bet \$1,000 that is not so.

Mr. PHILLIPS—And if she should go out of the Union, if you should lend her the crutches to go out, when she got

out she has one of two things to do. One has got to let her government sink for want of money to support it. Men say that Brown's enterprise is a failure. The Commonwealth of Virginia has got into debt half a million of dollars to put him down and she will never pay the first red cent of it. If he did not heat her with bullets, why, then, he strangled her with expenses. The sharp Yankee that was born in Connecticut, took the State of Virginia and cheated her out of her slave system. But I was speaking of Carolina. She has got either to sink bankrupt or she has got to educate her slaves. Well, now, educating slaves! A man might as well heat a locomotive at white heat and drive it into a powder magazine as to teach slaves. South Carolina knows it, knows it to day, and when she makes a threat that she will walk out of the Union, she knows it is only to make New York and Philadelphia merchants, whose souls never go home, even to dinner, but stay in their leaguers—(applause)—whose Sermon on the Mount is two per cent a month—(laughter and cheers)—whose idea of ethics is profit. This is the set of men that said John Brown encouraged assassination. Assassination, I like to grapple it. Assassination, yes, that's what each age has said of the man who, crying out, "God is God," trampled wicked laws under his feet. Now, this is just where we stand. I accept it. John Brown said "those laws are unrighteous." (A voice—He had)—therefore, they are not laws. I am bound to obey God, and I do. The present generation says "I am a felon, and hang me." I appeal to the next generation.

A man in the audience—May I ask you a few questions?

Mr. PHILLIPS—Yes, in a moment. "If that generation," continued Mr. P., speaking for Brown, "says the laws were righteous, I am a felon; but if that age says that Virginia is a pirate, then I am a martyr." John Brown can wait; he can wait that sober second judgment of the next generation. (Loud calls for the question.) Let me finish my sentence, first, said Mr. Phillips, and then he may put his question. When John Hancock left Boston in 1775, continued the speaker, his rightful sovereign said he was a traitor; when Joseph Warren fell dead on Bunker Hill, his rightful sovereign said he was a rebel.

(A voice—"Who was he?")

Mr. PHILLIPS—George the Third; yes, by a better law than quaking Virginia has got in all her statute books.

An auditor—Do you think it is just to couple Warren with Brown?

Mr. PHILLIPS—I do not couple John Brown and Joseph Warren—not a bit of it. Joseph Warren sits to-day in that heaven where both live, and is not tall enough to touch the hem of the garment of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. (Applause and hisses.) Joseph Warren was an honest man; Joseph Warren was a patriot; but was a brave soul; he was an honest citizen; but John Brown was more than that. (A voice—"You ain't.") It is not matter what I am; not the least bit; I am utterly indifferent to what you may say—I say Joseph Warren died for himself; he died for the whites; he died in arms for his own country and his own law. Joseph Warren was only a soldier, nothing more. If John Brown had been shot at the door of that armory, the world never would have known that he was anything more than Joseph Warren; but God in his providence said to the old man, "Come up higher, I'll make a million of hearts by that old Peritan soul of thine." (Great hissing, mingled with applause.) There was a question which a gentleman there was going to ask me. If he will give his name and ask the question I shall be happy to answer it.

The gentleman's name was not given, but it was said he was a clerk in a downtown store. The substance of the question was, whether Brown was constituted by his deluded followers a judge of the laws of the United States? "Let him keep his gas till Monday evening," vociferated a number of persons.

Mr. PHILLIPS—If the audience request an answer, my answer is this—So God made him when he made him a man. Every human being is bound to judge the righteousness of a law before he obeys it. (Applause.) If his conscience tells him it is unrighteous, he has no right to obey it. (A voice—"How is it with a criminal?") John Brown had a right to judge of the slave laws of Virginia on this account. For this you sit here to-night. You say John Brown had no right to interfere in the matter with muskets. Well, I ask you then, why do you interfere? Your sixteen muskets held up the master; his twenty-two tried to hold up the slave. Which is the best?

Voices—"We will do it away by the law."

Mr. PHILLIPS—Law! what is law? Law is nothing but the parchment and the bayonets behind it. The laws of the United States rest on hypocrisies, and you pay for them. If you could sit neutral; if you did not support slavery in any degree—(Great confusion.) Well, now, let me turn that argument a bit. Are these gentlemen here from disinterested benevolence? ("No, no," responded the revolutionists.) Are they not here because the South says she wants support? ("Yes, yes.") Well, now, allow me one sentence and I will relieve you of my presence. I had rather he with John Brown—"Dry up"—in his grave, if I were worthy of it—the felon by the law's judgment, for helping the slave with rides, than to be a citizen of the United States holding up the white man by my rifle and enabling him to hold the slave under his feet. (Hisses and cheers.) At John Brown's cottage I saw an old tombstone of his grandfather who fell in the Revolution eighty years ago. The old man had brought it up to his own home from Connecticut. He had ordered his own epitaph to be engraved below his grandfather's. I thought as I looked at it—there is the former generation; it gave its swords to the despots to hold the blacks in chains; this man has gone up to God with his hands full of muskets in behalf of the slaves whom his fathers fought; and I believe that when he ascended to Heaven, in the eye of God that sees the oak in the acorn, in the eye of history that is looking back upon this moment, he ascended with three hundred thousand fetters of Virginia's slaves in his right hand.

Mr. Phillips retired amid a storm of hisses, shouts and applause. In the frequent interruptions with which Mr. Phillips had to contend, he behaved with the greatest equanimity, responding to questions from the crowd, and launching forth several sallies of biting sarcasm against his opponents, who were to be found in all parts of the room.

The bond and the greater part of the audience gave John Brown's favorite hymn, which was frequently interrupted by the yells of hundreds of persons at the other

extremity of the room. The band and chorists, however, very perseveringly stuck to their work, and despite the very unfavorable and discouraging circumstances under which they suffered, succeeded in doing out the strain, the words of which are as follows:—

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!  
Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The all atoning Lamb;  
Redemption through his blood  
Through all the world proclaim.  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!  
Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And eat in Jesus' live,  
And blessed in Jesus live.  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!  
The gospel trumpet bear,  
The news of heavenly grace.  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Savior's face.  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

SPEECH OF PROFESSOR MATTHEW.

Prof. H. MATTHEW, pastor of the Union church in Brimley way, corner of Thirty-ninth street, spoke as follows:—I am here, Mr. Chairman and congregation, (interjection and cries of "Question," "Question,") as one of the three ministers, as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but in honesty I wish to say as a part of the very few remarks that I wish to make, that I have no authority to represent any other Methodist minister in this city or its vicinity. (Oh, you need not apologize.) I wish, however, to say in connection with that, that I do feel authorized to stand here as the representative of two thousand Methodist preachers in the free States. ("Give the names,") as please and hisses. Read your programme. Read your programme, if you can read. A few remarks have been made upon the question of the sanity of John Brown. Was not Leonard insane when, with only six thousand Spartans with which to meet an army of two millions he dismissed all but three hundred to perish at the pass of Thermopylae? He perished there, but Greece was saved. Was Gilead insane when, with a large army, he said, let all the timid retire, took his three hundred, and each a pitcher and a lamp, then stationed them at long intervals round the camp, and said to them, now do as I do; and at the proper time he sounded his trumpet, broke his pitcher and routed the whole camp of the Midianites without striking a blow? How much like John Brown, at that Thermopylae of freedom, Harper's Ferry? (Hisses.) Do you, as a minister, justify John Brown, a man that was hung for treason, for luring slaves to rise, for insurrection, for murder? Jesus Christ was crucified for treason against Caesar, the Roman Emperor. Washington and his compatriots were as much guilty of treason as John Brown. (Hisses.) And Senator Mason declares—(Don't mention it)—that John Brown is condemned because he failed. Small things are sometimes called treason. Senator Gwin, of California, said yesterday in the United States Senate: "Where are there any republicans in the fifteen Southern States of this confederacy?" If there are any it is only in certain localities, and even there it is dangerous for them to avow their sentiments, because the people of these Southern States believe the utterance of such sentiments to be treason. Republicanism, then, is treason in the Southern States. I believe John Brown is guilty of less treason before his Maker than any man who in the Congress of this nation, threatens a dissolution of the Union if a republican President is elected. (Applause, and cries of "Good.") And, article second of my creed, he is guilty of less treason than any man who would propose in such a contingency, to take first the Harper's Ferry arsenal, and then the public documents at Washington. (Screams and applause.) But he was a "murderer in the first degree," so he was pronounced by the jury of slaveholders, but who believes it?

The Crowd—All his country. We do. We pronounce so.  
Prof. MATTHEW—Let me read his instructions, gentlemen, which he gave just before he commenced his operations; they are brief:—"You all know how dear life is to me"—this is from the confession of Cook himself, on the eve of the onset, and it did not come from John Brown—"You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends, and you should consider the lives of others as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you possibly avoid it" (Ho! ho! ho! Laughter and hissing.) Is not that an example of human forbearance? "If it is necessary in order to save your own life, then make sure work of it" How did he treat Colonel Washington? Did he murder him? (It was well he did not.) How did he treat Mr. Aistadi? Did he murder him? How did he treat his prisoners in the engine house? Did he make a breast-work of them against the enemy? No. He put them in the safest place there, and put his own bosom in the face of the bullets of the slaveholders. He is less a murderer in heart than the State of Virginia that took his life. ("Oh! oh!" and hisses.) But he "incited the slaves to run away." I believe in the moral right of the oppressed to rise up and vindicate their freedom. ("So do I," hisses and cries of "Gammon.") I believe in the great insurrection of the Book of Exodus. ("I believe in Moses.") I believe in the American Revolution, and I believe in the efforts of the Hungarians. I believe in the emancipation of Italy, and I believe in the liberation of the slave, so help me God, forever. (Loud and continued applause, counteracted by hoots and yells.) I cannot see the moral wrong of helping them, as well as justify their own efforts. I cannot see the sin of feeding or sheltering a fugitive slave, or helping him on the way to a land of liberty. That raid of Moses in Egypt—no must have a new version of the Bible—

most not now be called an exodus but a raid. But what about the insurrection heaved by Moses. Where is the man that can deny it—"I can deny it," "Plenty of 'em here!"—that the wanderer of the desert went among the Israelites on a kindred mission. (A voice—"Who made you professor?") It was a magnificent insurrection—a glorious insurrection. ("Question, Mattheo, question.") But you said it resulted in bloodshed. So did the insurrection led by George Washington result in bloodshed. ("Hissing.") "Keep to the question, Mattheo." "Question." So did the insurrection led by Moses result in bloodshed, and when Morriam and her companions had gathered the further bank of the Red Sea, gathered around by thousands, did they put on faces of sorrow or strike up with the tumbrel and the trumpet for joy? (Answer to that question: Who made you professor?) No; who I get through I will tell you. (The rabble burst in with such a storm of yells and cries of "Question," that the speaker was interrupted for a short time.) I will answer a question if you will hear me. Do you think John Brown, after all, has gone to heaven? ("Ha, ha, ha, he did; answer that question.") But before I get through, if you listen to me, I will tell you that I take serious exceptions to one or two things in the course of John Brown. I am not sure that I will have you (the hissing party) all around on my side yet, and the police will have to keep these gentlemen quiet before I have concluded. He had no minister at his execution. (Bahl bahl question!) He would sooner have to accompany him to his seat and a dozen slave children, and get an old slave mother to pray God, with her blessing, for his soul, than all the eloquence of the whole clergy of the Commonwealth combined. I will answer by comparison my own question, and try to show in a few remarks, why I think John Brown went to Heaven. (Interruptions. The President—"Go on.") I would rather take the chances of John Brown for everlasting life than that of any slaveholder in the State of Virginia. (Cries and interruptions, and "Put him out.") I would rather (prepared noise and hissing, and cries of "Put him out," "We must keep quiet here") than that of any slaveholding bishop in the United States. But I told you I do not justify the whole of John Brown's course. ("I do.") I do not justify his going into Virginia with seventeen men. I think, really, he ought to have had at least fifty, and then I think he would have conquered the Old Dominion so that it would have stood conquered. Another point. (Does that please you?) In the wars between the Romans and Carthaginians, I believe the Carthaginians made use of this artifice: Knowing the fears of the Romans inspired by rows of elephants boldly marching into the field of battle, the Carthaginians employed them rather than expose so many of themselves to the front, so if John Brown should have employed at least a dozen cows, and the thing would have been settled for ever. (Crows.)  
Mr. MATTHEW concluded by reciting some verses which had been sung in Jamaica after the emancipation of the slaves in 1832.  
Mr. CHARLES H. FAIRBANKS made a brief speech, regretting that the opposition was led, not alone by rowdies from the rum holes of the city—(great hissing)—but by a number of respectable men largely interested in the press, whose names he could mention, but he forebore doing so.

SPEECH OF REV. J. R. SLOAN.

The Rev. J. R. SLOAN was the next speaker. He said that he had been called upon at very short notice to speak before the meeting, for it was only on his arrival here yesterday that he heard that his name had been announced as one of the speakers. (Cries of "Oh, oh.") But when he heard that his name was on the list he did not feel at liberty to refuse the call, and he was there that night to throw his mite on the cairn that covers the grave of John Brown. (Cheers and hisses.) He happened to be but a humble minister of a small denomination that had its birth in the throes of a mighty armed struggle with a civil power—a denunciation of men, who, trusting in God, strong in faith, and grand in their study and belief of God's holy Word as well as in their intrepidity and daring, were marvellously like John Brown. He had read in ancient history how Amlicar took Hannibal, when a mere child of nine years old, and made him swear upon the altars of his country eternal hostility to Rome; his honored father and mother, at the fount of baptism, had given him the name of a man who, two hundred years ago was one of the last English martyrs who perished in England. The scenes enacted in those days led to the English revolution, of which the American revolution was another fruit. He would therefore be recreant to his antecedents if he did not appear when he was called upon to sympathize with a man who had perished as righteously if not as wisely as these. Gentlemen had said there that night that they had no idea of justifying the acts of John Brown. Why there was no name in the pages of history to which he would give his unqualified approbation—no, not among all the reformers of the world, even those who were the friends of truth and righteousness. He would not even compare the crucifixion of Jesus Christ with the death of John Brown, for he had a greater idea of the latter than of any event that has ever occurred on the earth. (Great hissing, and cries of "Blasphemy.") Luther, Knox, Cramer, Latimer, Ridley, Calvin committed great errors in their time, but men have taken them to their hearts, as future ages will take John Brown. (Cheers and hissing.) He protested against men who in their heart of hearts honor John Brown, using any of the epithets of his enemies in speaking of his memory. There were always enough of hyenas and jackals, croaking ravens and filthy birds of prey, ready to croak around the grave of every good and great man who died in support of principle. He would leave such a task to those whose natural instincts led them only in the direction of defaming the memory of John Brown. The reverend gentlemen then proceeded to give his reasons for ardently loving and revering the name of John Brown. First of all, he admired him for his pluck. And here the orator defined the courage and unflinching constancy of the deceased. He then spoke of the idea of South Carolina in regard to pluck, giving as an instance how she honored and fitted Mr. Brooks; and now, in order to show that her race of

noble blood is not yet extinct, she fathered all her noble courage, and presented a cotton rope to Virginia to hang John Brown. But South Carolina was mistaken, and she for the rope was not strong enough, and she has not cotton enough in all her territory to make a rope strong enough to hang the principle for which John Brown sacrificed his life. (Great hissing.) He next dilated on John Brown's religious feeling and faith, his firmness in the hour of difficulty and trial, and said that the result of his efforts was a complete success. (Cries of "Yes" and "No.") Whenever a martyr died for a cause, the best results were followed. When Stephen was stoned to death, and went to join the martyrs, who, under the altar, cry "O Lord, how long?" he remained a living Stephen in the heart of every Apostle. It was so everywhere. People may say that the success of the great anti-slavery party is circumscribed, but if they faced the facts they would see that there are now 110 men standing in solid phalanx in the Legislature voting for Speaker where a few years ago there would not and could not have been ten in a similar crowd. (Tremendous applause.) He then made several strong comparisons regarding the Harper's Ferry outbreak. The acts of John Brown were like the lightnings that play about the cloudy battlements of the storm, revealing its form and outline; and the death of John Brown has been the concentrated thunderbolt that has made a pathway for its progress. They were like the great submarine power that is raising, inch by inch, the load of Scandinavia; or like the great earthquakes of South America, which lift the giant Andes on their backs. He closed by saying that if he were not there to give his testimony against slavery, every old martyr of the Covenanters would rise in their graves, and every stone that covers their dust would cry out to reproach him. (Applause and hisses.)

Among the events of the evening was the arrest of Mr. Laroque, a Wall street lawyer, who was minutely marched off to the Eighth ward station house, and there locked up. Alderman Brady was appealed to, to prevent Mr. Laroque being sent to prison, but he refused to interfere.

The following extracts from the sayings of John Brown were freely circulated among the congregation, with the advertisement that the precious document could be had at the moderate rate of ten cents per hundred, "the net proceeds from all sales to be given to the John Brown Fund"—

It is nothing to die in a good cause, but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American slavery.

Providence has made me an actor, and slavery an outcast. A price is on my head, and what is left to me? An old man should have more care to end his life well than to live long.

Duty is the voice of God, and a man is neither worthy of a good home here or in heaven that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause.

The loss of my family, and the troubles in Kansas, have shattered my constitution, and I am nothing to the world but to defend the right, and that, by God's help, I have done, and will do.

Rest is nothing to me while I hold a commission direct from God Almighty to act against slavery.

I am responsible for the wise exercise of my powers only, and not for the quality of certain acts.

One man in the right, ready to die, will chase a thousand.

A man dies when his time comes, and a man who fears is born out of time.

Not less than thirty guns have been discharged at me, but they only touched my hair.

Soon after Dr. Cheever began to speak, he alluded to the propriety of overthrowing corrupt governments, when the audience broke out into loud bursts of applause, followed by loud hissing and confusion. The applause was then redoubled, while the hissing became more powerful than ever. The excitement and enthusiasm of either side then became general and for some time the speaker had to hold his peace. Several disturbances soon took place, and nearly the whole audience had more than once to rise to their feet, amid tremendous hissing, gibing, applause, and loud cries of "Put him out," "put him out!" These cries were very speedily put into form by the summary hustling out of several of the disturbers of the meeting. But no sooner was one disturber removed, than five or six sprung up in their places like the serpent's teeth of ancient mythology. Never did the Metropolitan Police have so much active business to employ their nerve and muscle as they had last night. Superintendent Pilsbury was on the alert in all parts of the room, but despite of his utmost efforts to preserve order, it was utterly impossible to conduct the meeting with peace and decorum. The noise and confusion at length grew so uproarious that Dr. Cheever's voice could scarcely be heard.

At last a meeting was got up at the other end of the hall, and extemporary speeches were delivered, amid the most boisterous and continued applause.

Chief CARPENTER on this occasion came forward and addressed the audience in those terms:—If the ladies and gentlemen who have come here to hear this lecture will but keep their seats, whatever else may take place we have a sufficient force to preserve order. (Applause, and cries of "Good," "Good.") We cannot do that if upon every little occasion of noise you rise in your seats. We want to see who makes the disturbance.

After the performance of a dirge by the Band, the audience quietly separated—the opposition keeping up their hissing and hooting to the last. The meeting, which was one of the most boisterous, unruly, and disorderly meetings ever held in the Cooper Institute, was then brought to a close.

Saturday, December 10, 1859.

#### Visit of Mrs. Brown to her Husband.

CHARLESTOWN, V., Dec. 2.—The interview between Brown and his wife yesterday, lasted from 4 p. m. until near 8 o'clock, when Gen. Taliaferro informed them the period allowed had elapsed, and that she must prepare for departure to the Ferry. A carriage was again brought to the door, the military took possession of the square, and with an escort of 20 mounted men, the cortege moved off, Capt. Moore, of the Montgomery Guards, accompanying her.

The interview was, I learn, not a very affecting one, rather of a private character,—with regard to the future of herself and children, and the arrangement and settlement of business affairs. They seemed considerably affected when they first met, and Mrs. Brown, was, for a few moments, quite overcome; but Brown was as firm as a rock, and she soon recovered her composure.—There was an impression that the prisoner might possibly be furnished with a weapon or strychnine by his wife, and before the interview her person was searched by the wife of the jailor.

A strict watch was kept over them during the time they were together. At the time of separation they both seemed to be fully self-possessed, and the parting, especially on his part, exhibited a composure, either feigned or real, that was surprising I learn from Capt. Moore that she rather repelled all attempts on his part to express sympathy with her under her afflictions.—She resented the idea that Capt. Brown had done anything to deserve death or to attain his name with dishonor, and declared that the ignominious character of the punishment that was about to be inflicted upon him was as cruel as it was unjust. She regarded him as a martyr in a righteous cause, and was proud to be the wife of such a man.

The gallows, she said, had no terrors for her or for him. She stated that she had not seen him since last June, and that they had been separate, with the exception of a few days, for nearly two years. They had, however, corresponded, and she had always felt a deep interest in the cause in which he was engaged. The character of the interview may be judged to some extent from this conversation with Capt. Moore, which took place previous to it. I learn from Capt. Avis, the jailor, that the interview was characteristic of the man, and the direction given for the management and distribution of his property embraced all the minor details of his last will and testament. Gen. Taliaferro was also present, and Capt. Brown urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night. To this the Gen. refused assent, allowing them but four hours.

On first meeting, they kissed and affectionately embraced, and Mrs. Brown shed a few tears, but immediately checked her

feelings. They stood, embraced, and she sobbing, for nearly five minutes, and he was apparently unable to speak. The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the interview. At the close they shook hands, but did not embrace, and as they parted, he said,—“God bless you and the children.” Mrs. Brown replied—“God have mercy on you,” and continued calm until she left the room, when she remained in tears a few moments and then prepared to depart.

The interview took place in the parlor of Captain Avis, and the prisoner was free from manacles of any kind. They sat side by side on a sofa, and after disussing family matters proceeded to business. He stated that he desired his property to pass entirely into her possession, and appeared to place full confidence in her ability to manage it for the benefit of his younger children. He requested her to remain at North Elba, New York, on her farm, where she now resides, and which belongs to her. He desired that his younger children should be educated, and if she could not obtain facilities for their education at home, to have them sent to a boarding school. He then gave directions and dictated to Sheriff Campbell a will, which directed that all his property should go to his wife, with the exception of a few presents and bequests which he made. To one of his sons he gave a double spy-glass, and to another a watch, while a third was directed to take a tombstone or monument that marks the grave of his father at North Elba, and have his name, age, and the manner of his death, together with the cause for which he had suffered, cut upon it. He directs that it shall remain at North Elba as long as his family reside there. To each of his children he bequeathed the sum of \$50, and to each of his daughters a Bible to cost \$5, to be purchased out of money coming to him from his father's estate. He also directed that a Bible to cost \$3 shall be presented to each of his grand-children, and that \$50 each be paid to three individuals whom he named, if they can be found, and if not, to their legal representatives.

During the conversation, Mrs. Brown asked him if he had heard that Gerritt Smith had become insane, and had been sent to the asylum at Utica. He replied that he had read it in the papers, and was sorry to hear it, but immediately changed the subject. The subject of the death of his two sons was spoken of and Mrs. Brown remarked that she made some effort, whilst at Harper's Ferry, for the recovery of their bodies, to which Col. Barbour had kindly consented to give his assistance.—Capt. Brown remarked that he would also like the remains of the two Thompsons removed if they could be found, but suggested that it would be best to take his body, with the bodies of his four sons, and get a pile of pine logs, and burn them altogether—that it would be much better and less

expensive to thus gather up all their ashes together and take them to their final resting place. Sheriff Campbell told him that this would not be permitted within the State, and Mrs. Brown objected to the proposition altogether.

The prisoner said that he contemplated his death with composure and calmness.—It would undoubtedly be pleasant to live longer, but, as it was the will of God he should close his career, he was content. It was doubtless best that he should be legally murdered, for the good of the cause, and he was prepared to submit to his fate without a murmur. Mrs. Brown, becoming depressed at these remarks, he bid her cheer up; telling her that his spirit would soon be with her again, and that they would be re-united in Heaven.

With regard to his execution, he desired no religious ceremonies, either in the jail or on the scaffold, from misisters who consent or approve of the enslavement of their fellow-creatures—he would prefer rather to be accompanied to the scaffold by a dozen slave children and a good old slave mother, with their appeal to God for blessings on his soul, than all the eloquence of the whole Commonwealth, combined.

During the past week several letters, containing checks and drafts had been forwarded to him by his friends in different sections of the country. These he endorsed, and made payable to his wife, Mary A. Brown, (one was for \$100, and one for \$50,) and handed them to her.



the shattered fragments of the wash-basin. My dream was over, and the scales had fallen. I was no longer a foolish fish.

The next morning I sought Mr. Copsy and opened the subject of angling. He lifted his eyebrows.

"Are you going?" asked he.

"I am," said I, with energy.

"But," said he, "do you not fish in solitude?"

"Not when I know a companion in distress," said I.

"Then you do not care for more refreshing in-door entertainment?" said he.

My heart ached, but with a degree of self-command that surprised myself, I winked.

"Do you know about Murvison?" he asked.

"Not I," I answered.

"I have just heard," he continued, "that it has long been understood that he is to marry Miss Larcher. They are near neighbors in New York."

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"Let us go fish."

As we stepped from the door we encountered Miss Larcher and Mr. Murvison. I displayed my rod defiantly.

"Going to fish, gentlemen?" she asked, airily.

"We are going to fish, Miss Larcher," I said—"going to fish for trout."

"Well, together, I think you will get many," she said. "Do try, for Mr. Murvison is very fond of them, and so am I, too, you know, Mr. Plimkins. Now see if you can bring home ever so many."

From that time I caught trout incessantly while I remained in Franconia. I supplied all that the hotel needed, every day, and at the end of a week I wound up my visit with a very large string.

I think that in future I shall fish more than ever.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

THE usual quiet of our domestic affairs has been interrupted by a singular attempt to excite a servile insurrection in Virginia. Among those who bore a prominent part in the disturbances in Kansas, on the anti-slavery side, were John Brown and his seven sons. Two of the sons lost their lives, and the remainder of the family appear to have imbibed a monomaniacal hatred against slavery and slaveholders. The father was the leader of his party in several of the later contests in Kansas, and from his part in one which took place at Ossawatomie he received the sobriquet of "Ossawatomie Brown." After the pacification of Kansas he visited various parts of the country for the purpose of organizing a scheme to aid in the escape of fugitive slaves. He appears to have come in contact with many prominent abolitionists, who regarded him as a harmless monomaniac, and gave little attention to his projects. In May, 1853, a meeting of himself and his confederates was held at Chatham, Canada, where a plan for a Provisional Government of the United States was formed. All residents of the country, whether slave or free, might become members of the association by promising allegiance to the "Provisional Constitution." Brown was named Commander-in-Chief, with almost dictatorial powers. Shortly afterward Brown, with two of his sons, appeared in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and under the assumed name of Smith rented a small farm in Maryland, a few miles from the Ferry. Here were gradually collected a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition—rifles, pistols, pikes, cartridges, and the like; and a body of 22 men, of whom 17 were whites and 5 colored, joined him from various parts of the country. With these, on the night of October 16, he made a descent upon the town of Harper's Ferry—a place containing about 5000 inhabitants, with a United States arsenal in which more than 100,000 stand of arms are usually stored. The arsenal was left wholly unguarded. The insurgents took possession of the buildings without opposition; and at 10½ o'clock in the evening they ar-

rested the watchman on the railroad bridge, and made arrangements to stop the train about to pass. A part of them then proceeded to the residences of Messrs. Lewis Washington and John Alstadt, wealthy farmers residing within a few miles of the Ferry, made them prisoners, with such of their slaves as they could secure, and brought them to the arsenal. These operations were performed so quietly that no general alarm was aroused during the night. In the morning, the persons connected with the arsenal proceeded to their places of labor, and were one by one captured and secured in the buildings. About 30 persons were thus made prisoners. The alarm became general when it was found that the public edifices were guarded by the armed sentinels of the insurgents. The most exaggerated reports of their force were put in circulation. It was stated that they numbered many hundreds of men fully armed, and that the slaves had risen to support them. It seemed incredible that any such enterprise should be undertaken except by a large force. In the early morning some random firing took place, by which several lives were lost. Military companies from the neighborhood began to arrive about noon of the 17th, and the insurgents were gradually driven within the arsenal grounds, two of their number having been captured. Desultory shots were fired during the course of the day on both sides. One of these, discharged by a son of Brown, killed Mr. Beckham, the Mayor of the town; young Brown was at the same moment shot, and mortally wounded; a rush was then made for the room in which the two insurgent prisoners were confined; one of them, named Thompson, was dragged out, shot upon the bridge, and flung into the river beneath. A successful attack was made upon one of the arsenal buildings, in which most of the prisoners were secured; these were liberated. Some of the more important prisoners were, however, shut up in the engine-house, where the insurgents had been forced to intrench themselves. At 11 P.M. the United States marines, under command of Colonel Lee, arrived, and were posted so as to command the engine-house,

which was closely invested during the night. Early in the morning Brown sent out a flag of truce, proposing terms of capitulation. He demanded that his men should be allowed to march out, with their prisoners, unmolested, to a certain point, when the prisoners were to be liberated, and his men should then shift for themselves as they best could. The terms were refused, and preparations were made to storm the engine-house. Cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of the prisoners, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to break down the doors with sledge-hammers. A heavy ladder was then brought up, and used as a battering-ram; the door gave way, and the marines rushed in, in the face of a heavy fire. Brown, who was severely wounded, and Copic, with two negroes, Green and Copeland, were the only survivors in the engine-house; Stephens had been previously captured. Four men had been sent away the previous day with the slaves who had been seized by the insurgents. Two of these, Cooke and Hazlett, were subsequently taken in Pennsylvania, and surrendered to the authorities of Virginia. The citizens whom they had taken prisoners were released unharmed; they had suffered no ill-treatment beyond their forced detention. The following list contains the names and fate of the persons engaged in this mad undertaking:

1. John Brown, of Essex County, New York, wounded and prisoner.
2. Ottawa Brown, his son, of New York, killed.
3. Watson Brown, ditto ditto killed.
4. Aaron C. Stephens, of Connecticut, mortally wounded.
5. Edwin Copic, of Iowa, prisoner.
6. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, killed.
7. William H. Leeman, of Maine, killed.
8. Stewart Taylor, of Canada, killed.
9. Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, killed.
10. William Thompson, of New York, killed.
11. Dolph Thompson, of New York, killed.
12. John H. Kage, of Ohio, killed.
13. Jerry Anderson, of Indiana, killed.
14. Dangerfield Newby, negro, of Ohio, killed.
15. O. P. Anderson, negro, of Pennsylvania, killed.
16. Lewis Leary, negro, of Ohio, killed.
17. Shields Green, *alias* Emperor, negro, of Pennsylvania, prisoner.
18. — Copeland, negro, of Ohio, prisoner.
19. J. E. Cooke, white man, of Connecticut, prisoner.
20. William Hazlett, *alias* Harrison, prisoner.
- 21, 22. Two men, names unknown, escaped.

Of the citizens and soldiers seven were killed, and a number wounded.

The Grand Jury of Jefferson County being in session, hills of indictment were found against the prisoners, charging them with inciting slaves to insurrection, with treason, and murder. They demanded to be tried separately, and the Commonwealth elected to try Brown first. He asked for a delay, on account of his severe wounds; this was refused by the Court, and the trial commenced on the 26th of October. The prisoner, who was unable to sit, lay upon a mattress. The trial lasted three days, and Brown was found guilty upon all the counts in the indictment, and sentenced to be executed on the 2d of December. In reply to the formal question why sentence should not be pronounced, Brown said that his sole object was to free slaves; but that he had no intention to incite them to revolt or to commit murder. He justified this action. Had he interfered, he said, thus in behalf of the rich and powerful, he would have been applauded; and if it was necessary for the ends of justice that his life should be taken, he was content. As to the treatment he had received on his trial, it had been more generous than he could have expected.

Elections during the month of October were held in Iowa and Minnesota, where the Republicans were successful; in Pennsylvania, for State officers and members of the Legislature, resulting in favor of the Opposition; in Maryland, for members of Congress and of the Legislature; the Congressional representation stands as before—three Democrats and three Americans; in the State Legislature the Democrats have a majority; last year they were in a decided minority. In Baltimore the election was characterized by more than the usual amount of riots and disturbance; organized bands of ruffians belonging to the dominant American party surrounded the polls and prevented their opponents from depositing their ballots. Several persons were killed, and many others severely injured.

A correspondence, which has not been published, but which is represented to be of somewhat threatening character, has taken place between our Government and that of Great Britain in relation to the San Juan affair.—Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, had an interview, by appointment, on the 8th July, with the Government of the Chinese province of Chihli. The Governor seemed anxious to explain the conduct of the Chinese at the battle of the Peiho, and to learn the intentions of the French and English ambassadors; Mr. Ward replied that he came to attend to the business of his country, and knew nothing of the purposes of the other Powers; the difficulties between them and the Chinese must be settled by themselves. He was pursuing the course marked out by the treaty with the Americans, and hoped that the Chinese Government would abide by the stipulations of that treaty, and furnish him with the means of going to Peking. The Governor replied that the treaty was to be ratified at Peking; but Mr. Ward could not be allowed to proceed thither until the arrival of the Chinese Commissioners from Shanghai, who had been appointed to be his escort. Mr. Ward said that it was not respectful to his Government that he should be kept waiting for more than a month the arrival of the Commissioners. The Governor finally consented that if the Commissioners did not make their appearance in ten days Mr. Ward might then proceed to the capital. Permission to this effect was received from Peking; and on the 20th Mr. Ward and suite set out. Indirect accounts of his arrival and courteous reception have been received, but they contain no particulars.

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Although no decisive measures have been undertaken in Mexico, every thing indicates that the contest between the parties must soon be settled. We therefore present a general view of the present position of the belligerents: Mexico now consists of 28 States and Departments, containing 115,000 square leagues, with an estimated population of 8,550,000 inhabitants. Of these the party of Juarez, known as "Constitutionalists" or "Liberals," hold 23 States, comprising six-sevenths of the territory, and a little more than half of the population. They hold all the ports of the republic, with the single exception of San Blas, on the Pacific. The States held by the adherents of Miramon—the "Church" or "Conservative" party—are those lying immediately around the capital, and are by far the richest and most densely-populated parts of the republic. Strictly speaking, however, only the principal towns even in these States are in the possession of the Conservatives, the intervening country being overrun by guerrilla hands of the other party. There is little

From *L'Univers* (Roman Catholic organ in Paris), Nov. 25, 1859.

We search vainly in our pretended liberal journals for a sign of protest against the iniquities of a criminal case tried in the United States in the latter part of last month. These philanthropic zealots, ready to detect so many vices in the paternal legislation of the States of the Church, know not how to find an epithet where-with to brand the barbarity with which the people of Virginia have condemned a political prisoner, after having deprived him of all the privileges of a free defense, as Fouquier-Tinville was wont to do. The question is, in fact, of a political offense, and not of murder or assassination. Toward this favored class of crimes the journals of liberalism are usually most tolerant; and according to them, the wildest agitators are deserving of pardon, notwithstanding repeated misdeeds. They insist, if necessary, upon amnesties for their protégés from weak governments; but they permit the political scaffold to be erected in the United States, without calling the Republicans of America to clemency, or even to justice.

John Brown is a Protestant fanatic, who believed to have read in the Bible the condemnation of Slavery, and who constituted himself an armed apostle for the deliverance of the blacks. He is an old man, they say, who lost six children in the bloody strifes in Kansas, between the Abolitionists and the partisans of Slavery. On the 16th of last October, having succeeded in collecting a body of twenty associates, he took possession, without striking a blow, of the town of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and, after having seized provisions and hostages, barricaded himself in a building used as an arsenal. The inhabitants, terrified, at once flew from all sides, and during two days Virginia and the other Southern States were in mortal fright, apprehending that their slaves would answer the call of John Brown by rebellion. But the blacks did not stir; whereupon—the Virginians taking heart again—fifteen hundred men of the regular army and the militia, every way armed, supported by artillery, repaired to lay siege to the twenty poor devils shut up in the arsenal. John Brown sought to capitulate, asking only that life should be spared. But his proposition was rejected, and the fifteen hundred heroes threw themselves upon the handful of insurgents. Of these they killed some, and wounded all others who did not happen to escape.

John Brown received, in this siege, three saber blows in the body and one upon the head; this last wound made him deaf, and he was rendered incapable of holding himself erect. In every civilized country, his recovery would have been awaited before proceed-

ing with his trial, all the more because his affair was in reality of no greater importance than the outbreak of the market at Tarbes, last year. But the Virginians were too much terrified to yield their prisoner the slightest respite. The usual slowness of judicial forms in the United States is well known. Prisoners often wait whole years for the formation of the jury before which they should appear; and if their advocate is skillful, if he apprehends a severe verdict, he knows how to delay the matter from court to court, in order to weaken the sentiment of reprobation which weighs upon his clients by the postponement of their trial. But, in this case, the most righteous delays were refused John Brown. But a few days after his capture, the Grand Jury returned the prisoner before the Petty Jury, and the following day he was brought before Court on a mattress. Brown asked for a suspension for two days, to await his counsel, coming from Massachusetts and Ohio, adding that he could have no confidence in the Virginia lawyers, influenced as they were by the hostility they bore him. The Court decided to overrule the proposition, and the result was that the two Abolition lawyers did not arrive until after all the witnesses for the prosecution had given in their testimony. They were obliged to undertake the defense without consultation with the prisoner, without a thorough acquaintance with the facts, and without having had time to study the special code of Virginia. On the evening of Saturday, the 29th of November, the counsel requested an adjournment until Monday, saying that they had passed two nights without sleep, one in traveling, the other in investigating the case. The prosecuting officer arrogantly opposed this, saying that, on their side, all the women of Virginia would be deprived of sleep so long as the case should continue. When, that evening, the accused was carried back to prison, the Judge publicly admonished the jailers to fetter him, if the least attempt to release him should be discovered. Brown, however, had done no injury to the hostages whom he had had in his power for several days, and this consideration ought to have secured for him some extenuation. On the 31st of October the prisoner was condemned to death, and all efforts in appeal or in reversal of judgment were immediately repulsed. He was to be hung on the 2d of December, upon a gallows fifty feet high, in order that he might be seen from afar off by the negroes whom he had so unsuccessfully incited to rebellion.

What think you of this tardy compassion which grants one month of respite between the sentence and the execution? It was before the trial that a delay would have been just, and was even essential. Since the early part of November the Virginian jury have proceeded to the trial of Brown's accomplices; all of them injured as he was, and all the American journals, whose reports are contradictory upon many points of what we have just related, unite in stating that the prisoners were all condemned to death.

The partisans of Liberty in France, who pass over in silence the intemperate trial of John Brown, will object, without doubt, that it was necessary to quell, inexorably, an attempt at insurrection whose consequences would have been so grave to the tranquillity of the fifteen Slave States. But, if they condemn all revolution of the blacks against their masters, why do they approve of the rebellion of Bologna against its legitimate Sovereign? And if they approve the suppression of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, why do they condemn the suppression of the insurrection of Perugia. Disguising under a liberal cloak their love of despotism, they prefer the lash of the overseer to the scepter of the Sovereign Pope. Let no one say that the institution of Slavery is necessary to Virginia. The States situated in a warm climate, like Louisiana and Alabama, may pretend with some show of reason that their plantations demand black labor, because the whites cannot endure the sufferings of agricultural employment under a fierce sun. But in Virginia more snow falls than in France; free labor there competes with slave labor, so that owners find their interest in transforming their plantations into manufactories of black children for the Southern markets. It was to preserve the profits of this immoral reproduction of the African race, that the citizens of Virginia armed themselves against John Brown. To keep these human chattels on a level with the brutes; to debase their souls and their intellects; to crush them down below the condition of dreaming to revolt, the laws of Virginia punish with imprisonment every attempt to teach a negro to read. While at Boston the white citizen who does not send his son to school is subjected to a fine, at Norfolk, the black slave, and even the free negro who should be seen with an alphabet in his hand, would suffer severe chastisement. So, behold four millions of slaves, and five hundred thousand free men of color, to whom is refused the right of professing the religion of their masters—for Protestantism is based upon the private interpretation, upon the reading of the Bible. All oral teaching, all explication given by a minister, is the Catholic idea of religion, founded upon the authority of interpretation and upon tradition. But true Protestantism is a Bible, written or printed, without commentary, entrusted to a child or to a man who will gather from it, at will, the moral and religious system which suits him. The Republic of the United States forbids an entire race of men to read the Bible or any other book; in fifteen of thirty States, the slave father can be separated from his wife and children, and sold far away from his family. Any attempt to loosen the yoke which oppresses the negroes is pitilessly punished with death. Our democratic journals say not a word of this legislation; they call for no intervention to modify or abolish it. But they urge subjects to revolt against their rightful Sovereigns, and they would take from France all her treasure and all her blood to add some millions of subjects more to the revolutionary despotism of Piedmont.

New York Tribune  
Jan. 27/60

cool, gentlemanly bearing of the New-Englander was in fine contrast with the violence of the intellectual bully from Georgia.

#### JOHN BROWN AND MR. ARMY.

To the Editor of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

SIR: IN *THE TRIBUNE* of the 21st inst., I find an extract from the testimony which it is reported I gave before the John Brown Investigating Committee of the United States Senate, in which I am made to speak of Brown's "Quaker peace principles." As other papers have published this extract, and some have given the impression that I stated that Brown was a Quaker, it is my desire to correct the error. I did not use the term "Quaker" in my testimony. I spoke of his peace principles when I first knew him, and not a single word like "Quaker." He was a Presbyterian of the strictest sect, and at that time he believed that the Great Teacher came to the earth to establish his religion by moral and peaceable means, and that he taught his followers "not to resist injuries," and that as Christ was "the Prince of Peace," he was opposed to all war.

In my interviews with John Brown since 1854, I discovered a change in his views; and, in our conversations, I found that he had conceived the idea that God, in all ages, raised up servants to accomplish his purposes, and to relieve his oppressed people. And that, as Moses was raised up and chosen of God to deliver the Children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage, so, in God's own good time, he would be made the humble instrument for the deliverance of the people of God who were in Slavery in this land. He would have nothing to do with politics; believed that the Republican was the best political party, but that they never could establish universal Freedom in this Union, so long as they were opposed to interfering with Slavery in the States where it now existed. He thought it was folly and "political madness" to be content with efforts to prevent its extension over free territory, instead of insisting that it should be universally abolished. In his conversations, with others as well as myself, he justified his views (which were in conflict with those of both politicians and philanthropists) by referring to the history of Kansas—the invasions of that Territory, the aggressions of the Slavery propagandists, and the murders and robberies that were perpetrated upon emigrants and settlers in Kansas. He knew perfectly well that, in 1853, Atchison and others had declared that Slavery should exist in Kansas "at whatever cost of blood or treasure;" that the Liberty Arsenal was broken open by citizens of Missouri, in 1855, and that with the arms stolen they invaded Kansas; and the results of those invasions. In his conversations he impressed upon my mind that he was not actuated by a desire to gratify his revenge, when he was speaking of the murder of his son, and the opportunities he had to kill the murderer, Preacher White of Missouri. He said he was commended not to avenge himself. Upon the whole, I have come to the conclusion that he was conscientious and truthful, and fully convinced in his own mind that he was to be the instrument in the hands of God to effect the emancipation of the slaves. As I have been charged by *The Boston Courier* with "false swearing," I felt it due to myself that I should correct the error in the report, as published by *The N. Y. Herald* (in which paper I observe it has since been corrected), as also by *THE TRIBUNE*.

W. F. M. ARMY.

Washington City, Jan. 23, 1860.



To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Permit me, who have barely escaped from being lynched as an Abolitionist in the South, only to find myself denounced as a recreant apostate in the North, and who therefore can hardly be suspected of bidding for sympathy from either section, to say a word or two in answer to the allegation, asserted with so much heat and clamor, that "the Harper's Ferry insurrection of John Brown was the natural, legitimate, and inevitable consequence of the teachings of the Republican party." In contradicting and disproving this charge, I am moved not by any particular regard for Republicanism, nor any particular hatred of Democracy, but only by a desire to do justice to the memory of John Brown, between whose principles (which I revere) and their latest mode of application (which I condemn) a great many persons seem unable to distinguish.

The charge thus alleged is wholly and altogether untrue, and this for the simple reason, that the movement of John Brown was conceived and originated at least a score of years antecedent to the formation of the Republican party. While yet Clay was in the zenith of his fame, and Webster had not "sold himself to the South," and the issues which have since torn the country were unknown, John Brown was brooding upon his scheme. In the Convention held at Cbatnam, C. W., he made a speech declaratory of his purposes and expressive of his views, wherein he stated that for twenty years the project which has resulted so fatally to himself and disastrously to the slaves, had been the absorbing passion of his nature, to which all other pursuits and purposes had been rendered subservient. In the year 1851, he (being then an Ohio wool-grower,) went to England, bearing samples of wool as his contribution to the great International Exhibition; and this journey was undertaken solely on account of the reasons which follow:

With a view to the abolition of Slavery, he had been a close student of the theory of mountain and guerilla warfare, through a long series of years; and, being desirous of practically examining the different modes of fortification, entrenchment, &c., employed in the States of the Old World, he chose for the period of his visit that in which London would naturally be thronged with the representatives of Continental Europe, and when, consequently, it would not be a difficult matter to provide oneself with letters of introduction to people in all parts of those countries. Immediately he had secured such letters, he crossed into France; whence, after a very careful inspection of its fortifications, he started for Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, &c., through which countries, especially their mountainous portions, he made a lengthened tour, with the sole view of applying the knowledge thus obtained to the prosecution of the enterprise in which he died. This was in 1851. The Republican party had no existence until 1854. The statement, therefore, that the incursion into Virginia resulted as a consequence of the inculcated doctrines of Republicanism, is now disproven.

Nor was Brown himself, nor were any of his conditors, committed to the Republican creed. Henry Wilson, in 1857, advised that party in Kansas to secure the legislature to themselves by voting under the provisions of the Lecompton Constitution. No advice was taken, and the result predicted was achieved. Not one of Brown's original party voted. Some of us were at that time correspondents of the Eastern press; and in the interim between the Grasshopper Folks Convention (when it was decided upon to vote), and the day on which the election occurred, we opposed the action of the party in every possible way; by letters, speeches and in every available manner, for which we were denounced as Abolitionists by the leading Republican journal of that Territory.

Once more, the only representative of Republicanism who received any inkling of John Brown's plans, learned them from a hostile quarter, and took immediate steps to put it out of Brown's power to commit any illegal act whatever. I allude to Senator Wilson and his letter to Dr. Howe of Boston.

John Brown in his heart despised the Republican party, whether rightfully or wrongfully, of course I do not undertake to say. He called it a party who had assumed the name of Liberty, and prostituted it to base purposes. He said it declared all men to be free, equal, entitled to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and yet deprecated any interference with Slavery in the States where it existed, a craven-heartedness which met only with his contempt. So, putting no faith in the professions of that party, he undertook to abolish Slavery himself.

They who assert that, in this enterprise, he was moved rather by hatred of the slaveholder than affection for the slave, do his memory most foul wrong. The love of his heart comprehended and encompassed both. He believed that unless the interference of some third party should anticipate and thus prevent the interference of slaves themselves, these latter would, one day, overthrow the institution by a bloody war of extermination against their masters; and it was to prevent the havoc and carnage which, as he conceived, threatened

New York Tribune  
Feb. 1/60 NEW

the South, that he entered upon his ill-fated movement. For, he argued, the same elements of resistance to oppression which would result in all bloody excesses if not wisely and properly directed, might be made subservient to the accomplishment of high purposes of humanity, if the governing intelligence was at their side. Wherefore, in order to supply that intellectual sagacity which the slaves lacked, and thus enable them to achieve their Freedom, while restraining them from the cruelties into which their instincts would hurry them, he gave himself to this enterprise.

In regard to his personal character, I must, though I reside in the South, where I expect to live and die, be permitted to say that it has been most studiously and elaborately misrepresented. There never lived a man whose desire to promote human welfare and human happiness was more inextinguishable. Men have grown hoarse with calumniating his memory, who were never worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. Venal politicians, grown sleek upon public plunder, and men who cannot perform an act that is not stained with some deadly sin, have lifted up their hands in bold horror, and yelled out their execrable execrations against his name. John Brown was no tongue-hero—no virtue-prattler. He was a reticent man; and when he did speak, the utterance was from his heart, and not his lungs. His faith was very simple. He desired society to be pure, free, unselfish—full of liberty and love. He believed it capable of such realization. The whole history of his life is that of an upward endeavor. "Liberty!" that was the key to his soul; the master-passion which controlled all his other ambitions, personal, social, or political. It swayed him like a frenzy. But he had too much individualism of character, and he was too sensitive to the sufferings of others to be able to reason calmly on the every-day practical concerns of life, where abstract right is modified by a thousand conditions of expediency; and he was too indignant against all forms of wrong to be able to discriminate between a theory and its practice; and thus, by his very self-denial, his benevolence, his moral courage, he was precipitated upon the deed which brought him to the scaffold. Seized by this principle of liberty, he proceeded, as he thought, to carry it out; never stopping to think how it was limited and restrained on all sides by other principles; thus drawing his purpose so near the eye as to shut out all other things; and thus, too, becoming a monomaniac, mistaking his own conscientiousness for a call unto him from Heaven.

I have now a word to say in relation to myself. It is known that I was formerly associated with John Brown, and it is known that I now reside in the South. That which follows is in regard thereto. There was a time when I thought our contemplated insurrection to be *absolutely right*. I had occasion to alter my opinion: thus. The evidence upon which I committed myself to that enterprise was available only in the court of conscience. Now, in the depths of my being, even below the law of distinct consciousness, there lurked the instinct and impulse of another law that forbade the exercise of those feelings which would connect themselves with such a deed. With this impulse, thus dimly working, the promises I had made came in conflict; and my conscience, divided against itself, plucked me on and plucked me off, suggesting the resolution but preventing the performance. However much I multiplied reasons and motives in favor of the deed, there yet sprang up from a depth in my nature, which reflection has never fathomed, an impulse against it which I could neither account for nor resist. I could not translate that which appeared to be an outward call of duty into a free, spontaneous moral impulse; and, as I could not perform it until I had so translated it, of course it was not performed at all.

Upon returning from Europe, I passed into the Southern States, for the purpose of investigating the nature and character of that Institution, to oppose which, the faculties and resources of my being have been so taxed and strained. I have my own thoughts, my own feelings, in relation thereto; and it may chance that, in the end, it will appear I have not been as unmindful of my duties to humanity as have some of those who, at the safe distance of a thousand miles, are so profuse in lip-philanthropy. But I have gained one lesson which I thought never to have learned. This, namely: that while the North is worse than her professions, the South is better than her laws.

Most respectfully  
Washington, D. C., Jan. 30, 1860.

RICHARD REALF.

## BRACKETT'S BUST OF JOHN BROWN.

The best things of this world never obtrude themselves on public notice. Walking through Washington street, one may see plenty of rich jewelry sparkling in the windows, graceful statuettes, and vases moulded into every form of beauty. But the gem of gems, the thing most worth seeing in all the city, is in an artist's studio, up two flights of stairs, No. 24 Fremont-row. There those who visit Boston can see Brackett's wonderful bust of John Brown. That the whole press has not lauded it, with one universal chorus of praise, is merely because the name of John Brown is, at this time, an apple of discord.

Those who knew the martyred hero well, pronounce it an admirable likeness. Such is the written testimony of Sennott, the lawyer who was with him during his trial. The artist labored under the disadvantage of not being allowed to enter the prison when he went to Virginia for the purpose of making this bust. But a friend took accurate measurements for him, and he had enlarged photographs to guide him. It is also a fortunate circumstance that he chanced to meet John Brown in the streets of Boston several months before his brave bearing at Harper's Ferry had made him world-famous. The expression of the face and the carriage of the head attracted his artistic eye. He said to himself, "There's a head for a sculptor." He looked after him earnestly, and went back in order to pass him again. Upon inquiring who it was, he was told, "That is old John Brown of Kansas." The strong impression then made on his mind had much to do with his subsequent desire of going to Virginia for the purpose of modeling his head. The Virginians refused to grant opportunities for this work, partly because they suspected he was secretly employed to make a plan of the jail with a view to rescue, and partly because they wanted John Brown to die, and there to be "an end of him," as some of them expressed it; a wish which does not seem to be in a very fair way of fulfillment.

When the artist returned, his soul was so completely absorbed in his work that John Brown was continually before him, in the dreams of the night and the mental visions of the day. He read attentively all his writings and sayings, in order to become thoroughly imbued with his character. With such concentration of thought, perhaps it is not extraordinary that he should have produced an excellent likeness. But it required genius to make it so alive. It is this that makes it impress me more deeply than anything I have seen of modern sculpture. There are many statues with graceful outline, and exquisitely cut; but the *soul*, that made the marble seem to breathe in ancient sculpture, is almost always wanting. In Brackett's Bust of Brown, the character of the man looks through the features wonderfully. Any good judge that examined it, without knowing whom it was intended to portray, would say, "That is a man of strong will, and lofty courage; kindly of heart, and religious to the very core of his being."

A Boston gentleman, who had lived much in Europe, exclaimed, "It is singularly like Michael Angelo's Moses!" Other visitors have also observed this resemblance. But Mr. Brackett had never seen Michael Angelo's Moses, nor any representation of it. In fact, the similarity is merely in character. It is the sublime expression, the air of moral grandeur, which connects the two in the imagination of the spectator. This is not surprising, when we reflect that Michael Angelo had for his ideal the ancient hero who led his brethren out of bondage at the command of Jehovah, and Brackett sought to embody the modern hero, whose soul was filled with the same great idea.

That the effect produced on my mind is not peculiar, I will prove by two witnesses, whose prejudices could have predisposed them to be unfavorable critics. The sculptor's conservative friends were, of course, not pleased with the object of his visit to Virginia. One of them, meeting him in State street a short time ago, said, "What are you doing now, Brackett?" "I have just finished my bust of John Brown," was the reply. "Ah, I was sorry to hear of your going to Virginia. It will be a great injury to you," said the Conservative. The sculptor replied, "An artist must seek materials wherever he can find them; and rarely can such material be found as the head of John Brown. You had better come and see it." "Not I. The old murderer!" was the abrupt answer. "Then come and look at the bust of Choate; for I have completed that also," said Mr. Brackett. A few days afterward, the Hunker gentleman called to see the bust of Choate. As he stood before it, he glanced furtively, from time to time, at the head of John Brown, which stood near by. It seemed to attract him powerfully; for he soon turned and gazed upon it. At last, he asked, "Is that a good likeness?" "Those who knew John Brown well agree in telling me so," replied the Sculptor. The Hunker looked at it thoughtfully, and said, "I would give a good deal to think it was a fancy sketch." In the presence of that calm, strong, reverential head, he could not repeat the words, "An old murderer."

An artist who was extremely hostile to John Brown, after looking at this magnificent head, exclaimed, "The old curse! He ought to be ashamed of himself, for making all the rest of us look so mean."

This remarkable bust is ordered in marble. There are also many orders for copies in plaster. Admirable photographs of it are for sale; but, of course, the best of photographs can never do entire justice to statues.

Should this head be dug up, after lying buried for centuries, and there should be no clue to its history, it would at once take conspicuous rank in galleries of Art, and men would say to each other, "It might be a head of Jupiter, were there not something so Christian in its character."

L. MARIA CHILD.

The Metropolitan Company has the honor of the

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1860.

## THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1860.

The examination of Augustus Wattles was concluded on Saturday. He testified that John Brown and his oldest sons came to Kansas in the Fall of 1854. They took claims and commenced improvements. They spent the following Winter in Missouri, mostly at Westport, on the border of the State. They here learned the plans of the Pro-Slavery party to go into Kansas, in the ensuing Spring of 1855, and vote, elect the members of the Legislature, pass a slave code, and enforce its observance. In the Spring of 1855 they returned to Kansas where they were joined by the wives and children of the young men, the old man aiding them in building houses, preparing grounds for crops, and putting out a valuable nursery. Soon after this, the two younger sons arrived from Southern Illinois with a valuable drove of blooded cattle belonging to John Brown, jr., and two battions of the Morgan stock, belonging to Jason Brown. The old man told Wattles that he came to Kansas to aid his sons in making a permanent home, but that he expected to return to his family at North Elba, N. Y. He had no intention of fighting, only to defend his rights. In the Fall of 1856, he and his sons were driven out of Kansas by the U. S. dragoons. In their journey from Osawatimie to Nebraska, they stopped with Wattles for several days, while gathering up the little remnant of property they had left, and selling it.

Brown returned to Kansas in the Summer of 1858, immediately after the Marius Des Cygnes murders (when Hamilton and other Missourians killed and wounded twelve Free-State men), and volunteered his services to guard the frontier against further inroads from Missouri. He raised a company, who all signed an agreement with himself not to go into Missouri under any circumstances, nor molest any persons in Kansas for their political opinions. This company remained upon the border until all danger had passed away, and then broke up. By exposure and hardship he and some of his men were taken down by fever and ague, when Wattles again took them into his house, until they recovered. Capt. Brown then took a claim, for his son Jason, and commenced improving it. He put up some hay—which he mowed on Government land, and afterward sold to supply himself with money.

Mr. Mason here interrupted, and wanted to know what that had to do with his invasion of Slave States.

Mr. Wattles replied that, so far as he could see, the Browns acted like other settlers in their efforts to make themselves homes. And he did not believe that Capt. Brown contemplated any invasion of the Slave States till after he was driven from Kansas, and then only as a measure of defense to Kansas. He had no funds, and every man who approved his doctrine went with him, which was not over a half a dozen from Kansas. Mr. Wattles presented letters from Brown, written in 1857, '58, and '59; these were read and explained. One of them requested him to see Mr. Phillips and others, and invite them to meet him (Brown) at Tabor, Iowa, on very important business. He showed the letter to Mr. Phillips, and asked him what the meeting was for. Phillips replied that he did not know, but he could not attend; no one mentioned in the letter went to that meeting. He also had letters from other persons who furnished him with money and clothing for the poor people of Kansas, who had been robbed

and driven from the Territory in the Summer of 1856. He had never received arms and ammunition from any quarter, nor supplied them to any one. The only allusion which Brown ever made in regard to his invasion of Virginia, was when he was leaving Kansas for the last time. Wattles being sick, Brown called to see him, when Wattles expressed his regret that he (Brown) had been into Missouri and taken slaves, and especially condemned the killing of Cruise. Brown replied that he was stopping at a house on Little Osage, when the men went down to Fort Scott to liberate Ben Rice. It chanced that a poor colored man came along, looking for some one to help him to get his wife and children out of Slavery in Missouri. Brown told him to go home and prepare, and he would come for him. Brown said he went and brought eleven human beings out of bondage, without firing a gun or snapping a cap. He was then told that another company went to another place and brought away four, and in doing so, had killed one man to save their own lives. Brown replied that he regretted it exceedingly; the taking of human life was a terrible thing; "but," he continued, "I have considered the matter well; you will have no more inroads from Missouri. The poor people of Kansas have suffered enough; my heart bleeds for them; I now see it to be my duty to draw the scene of the excitement to some other part of the country. You may never see me again. Farewell—God bless you;" and he departed.

THE HON. M. F. CONWAY AND JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal.

SIR: I am very much surprised to find, in a late number of your paper, a letter from your excellent correspondent, A. D. Richardson, esq., in which my name is used to corroborate a most atrocious slander upon the memory of OLD JOHN BROWN of Osawatamie. Mr. Richardson does not himself indorse this wicked calumny, but refers to a conversation he had with me, in which he says that I informed him that Brown admitted to me that he was engaged in the killing of Doyle and others, on Potawatamie bank, in 1856. He also cites a conversation with Capt. Walker, to the same effect. This, Sir, is a mistake, so far as it relates to me, which I cannot see how a gentleman of Mr. Richardson's intelligence could contrive to fall into. Mr. Richardson must, therefore, pardon the directness of my answer, when I assure him emphatically that I never told him any such thing. Capt. Walker will also pardon me, when I say to him, most courteously, that I do not believe that Brown ever told him any such thing. It is, indeed, a wonderful circumstance, taken from any point of view, how many persons have recently sprung up to whom John Brown long since confided a dreadful secret—a secret which, if exposed, would have cost him his life, and which, not being exposed, made any one in it liable to the penalties of a capital offense. And still more wonderful, that those persons are of a class with which Brown never had any sympathy, and toward which he always maintained a profound aversion!

These witnesses are certainly too swift. They pretend to have been the bosom friends of the old man; to have shared with him the most awful secrets of his soul; and yet they are among the loudest in execration of his memory. They pretend to be in possession of a secret which could only have been conveyed under bonds of the most sacred private friendship; and yet they are ready to expose this secret to blacken the name of their friend. This is unnatural and impossible; I distrust all such testimony. From what I know, I am convinced that Brown never had any personal participation in the killing of the men on the Potawatamie, and that, of course, he never told anybody he had. My recollection of what I said to Mr. Richardson, on this topic, is very distinct, and to this effect, namely, that John Brown said to me in Boston, two years prior, that he was not at the killing on the Potawatamie, but that he approved it. Mr. Richardson could not have been doing me the honor of giving me his attention at the time, or he would not have so far misapprehended me. This statement made to me by Brown was precisely the same made by him to all his best and most confidential friends touching the subject, and may be very safely taken for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the matter.

The fearful story of his seizing five or six men in their beds at night, tearing them away from the arms of their weeping wives and children, killing them by slow degrees, within hearing of their families, and then wantonly mutilating their dead bodies, was invented and propagated by one of the most notoriously lying rascals in the United States; an individual who has been doing all manner of base work for three years past, in this vicinity, for the Democratic party, and getting paid for his wretched services in hard cash. It was of course seized on by all the enemies of Old Osawatamie as soon as it appeared, and hawked about the country as embodying the indubitable record of the "Potawatamie Massacre." But it is utterly unworthy of credit, and should be discarded by every honorable mind as a malignant attempt to injure the fame of one who, whatever, in the estimation of some, may have been his errors or his crimes, was the purest embodiment which the country affords of exalted self-sacrifice; and as such dear to any friend of humanity.

If may, perhaps, add something to the estimation in which this tragical romance of the Potawatamie should be held to inform the public that, since it was first published, the author has fled the country in disgrace. The weekly journal edited here by him has become extinct, and his wife has filed a petition in the County Court, praying for a divorce, charging him with being an "inhuman monster," which, from my own knowledge of the animal, I will very promptly testify to, if summoned as a witness in the case. Retributive justice is sometimes speedy; as well as always sure.

Very respectfully yours, M. F. CONWAY,

Lawrence, K. T., Jan. 23, 1860.

1860-66.

New-York Daily Tribune

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1860.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATION AND JOHN BROWN'S PLANS.—Horace White of *The Chicago Press and Tribune*, who was summoned to Washington to testify before the Senate Committee of Investigation into John Brown's affairs, presents the following conclusions from his observations and investigations:

I. That this Government is not administered on economical principles. This morning Senator Mason handed me an order on the Secretary of the Senate for two hundred and ten dollars—in return for which he has twenty pages of foolscap noting at ten dollars and fifty cents a page. For a similar amount of equally valuable rubbish Richard Raelf collared over six hundred dollars, Federal currency. Augustus Watties took about three hundred and fifty dollars in mileage; Army a like amount; and so it goes. The investigation will not cost less than one hundred thousand dollars when the bills are all footed, and the net result will not be worth one hundred red cents.

II. That the Committee will not be ready to report before the Presidential election. All the evidence taken thus far washes the Republican party clean of John Brown and Harper's Ferry. This is not the entertainment to which the investigators invited themselves. They will manage to save off the printing of the testimony, on one plea or another, till next Winter. They will pretend that important witnesses are still wanting. They will not give the country a glimpse of their report this season. They will not contribute that electioneering document to the Republican side, "if the Court understand herself."

III. I conclude, lastly, that John Brown's purpose was to get together four or five hundred slaves, put rifles into the hands of the more intelligent and pikes into those of the remainder, and intrench himself in the mountains. In the fastnesses which he had selected he could have maintained himself for thirty days against any force which could have been sent against him. The news of the insurrection would have spread like wildfire North and South; it would have penetrated through the thick darkness which envelops the slave population. It would have carried an indescribable panic to every Southern plantation and fireside. It would have sent him reinforcements from hundreds of negro quarters. When troops were sent North to cut off his retreat to Canada, he would have marched South. His presence in Tennessee and the Carolinas would have created a pandemonium in whose confusion and terror he expected that Slavery would somehow, in some undefined way, have an end. If he (Brown) should happen to lose his life in the turmoil, that would be of the least possible consequence. He would trust to the elements brought into conflict to work out the problem by natural laws. I am not prepared to say that the result would have disappointed his expectations if he had got away from Harper's Ferry with five hundred well-armed negroes. But his movement was precipitated at least a week before the time he had chosen. Various theories are advanced to account for this fatality, but the most intelligible one is that one of his men deserted the day before the blow was struck, and that Brown had reason to believe he intended to betray him. Another theory is, that he and his men were suspected by the citizens of Harper's Ferry, and that if they had remained inactive another day they would have been arrested. It is certain that something impelled him to strike before he had placed himself *en rapport* with the slaves. He met his fate with the calmness of one who was conscious that he had ruined no one else by his acts. He was a man who traveled on his own muscle. When he buttoned his coat he covered the whole responsibility for his deeds. And for this reason Senator Mason's Committee will catch nothing, though they fish till the crack of doom.

The doom is universal; it cannot be avoided. There must be an end to all temporal things, and why not to books? The same endless night awaits a Plato and a penny-a-liner. Our Eternities of Fame, like all else appertaining to humanity, will some day pass away. Even Milton and Shakspeare, our great staple international poets, who have been brought out whenever the American ambassador to England dined in public, are travelling the same downward path. How many of us, man or

woman, on the sunny side of thirty, have gone through the "Paradise Lost"? And Shakspeare, in spite of new editions and of new commentators, is not half as much read as fifty years since. Perhaps the time will come when English speaking people will not know to whom they owe so many of the proverbs, metaphors, and eloquent words which enrich their daily talk.

Will none escape this inexorable fate? Homer and Robinson Crusoe seem to us to have the most tenacity of life.

## JOHN BROWN'S RAID:

### HOW I GOT INTO IT, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

IT was a wet Monday in October, on my return from a journey, with a large party of friends and acquaintances, as far north as Chicago and as far south as St. Louis and the Iron Mountain. We were gradually nearing home, and the fun and jollity grew apace as we got closer to the end of our holiday and to the beginning of our every-day work. Our day's ride was intended to be from Cumberland (on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad) to Baltimore. The murky drizzle made our comfortable car all the more cozy, and the picturesque glories of that part of Western Virginia, through which we had come very leisurely and enjoyably, were heightened by the contrast of the dull cloud that hung over the valley of the Potomac. At Martinsburg the train was stopped for an unusually long time; and in spite of close questioning, we were obliged to satisfy our curiosity with a confused story of an outbreak and a strike among the workmen at the armory, with a consequent detention of trains, at Harper's Ferry. The train pushed on slowly, and at last came to a dead halt at a station called The Old Furnace. There a squad of half a dozen lazy Virginia farmers—we should call them a picket

just now, in our day of military experiences—told us half a dozen stories about the troubles ahead, and finally the people in charge of our train determined to send it back to wait for further news from below. A young engineer who was employed on the railroad was directed to go along the track to examine it, and see what, if any, damage had been done. As I had brushed up an acquaintance with him, I volunteered to accompany him, and then was joined by a young Englishman, a Guardsman on his travels, one of the Welsh Wynns, just returning from a shooting-tour over the Prairies. We started off in the rain and mud, and kept together till we came to a bridle-path crossing the railroad and climbing up the hills. Here we met a country doctor, who offered to guide us to Bolivar, whence we could come down to the Ferry, and as the trains would be detained there for several hours, there would be time enough to see all the armory workshops and wonders. So off we started up the muddy hillside, leaving our engineer to his task on the railroad; for what pedestrian would not prefer the worst dirt road to the best railroad for an hour's walking? Our Englishman was ailing

and really unwell, and half-way up the rough hill left us to return to the easy comfort of the train.

My guide — Dr. Marmion was the name he gave in exchange for mine — said that the row at the Ferry was nothing but a riotous demonstration by the workmen. He came from quite a distance, and, hearing these vague reports, had turned off to visit his patients in this quarter, so that he might learn the real facts; and as it was then only a little past nine, he had time to do his morning's work in Bolivar. So there we parted, he agreeing to join me again at the Ferry; and he did so later in the day.

Turning to the left on the main pike, I found little knots of lounging villagers gathered in the rain and mud, spitting, swearing, and discussing the news from the Ferry. Few of them had been there, and none of them agreed in their account of the troubles; so I plodded on over the hill and down the sharp slope that led to the Ferry. Just as I began the descent, a person rode up on horseback, gun in hand, and as we came in sight of the armory, he told me the true story, — that a band of men were gathered together to set the slaves free, and that, after starting the outbreak on the night before, they had taken refuge down below. He pointed with his gun, and we were standing side by side, when a sudden flash and a sharp report and a bullet stopped his story and his life.

The few people above us looked down from behind the shelter of houses and fences; — from below not a soul was visible in the streets and alleys of Harper's Ferry, and only a few persons could be seen moving about the buildings in the armory inclosure. In a minute, some of the townspeople, holding out a white handkerchief, came down to the fallen man, and, quite undisturbed, carried him up the hill and to the nearest house, — all with hardly a question or a word of explanation. Shocked by what was then rare enough to be appalling, — sudden and violent death by fire-arms in the hands of concealed

men, — I started off again, meaning to go down to the Ferry, with some vague notion of being a peace-maker, and at least of satisfying my curiosity as to the meaning of all these mysteries: for while I saw that that fatal rifle-shot meant destruction, I had no conception of a plot.

Just as I reached the point where I had joined the poor man who had fallen, — it was a Mr. Turner, formerly a captain in the army, and a person deservedly held in high esteem by all his friends and neighbors, — a knot of two or three armed men stopped me, and after a short parley directed me to some one in authority, who would hear my story. The guard who escorted me to the great man was garrulous and kind enough to tell me more in detail the story, now familiar to all of us, of the capture of Mr. Lewis Washington and other persons of note in the Sunday night raid of a body of unknown men. The dread of something yet to come, with which the people were manifestly possessed, was such as only those can know who have lived in a Slave State; and while there was plenty of talk of the steadiness of the slaves near the Ferry, it was plain that that was the magazine that was momentarily in danger of going off and carrying them all along with it.

The officers of the neighboring militia had gathered together in the main tavern of the place, without waiting for their men, but not unmindful of the impressive effect of full uniform, and half a dozen kinds of military toggeries were displayed on the half-dozen persons convened in a sort of drum-head court-martial. I was not the only prisoner, and had an opportunity to hear the recitals of my fellows in luck. First and foremost of all was a huge, swaggering, black-bearded, gold-chain and scarlet-velvet-waistcoated, piratical-looking fellow, who announced himself as a Border Ruffian, of Virginia stock, and now visiting his relations near the Ferry; but he said that he had fought with the Southern Rights party in the Kansas war, and that when

he heard of the "raid," as he familiarly called the then unfamiliar feat of the Sunday night just past, he knew who was at the top and bottom of it, and he described in a truthful sort of way the man whose name and features were alike unknown to all his listeners, — "Ossawatimie Brown," "Old John Brown." Garnishing the story of their earlier contests with plentiful oaths, he gave us a lively picture of their personal hand-to-hand fights in the West, and said that he had come to help fight his old friend and enemy, and to fight him fair, just as they did in "M'souri." He wanted ten or a dozen men to arm themselves to the teeth, and he 'd lead 'em straight on. His indignation at his arrest and at the evident incredulity of his hearers and judges was not a whit less hearty and genuine than his curses on their cowardice in postponing any attack or risk of fighting until the arrival of militia, or soldiers, or help of some kind, in strength to overpower the little band in the armory, to make resistance useless, and an attack, if that was necessary, safe enough to secure some valiant man to lead it on.

My story was soon told. I was a traveller; my train had been stopped; I had started off on foot, meaning to walk over the hill to the Ferry, and expecting there to meet the train to go on to Baltimore. The interruptions were plentiful, and the talk blatant. I showed a ticket, a memorandum-book giving the dates and distances of my recent journey, and a novel (I think it was one of Balzac's) in French, and on it was written in pencil my name and address. That was the key-note of plenty of suspicion. How could they believe any man from a Northern city innocent of a knowledge of the plot now bursting about their ears? Would not my travelling-companions from the same latitude be ready to help free the slaves? and if I was set at liberty, would it not be only too easy to communicate between the little host already beleaguered in the armory engine-house and the mythical great host that was gathered in the North and ready to pour itself over the

South? Of course all this, the staple of their every-day discussions, was strange enough to my ears; and I listened in a sort of silent wonderment that men could talk such balderdash. Any serious project of a great Northern movement on behalf of Southern slaves was then as far from credible and as strange to my ears as it was possible to be. It seemed hardly worth while to answer their suggestions; I therefore spoke of neighbors of theirs who were friends of mine, and of other prominent persons in this and other parts of Virginia who were acquaintances, and for a little time I hoped to be allowed to go free; but after more loud talk and a squabble that marked by its growing violence the growing drunkenness of the whole party, court and guard and spectators all, I was ordered along with the other prisoners to be held in custody for the present. We were marched off, first to one house and then to another, looking for a convenient prison, and finally found one in a shop. Here — it was a country store — we sat and smoked and drank and chatted with our guard and with their friends inside and out. Now and then a volley was fired in the streets of the village below us, and we would all go to a line fence where we could see its effects: generally it was only riotous noise, but occasionally it was directed against the engine-house or on some one moving through the armory-yard.

As the militia in and out of uniform, and the men from far and near, armed in all sorts of ways, began to come into the village in squads, their strength seemed to give them increased confidence, and especially in the perfectly safe place where I sat with half a dozen others under a heavy guard. Now and then an ugly-looking fowling-piece or an awkwardly handled pistol was threateningly pointed at us, with a half-laughing and half-drunken threat of keeping us safe. Toward afternoon we were ordered for the night to Charlestown, and to the jail there that has grown so famous by its hospitality to our successors. The journey across was particu-

larly enlivening. My special guard was a gentlemanly young lawyer, one of the Kennedys of that ilk; and to his cleverness I think I owed my safe arrival at the end of our journey. Every turn in the road brought us face to face with an angry crowd, gathering from far and near, armed and ready to do instant justice on a helpless victim. Kennedy, however, gracefully waived them back to the wagons behind us, where other prisoners, in less skilful hands, were pretty badly used. The houses on the road were utterly deserted; on the first news of an outbreak by the slaves, the women and children were hurried off to the larger towns, — the men coming slowly back in squads and arming as best they could, and the negroes keeping themselves hid out of sight on all sides.

The eight miles' distance to Charlestown was lengthened out by the rain and mud, and the various hindrances of the way, so that the day was closing as we came into the main street of the straggling little town. The first odd sight was a procession of black and white children playing soldiers, led by a chubby black boy, full of a sense of authority, and evidently readily accepted by his white and black comrades in childlike faith. The next was a fine, handsome house, where a large number of ladies from the country round had been gathered together, and as we were greeted in going by, my guide stopped, and introducing me, I explained my position. They were all ready with their sympathy, and all overpowering with their gratitude, when I pooh-poohed their fear of a great Northern invasion, and said that the people of the North were just as innocent of any participation in this business as they themselves were. Our line of march resumed brought us to the prison, and I was not sorry to have the shock of an enforced visit somewhat lessened by a general invitation from mine host of an adjoining tavern to liquor up. Of course I was no ways chary of invitations to the crowd, and the bar-room being full, I made the bar my rostrum, and indulged in a piece

of autobiography that was intended to gain the general consent to return to my fellow-travellers, who were reported still at Martinsburg. If I cannot boast of great success *at* the bar, I am as little proud of my eloquence *on* the bar. One of the Kennedys, brother to my guard, did suggest taking me to his house, half a mile off; but to that Colonel Davenport, a bustling great man of the village, answered, that, as there was sure to be some hanging at night, it would be safer to be in the prison, where I really could be guarded, as well from the mob as from any escape on my own part, and it was better to stay contentedly where I was. Doctor Marmion, my acquaintance of the morning, rode over to find me and to explain his part in my visit to the Ferry, hoping that such a confirmation of my story would secure my immediate release. But by that time I was in the custody of the sheriff, by some military legal process; and while that officer was kind and civil, he refused to do anything, except promise me an early hearing before the court-martial, which was to reassemble the next day. Finally, I was hustled through a gaping, pot-valiant crowd, into the prison, where the mob had violently taken possession; and it was a good while before I could be got up stairs and safely locked into my cell. The bolts were shot pretty sharply, but the sense of relief from the threats and impertinence of the bullying fellows outside quite outweighed my sensation of novelty on finding myself in such strange quarters. My supper was sent up, my friendly guard gave me cigars, and a buxom daughter of the jailer lent me a candle. I lay down on a rough cot and was soon asleep; my last recollection was of my sturdy guard, armed and wakeful, in front of my cell; and I woke after several hours of sound, refreshing slumber, startled by the noise of his angry answers to some still more angry and very drunken men. They had, so I learned partly then and partly afterwards, broken into the jail, and hurried from the cell next to mine a poor black prisoner, who was forthwith hanged; and, whetted by their sport, they had



returned to find a fresh victim. Fortunately, in the turmoil of their first attack, the only other prisoner easily got hold of was a white boy, who escaped, while I owed my safety to Kennedy's earnest protestations, and to his ready use of a still more convincing argument, a loaded pistol and a quick hand.

Early morning was very welcome, for it brought the court-martial up to Charlestown, and I was soon ready for a hearing. Fortunately, after a good deal of angry discussion and some threats of a short shrift, a message came up from the Ferry from Governor Wise; and as I boldly claimed acquaintance with him, they granted me leave to send down a note to him, asking for his confirmation of my statements. While this was doing, I was paroled and served my Kansas colleague by advice to hold his tongue; he did so, and was soon released; and my messenger returned with such advices, in the shape of a pretty sharp reprimand to the busy court-martial for their interference with the liberty of the citizen, as speedily got me my freedom. I used it to buy such articles of clothing as could be had in Charlestown, and my prison clothes were gladly thrown aside. Some of my fellow-travellers reached the place in time to find me snugly ensconced in the tavern, waiting for an ancient carriage; with them we drove back to the Ferry in solemn state. The same deserted houses and the same skulking out of sight by the inhabitants showed the fear that outlasted even the arrival of heavy militia reinforcements. We stopped at Mr. Lewis Washington's, and, without let or hindrance, walked through the pretty grounds and the bright rooms and the neat negro huts, all alike lifeless, and yet showing at every turn the suddenness and the recentness of the fright that had carried everybody off. Our ride through Bolivar was cheered by a vigorous greeting from my captor of the day before,—the village shoemaker, a brawny fellow,—who declared that he knew I was all right, that he had taken care of me, that he would not have me

hanged or shot, and “would n't I give him sum't to have a drink all round, and if I ever came again, please to stop and see him”; and so I did, when I came back with my regiment in war-times; but then no shoemaker was to be found.

I paid my respects to Governor Wise, and thanked him for my release; was introduced to Colonel Lee, (now the Rebel general,) and to the officers of the little squad of marines who had carried the stronghold of the “invaders,” as the Governor persistently called them. In company with “Porte Crayon,” Mr. Strothers, a native of that part of Virginia, and well known by his sketches of Southern life in “Harper's Magazine,” I went to the engine-house, and there saw the marks of the desperate defence and of the desperate bravery of John Brown and his men. I saw, too, John Brown himself. Wounded, bleeding, haggard, and defeated, and expecting death with more or less of agony as it was more or less near, John Brown was the finest specimen of a man that I ever saw. His great, gaunt form, his noble head and face, his iron-gray hair and patriarchal beard, with the patient endurance of his own suffering, and his painful anxiety for the fate of his sons and the welfare of his men, his reticence when jeered at, his readiness to turn away wrath with a kind answer, his whole appearance and manner, what he looked, what he said,—all impressed me with the deepest sense of reverence. If his being likened to anything in history could have made the scene more solemn, I should say that he was likeliest to the pictured or the ideal representation of a Roundhead Puritan dying for his faith, and silently glorying in the sacrifice not only of life, but of all that made life dearest to him. His wounded men showed in their patient endurance the influence of his example; while the vulgar herd of lookers-on, fair representatives of the cowardly militia-men who had waited for the little force of regulars to achieve the capture of the engine-house and its garrison, were ready to prove their further cowardice by maltreating the prisoners. The marines,

who alone had sacrificed life in the attack, were sturdily bent on guarding them from any harsh handling. I turned away sadly from the old man's side, sought and got the information he wanted concerning "his people," as he called them, and was rewarded with his thanks in a few simple words, and in a voice that was as gentle as a woman's. The Governor, as soon as he was told of the condition of the prisoners, had them cared for, and, in all his bitterness at their doings, never spoke of them in terms other than honorable to himself and to them. He persistently praised John Brown for his bravery and his endurance; and he was just as firm in declaring him the victim of shrewd and designing men, whose schemes he would yet fathom.

The day was a busy one; for little squads of regulars were sent out on the Maryland Heights to search for the stores accumulated there; and each foraging party was followed by a tail of stragglers from all the volunteers on the ground, who valiantly kept on to the Maryland side of the bridge that crossed the Potomac, and then, their courage oozing out of their fingers and toes both, stopped there and waited for the return of the regulars. On the instant of their arrival, each time fetching a great hay-wagon full of captured goods, tents, picks, spades, pikes, the tag-rag and bobtail party at once set to work to help themselves to the nearest articles, and were soon seen making off homeward with their contraband of war on their backs. The plunder, however, was not confined to the captured property. A strong force of militia soon invaded the armory, and every man helped himself to a rifle and a brace of pistols, and then, tiring of the load, began to chaffer and bargain for their sale. Governor Wise was called on to interfere and preserve the Government property; he came into the little inclosure of the works, and began an eloquent address, but seeing its uselessness, broke off and put his Richmond Grays on guard; and then the distribution of public property was made through the regular channels, —

that is, the men inside brought guns and pistols to the men on guard, and they passed them out to their friends beyond, so that the trade went on almost as free as ever.

Night soon came, and it was made hideous by the drunken noise and turmoil of the crowd in the village; matters were made worse, too, by the Governor's order to impress all the horses; and the decent, sober men trudged home rather out of humor with their patriotic sacrifice; while the tipsy and pot-valiant militia fought and squabbled with each other, and only ceased that sport to pursue and hunt down some fugitive negroes, and one or two half-maddened drunken fellows who in their frenzy proclaimed themselves John Brown's men. Tired out at last, the Governor took refuge in the Wager House; — for an hour or two, he had stood on the porch haranguing an impatient crowd as "Sons of Virginia!" Within doors the scene was stranger still. Huddled together in the worst inn's worst room, the Governor and his staff at a table with tallow candles guttering in the darkness, the Richmond Grays lying around the floor in picturesque and (then) novel pursuit of soft planks, a motley audience was gathered together to hear the papers captured at John Brown's house — the Kennedy farm on Maryland Heights — read out with the Governor's running comments. The purpose of all this was plain enough. It was meant to serve as proof of a knowledge and instigation of the raid by prominent persons and party-leaders in the North. The most innocent notes and letters, commonplace newspaper-paragraphs and printed cuttings, were distorted and twisted by the reading and by the talking into clear instructions and positive plots. However, the main impression was of the picturesqueness of the soldiers resting on their knapsacks, and their arms stacked in the dark corners, — of the Governor and his satellites, some of them in brilliant militia array, seated around the lighted table, — and of the grotesque eloquence with which either the Governor or some of his prom-

inent people would now and then burst out into an oratorical tirade, all thrown away on his sleepy auditors, and lost to the world for want of some clever shorthand writer.

In the morning I was glad to hear that my belated train had spent the last forty-eight hours at Martinsburg, and I did not a bit regret that my two days had been so full of adventure and incident. Waiting for its coming, I walked once more through the village, with one of the watchmen of the armory, who had been captured by John Brown and spent the night with him in the engine-house, and heard in all its freshness the story now so well known. Then I bade Governor Wise good-bye, and was duly thanked for my valiant services to the noble Mother of States, and rewarded by being offered the honorary and honorable title of A. D. C. to the commander-in-chief of Virginia, both for past services and for the future tasks to be met, of beating off invading hosts from the North,—all in the Governor's eye. Luckily for both sides, I declined the handsome offer; for my next visit to Virginia was as an A. D. C. to a general commanding troops, not of the North, but of the United States, invading, not the Virginia of John Brown's time, but the Virginia of a wicked Southern Confederacy.

Not long after, I received a letter of thanks from Governor Wise, written at Richmond and with a good deal of official flattery. His son Jennings, an old acquaintance of mine in pleasant days in Germany, came to see me, too, with civil messages from his father. Poor fellow! he paid the forfeit of his rebellious treason with his life at Roanoke Island. His father pays the heavier penalty of living to see the civil war fomented by him making its dreadful progress, and in its course crushing out all his ancient popularity and power.

In spite of many scenes of noble heroism and devoted bravery in legitimate warfare, and in the glorious campaigns of our own successful armies, I have never seen any life in death so grand as that of John Brown, and to me there

is more than an idle refrain in the solemn chorus of our advancing hosts,—

“John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground,  
As we go marching on!”

In the summer of 1862, I was brought again to Harper's Ferry, with my regiment, and the old familiar scenes were carefully revisited. The terrible destruction of fine public buildings, the wanton waste of private property, the deserted village instead of the thriving town, the utter ruin and wretchedness of the country all about, and the bleak waste of land from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown, are all set features in every picture of the war in Virginia. At my old head-quarters in Charlestown jail there was less change than I had expected; its sturdy walls had withstood attack and defence better than the newer and more showy structures; the few inhabitants left behind after the ebb and flow of so many army waves, Rebel and Union succeeding each other at pretty regular intervals, were the well-to-do of former days, looking after their household gods, sadly battered and the worse for wear, but still cherished very dearly. Of my old acquaintances, it was a melancholy pleasure to learn that Colonel Baylor, who was mainly anxious to have me hanged, had in this war been reduced to the ranks for cowardice, and then was shot in the act of desertion. Kennedy was still living at home, but his brother was in the Rebel service. The lesser people were all scattered; the better class of workmen had gone to Springfield or to private gun-shops in the North,—the poorer sort, either into the Rebel army or to some other dim distance, and all trace of them was lost.

The thousands who have come and gone through Harper's Ferry and past Bolivar Heights will recall the waste and desolation of what was once a blooming garden-spot, full of thrift and industry and comfort almost unknown elsewhere south of the fatal slave-line; thousands who are yet to pass that way will see in the ruins of the place traces of the avenging spirit that has marked forever the scene of *John Brown's Raid*.

## SCHUMANN'S QUINTETTE IN E FLAT MAJOR.

IT was near sundown when we reached the sea-side hotel. By the time we were settled in our apartment, and I had my invalid undressed and in bed, the soft, long summer twilight was nearly over. The maid, having cleared away the litter of unpacking, was sitting in the anteroom, near enough to be within call. The poor suffering body that held so lightly the half-escaped spirit lay on the bed, exhausted with the journey, but feeling already soothed by the pleasant sea-breeze which sighed gently in at the open window.

Our rooms were on the ground-floor of a one-story cottage. A little distance off was the large hotel, to which the cottage was attached by a long arcade or covered gallery. We could hear fragments of the music which the band was playing to the gay idlers who were wandering about the balconies or through the hotel grounds; while laughs and little shrieks, uttered by the children as their pursuing nurses caught them up for bed, mingled not unpleasantly with the silvery hum arising from the fashionable crowd and the festal clang of the instruments.

Sleep half hovered over, half winged off from the pillow. I fanned the peacock plumes slowly to and fro in the delicious air, gazed with a suppressed sigh on the darkening West, and repeated with a rhythmical beat the beautiful Hebrew poem in Ecclesiasticus, which I had so often recited through many long years by the side of that sick-bed, to soothe the ear of the sufferer. I had just reached these lines, —

“A present remedy of all  
Is the speeding coming of a cloud,  
And a dew that meeteth it,  
By the heat that cometh,  
Shall overpower it.

“At His word the wind is still;  
And with His thought  
He appeaseth the deep;  
And the Lord hath planted islands therein,” —

when I noticed that sleep had settled

firmly on the dark eyelids, and the panting breath came through the poor clay in little soughs and sighs, as if body and soul, tired with combat, had each sunk down for a momentary rest on the weary battle-field of life.

The music of the band had ceased; the gay crowd had withdrawn into the hotel to prepare for the entertainments of the evening, and there was a lull of human sounds. Then arose the grand roar of the ocean, which with the regular break of the billows on the beach beneath the cliff made the theme where before it had played the bass.

I crept stealthily out of the bed-room, and, after exchanging my travelling-gown for a cool white robe, stretched my tired body on the lounge in the anteroom.

There I lay with cold finger-tips pressed against burning eyelids, and icy palms holding with a firm grasp throbbing temples, under which flowed the hot, seething tide of mortal anguish, anxiety, and aching love. Some one touched me on the shoulder. I looked up. It was Max who was standing beside me.

“There is a great musical treat for you,” he said in a low voice. “The A—— Society is here, and also part of B——’s Opera Troupe, with Madame C——, and D——, the great tenor. The troupe and society united are to give such a concert as rarely falls to the lot of mortals to hear. I never saw a better programme. Look!”

I read over the concert-bill. First there was an overture; then several scenes from “Lucia di Lammermoor,” — that great Shakspearian drama, whose dread catastrophe of Death and Doom leaves in the memory of the hearer a heavenly sorrow unmingled with earthly taint. It was the master-work of two poets, Scott and Donizetti, who had conceived it at the best period of their lives, when they were in all the vigor of manhood, and when mind and fancy

April 26, 1866.

## Watchman and Reflector.

Counting-Room, 151 Washington Street, opposite the Old South Church. Boston.  
 FOR TERMS, SEE FOURTH PAGE.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

## JOHN BROWN.

The name of John Brown will be conspicuous in the annals of the United States. His memory will be enshrined in the heart of the negro race and in the literature of his native land. Morally regarded, no truer man ever trod our soil. In him were found some of the traits that have given to the Puritans a high place in history. We may to-day have broader men; more spiritual men; we may have men of greater wisdom, of deeper insight, of profounder faith—but they are moderns, rejoicing in our strength, parading our weakness, while John Brown, sternly true to his perceptions of right, stands forth almost alone the embodiment of the austere, self-sacrificing spirit of the Puritans.

He was born in the year 1800, at Torrington, Conn. His paternal ancestor was a Mayflower passenger, and both of his grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers. When he was five years old his father moved to Ohio, where John's youth was spent. When the war broke out between England and the United States, in 1812, his father made a contract to furnish our troops at one joint with beef cattle, and John frequently accompanied him to the camp. It was at this time that he became an abolitionist. Writing the account in the third person, he thus stated the incident that probably decided the bent of his future career:

"During the war with England a circumstance occurred that in the end made him a most determined abolitionist, and led him to declare or swear eternal war with slavery. He was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord, once a United States Marshal, who held a slave boy near his own age, very active, intelligent and good-natured, and to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. The master made a great pet of John, brought him to his table with his first company and friends, called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of its being more than a hundred miles from home, with a company of cattle alone; while the negro boy, who was wretchedly ill, if not more than his equal, was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten before his eyes with iron shovels, or any other thing that came first to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children; for such children have neither fathers nor mothers to protect and provide for them. He sometimes would raise the question, Is God their Father?"

But this skepticism did not take root in his nature. At an early period he became a devout believer in the Bible, and, in his old age, he could probably have restored the whole of it from memory if the good Book had been lost. As a boy he was noted for his love of pets, of cards and rough plays, of "solid reading," and of a dislike of all "vain and frivolous persons and conversation." His mode of life developed habits of self-reliance, and he had inherited great firmness of will. He received a very ordinary education, and a disease of the eyes prevented him from improving it by private study.

At the age of twenty, or shortly afterward, he married his first wife, of whom he always spoke with much tenderness. He had seven children by this marriage.

From 1821 to 1846 he lived in Ohio and Pennsylvania, when he removed to Massachusetts. During this period his wife died; and in 1833 he was married again. By his second wife he had thirteen children.

While in the West he was alternately engaged in the tanning business and in wool-growing. Like our Grant, he was a tanner, and like King David, he was "a keeper of sheep." He was known wherever he lived as a citizen of singular probity of life, as an earnest, devout, very conscientious man. For example, he would refuse to sell leather until the last drop of moisture had been dried from it, "lest he should sell his customers water, and reap the gain."

In 1839 he first conceived the idea of becoming a liberator of the slaves. From this time he never entered into any business which he could not close up within two weeks. He was always ready for the Lord's call. He was patient, too. "I have waited twenty years," he once said in Kansas.

In 1846 John Brown established himself at Springfield, Mass., as a wool-factor. A combination of New England manufacturers, who hitherto had had the monopoly of the business, and an unfortunate shipment to England, resulted in a disaster to the firm of Perkins & Brown. After visiting England and one or two of the continental countries, he returned to Massachusetts, and in 1849, removed his family to North Elba, where they remained till the day of his death.

In 1854 four sons of John Brown removed to Kansas. They settled near the Pottawattomie, in the southern part of that Territory. They were harassed, plundered, threatened by gangs of marauding pro-slavery ruffians, with whom the prime object was plunder; and noisy pro-slavery partisanship was equivalent to a free charter to do so with impunity. The sons wrote to their father, requesting him to procure such arms as might enable them in some degree to protect themselves, and personally to bring them to Kansas.

John Brown could not refuse such an appeal, and forthwith went out—"a warrior of the Lord against the mighty." He remained in Kansas until the long contest there was over, and his deeds form an important part of the history of the Territory. He led the first fight between Northern and Southern forces that ever came off in the United States. He won the first Northern victory.

I cannot here attempt to give even a synopsis of his career in Kansas. Instead of this, I will give an account of my first meeting with John Brown.

The creeks of Kansas are all fringed with wood. I lost my way, or got off the path that crosses the creek near Prairie City, when, suddenly, thirty paces before me, I saw a wild-looking man, of fine proportions, with half-a-dozen pistols of various sizes stuck in his belt, and a large Arkansas bowie-knife prominent among them. His head was uncovered, his hair was uncombed, his face had not been shaven for many months. We were similarly dressed—with red-topped boots worn over the pantaloons, a coarse blue shirt and a pistol belt. This was the usual fashion of the times.

"Hullo!" he cried, "you're in our camp."

He had nothing in his right hand, and carried a water-pail in his left; but before he could speak again, I had drawn and cocked my revolver.

I only answered, in emphatic tones, "Halt! or I'll fire."

He stopped and said that he knew me; that he had seen me in Lawrence, and that I was true; that he was Frederick Brown, the son of old John Brown; and that I was now within the limits of their camp. After a parley of a few minutes, I was satisfied that I was among my friends, put up my pistol, and shook hands with Frederick. He talked wildly as he walked before me, turning round every minute as he spoke of the then recent affair of Pottawattomie. His family, he said, had been accursed of it; he denied it indignantly, with the wild air of a maniac. His excitement was so great that he repeatedly crossed the creek, until, getting anxious to reach the camp, I refused to listen to him until he took me to his father. He then quietly filled his pail with water, and, after many strange turnings, led me into camp. As we approached it, we were twice challenged by sentries, who suddenly appeared before trees, and as suddenly disappeared behind them.

I shall not soon forget the scene that here

opened to my view. Near the edge of the creek a dozen horses were tied, all ready saddled for a ride for life, or a hunt after Southern invaders. A dozen rifles and sabres were stacked against the trees. In an open space, amid the shady and lofty woods, there was a great blazing fire, with a pot above it; a woman, bareheaded, with an honest, sunburnt face, was picking blackberries from the bushes; three or four armed men were lying on red and blue blankets on the grass; and two fine-looking youths were standing leaning on their arms, on guard, near by. One of them was the youngest son of old Brown, and the other was Charley, the brave Hungarian, who was subsequently murdered at Ossawatimie. Old Brown himself stood near the fire, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and a large piece of pork in his hand. He was cooking a pig. He was poorly clad, and his toes protruded from his boots. The old man received me with great cordiality, and the little band gathered about me. But it was for a moment only; for the captain ordered them to renew their work. In this camp no manner of profane language was permitted. No man of immoral character was allowed to stay except as a prisoner of war. He offered prayers, in which all the company united, every morning and evening; and no food was ever tasted by his men until the Divine blessing had been asked on it. After every meal thanks were returned to the bountiful Giver. Often, I was told, the old man would retire to the densest solitudes to wrestle with his God in secret prayer. One of his company subsequently informed me that after these retirings he would say that the Lord had directed him in visions what to do; that for himself he did not love warfare, but peace; only acting in obedience to the will of the Lord, and fighting God's battles for His children's sake.

It was at this time that the old man said to me, "I would rather have the small pox, yellow fever and cholera all together in my camp than a man without principles. It's a mistake, sir," he continued, "that our people make when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the men fit to oppose these Southerners. Give me men of good principles, God-fearing men, men who respect themselves, and, with a dozen of them, I will oppose any hundred such men as those Buford ruffians."

John Brown's chief fights in the Territory were at Black Jack, and throughout Southern Kansas. Like all the "Kansas battles," they

were mere skirmishes, but they decided, or helped to decide, the fate of a great empire.

John Brown perfected his long-cherished designs in Kansas. He believed that his mission was to make slavery insecure, and he proposed to accomplish it by organizing guerilla bands throughout the mountainous regions of the South, composed of slaves, and officered by men whom he should himself train for this purpose. "The mountains and swamps of the South," he said, "were intended by the Almighty for a refuge for the slave, and a defence against the oppressor." It was not expected that these bands could have continued without meeting opposition; "but," said the old man earnest, "any resistance, however bloody, is better than the system which makes every seventh woman a concubine." Again he said, "A few men in the right, and knowing they are, can overturn a king. Twenty men in the Alleghanies could break slavery to pieces in two years."

We know now that John Brown underestimated the power of the South, and overestimated the opportunities or the willingness of the slaves to rise and free themselves. But his plan did not then appear to be without some prospects of success, by men who supposed they were familiar with the condition of the Southern States. Let it be remembered, too, that the whole nation shared somewhat in this estimate of the weakness of the South. Every one can recall the time when prominent politicians at the North, men of eminent common sense, talked at the beginning of the rebellion of marching through the rebel States with a single regiment.

After months and months of preparation in Kansas, in Canada, in New England, in the West, and elsewhere, John Brown struck the blow that he had been gathering strength to deliver at the South for more than twenty years. It was at Harper's Ferry, on the 17th of October, 1859, that he seized the arsenal and began his operations. Every reader can remember the excitement produced by this act, and how, after two days of feverish anxiety, it was announced that John Brown had been arrested, and his band of twenty-one men were either killed, or prisoners, or fugitives in the mountains. How all Virginia trembled! How her Governor blustered! How Buchanan (who subsequently could strike no blow against slavery in arms) was prompt to fell John Brown! How the final charge that resulted in his capture was led by one, since then known everywhere as the leader of the rebellion—Robert E. Lee, the traitor. How, with unhesitating alacrity, the polluted old Commonwealth hastened to put the heroic old man to death! How sublimely he acted when in jail, on the dock, and on his way to the scaffold! All these facts need no repetition here.

On the 2d of December, 1859, the soul of John Brown passed from a Virginia scaffold to its eternal home. His "body lay a mouldering in the grave," and Virginia believed that she was safe. Slavery seemed securer than ever.

But "John Brown's soul" was "marching on"—marching as the moral leader of a nation in arms against the crime which had roused his spirit to a righteous frenzy.

Suddenly, in the field where the scaffold stood, negro troops are seen marshalled, and their rendezvous is called Camp John Brown; suddenly, the nation is seen recruiting slaves in every Southern State; suddenly, the voice of Abraham Lincoln proclaims that slavery is at an end; suddenly, every one recognizes in the felon of Virginia, one of the world's heroes, who, giving his life for others, must henceforth, by the anointing of his own blood, be set apart for immortality.

"Didn't John Brown bring on the war?" No. He was a man of power; but he was powerless to divide the Union. It was a greater than he who arrayed the North and the South against each other in a struggle which was destined to shake the house of bondage to the earth. The war was brought on by the living God, who has decreed that, everywhere and always, great crime shall be followed by a great retribution.

TWEED.

# THE DAILY SUN.

## HARPER'S FERRY.

The Memorable Scene in 1859 of the Exploits and Tragic Ends of John Brown and his Deluded Confederates ---The Building in which he was Captured is Still Standing---The Extensive Government Works Here Before the War---Their Destruction Results in the Pecuniary Calamity to the Town---Harper's Ferry Prominent with the History of the Late War.

HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA., }  
October 2, 1871. }

EDITORS SUN: This place is memorable for the stirring events that have transpired within its precincts. Anterior to the late war the Government established very extensive works here, consisting of Armories and "Arsenals, at which were deposited arms, comprising rifle muskets and marine guns; and while these operations were going on in the year 1859, the notorious John Brown conceived the idea of seizing the buildings and arms, and thus place himself in an attitude to accomplish the scheme so wickedly concocted. His approach to the place was effected from the direction of Maryland Heights, and in crossing the bridge that spans the Potomac at the confluence of that stream with the Shenandoah, he seized the watchman and carried him to the gate of the enclosure in which the armory was located. Here the sentinel was taken prisoner and thus the entrance into the works was easily accomplished. These prisoners he retained as hostages. As the employees the next morning entered the grounds, one by one they were arrested and subjected to the same summary treatment. Gen. R. E. Lee (then Colonel) was dispatched to the scene from Washington with a company of marines. Brown and his posse sought protection in the engine house with the prisoners, and defied the authorities, who were prevented from firing upon the building by reason of the hazard of taking the lives of innocent inmates. In the meantime Brown improvised port-holes by forcing out the brick, and through these he fired upon and killed several citizens. He was at length forced to surrender, was tried at Charlestown, the county seat, together with his accomplices, convicted and executed. The failure of the attempt was the more signal from the fact that he failed to receive the co-operation of the negroes that he had assurances of commanding. The engine house

is still standing with its patched port-holes, and is pointed out as a monument of the amazing folly and wickedness of a fanatic. Harper's Ferry was rendered prominent in the early operations of the war by a strategic movement of Gen. Johnston in destroying the extensive building devoted to the manufacture of arms. The demolition of the government works here, the destruction of 175 houses, the result of alternate occupations of contending armies, and the great flood of the Shenandoah, just one year ago, that resulted in the ruin of much property and the loss of human life, has had the effect to paralyze the people.

The spirits of the inhabitants seem to be crushed; their churches yet remain desolate; their houses and premises bearing evidences of decay—with a population formerly numbering some 4,000, it now boasts some 1,600.

Standing at Harper's Ferry we see three States: Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, the lines converging on this point. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, 160 miles in length, connecting

## T H E C A N A L

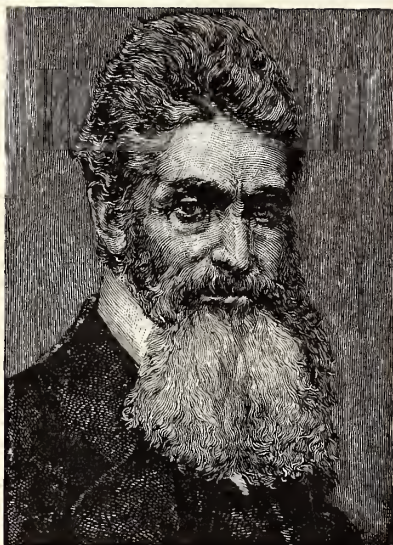
Cumberland with Georgetown and Alexandria, passes this place; several hundred boats fly upon its waters, the chief article of transportation being coal from the Cumberland mines; this is the work of the summer months as the ice of winter lays an embargo upon their operations. The canal is the property of the State of Maryland, and millions of dollars were expended in its construction many years ago, and I believe as yet, has not proved to be a very profitable investment. The environs of Harper's Ferry are remarkably picturesque and grand—Maryland Heights looms up in front with the historic Potomac flowing at its rugged base, whilst you are flanked on either side by the lofty sides of Loudon and Boliver. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have a branch road traversing the rich valley of the beautiful Shenandoah, hence to Winchester, Va., a distance of thirty-two miles. The streams of the Potomac and Shenandoah have just now reached a point lower than ever known before—so gravely declared by the "oldest inhabitants."

J. N. S.

### John Brown of Osawatomie

Among all the brave and devoted men of that struggle, none was braver or more devoted and none more dreaded by the "Border Ruffians" than John Brown of Osawatomie. He no more forgave than he forgot the atrocious murder of one of his sons, and that another had been driven to insanity by cruel treatment when a prisoner. . . . From that moment he devoted his life, all that he was, and all that he had, to one single purpose—the extirpation of slavery.

*A Popular History of the United States, William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay, Vol. IV, page 429.*



JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE

1881





Copyright by Helen C. Hovenden

## JOHN BROWN Going to Execution

(From the painting by Thomas Hovenden, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York)

1884

HH. p. 404  
23

## JOHN BROWN AT HARPER'S FERRY.\*

THE FIGHT AT THE ENGINE-HOUSE, AS SEEN BY ONE OF HIS PRISONERS.

*The Century, June 1875*

AS to John Brown and his appearance at Harper's Ferry, probably there is no one now living who can tell more of that affair than myself, as I then lived at Harper's Ferry, and was a prisoner of Brown's until rescued by General Robert E. Lee, then colonel in the United States Army. Prior to Brown's sudden appearance at the Ferry, there had been seen by the neighbors small squads of men with picks and spades moving about the mountain-sides, making small excavations here and there, pretending to be looking for gold, of which they declared the mountains were full.

They went repeatedly to the small property-owners, trying to buy land, until all the neighborhood was much excited, and they had succeeded in diverting the minds of the people from their real object.

These men had rented a house near the Ferry, where they were seen in small parties, but never in such large numbers as to excite suspicion.

Some of them often came to the Ferry, but they excited no suspicion, as strangers were always there viewing the scenery and Government works. Brown himself was said to have been seen there often, but I do not recollect meeting him, and feel sure his appearance would have made an impression on me. When his plans were matured, by the aid of one Cook, who was a citizen of the town, he determined to make his invasion to release the negroes of Virginia from servitude.

His descent upon the town was in this wise: On Sunday night, Oct. 16, 1859, about twelve or one o'clock, the gate-keeper of the bridge over the Potomac leading into Maryland was startled by the steady tramp of many men approaching the gate, having with them wagons, who, upon reaching the gate, ordered it to be opened to them. This the gate-keeper refused to do, saying they were strangers. They, however, while parleying with him, seized him and, presenting a pistol at his head, compelled him to be silent. They then wrenched off the locks and came over, he thinks about sixty strong, though he was evidently frightened and could not speak with accuracy.

Upon getting over, the first building taken possession of was the depot of the Balti-

more and Ohio Railroad, then in charge of a very trusty negro, who slept in the building. Upon Brown's men demanding admittance, he refused to let them come in, saying he was in charge, and his instructions were to let no one in at night. He was then shot down, a negro faithful to his trust being the first victim of those whose mission it was to free the African race from bondage.

Brown's party next proceeded to the hotel, rapped up the landlord, put him under arrest, and placed guards at the doors, so that no one could go out or come in. All this was in perfect quiet at dead of night. They went next to place guards at the arsenal and armories, and fix their pickets at all the streets, so that no one could come or go who was not at once picked up and placed with an armed guard over him and compelled to be silent.

Next they divided their force, sending Cook with some men to seize Colonel Washington and other slaveholders. These gentlemen Brown's party waked from sleep and compelled to go with them as prisoners, at the same time taking all the slaves they could find, carriages, horses, etc.

With the prisoners and property they had collected, they returned to Harper's Ferry before daylight, and thence across the bridge into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The gentlemen arrested were left as prisoners with John Brown. This seems to have been the programme for the night; now as to my introduction to John Brown, and what occurred afterwards.

About daylight one of my servants came to my room door and told me "there was war in the street." I, of course, got up at once, dressed, and went out, my dwelling being immediately on the street. Upon looking round I saw nothing exciting. The only person in view was a man from the country, who was riding rapidly, and I supposed he had lost some of his negroes, who had been stopped at the gate of the bridge and made fight.

I walked towards my office, then just within the armory inclosure, and not more than a hundred yards from my dwelling. As I proceeded I saw a man come out of an alley near me, then another, and another,

\* See "The John Brown Raid," illustrated, in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1883. By Alexander R. Boteler and Frank B. Sanborn.— Mr. Daingerfield was Acting Paymaster at the time. He was afterwards in charge of Confederate Armory at Goldsboro, N. C., with rank of Captain.

all coming towards me. When they came up to me I inquired what all this meant; they said, nothing, only they had taken possession of the Government works.

I told them they talked like crazy men. They answered, "Not so crazy as you think, as you will soon see." Up to this time I had not seen any arms; presently, however, the men threw back the short cloaks they wore, and displayed Sharpes's rifles, pistols, and knives. Seeing these, and fearing something serious was going on, I told the men I believed I would return to my quarters. They at once cocked their guns, and told me I was a prisoner. This surprised me, of course, but I could do nothing, being entirely unarmed. I talked with them some little time longer, and again essayed to return to my house; but one of the men stepped before me, presented his gun, and told me if I moved I would be shot down. I then asked them what they intended to do with me. They said I was in no personal danger; they only wanted to carry me to their captain, John Smith. I asked where Captain Smith was. They answered, "At the guard-house, inside of the armory inclosure." I told them I would go there, as that was the point for which I first started. My office was at this place, and I felt uneasy lest the vault might have been broken open.

Upon reaching the gate I saw what, indeed, looked like war—negroes armed with pikes, and sentinels with muskets all around. When I reached the gate I was turned over to "Captain Smith."

He called me by name, and asked if I knew Colonel Washington and others, mentioning familiar names. I said I did, and he then said, "Sir, you will find them there," motioning me towards the engine-room.

We were not kept closely confined, but were allowed to converse with him. I asked him what his object was; he replied, "To free the negroes of Virginia." He added that he was prepared to do it, and by twelve o'clock would have fifteen hundred men with him, ready armed.

Up to this time the citizens had hardly begun to move about, and knew nothing of the raid.

When they learned what was going on, some came out armed with old shot-guns, and were themselves shot by concealed men. All the stores, as well as the arsenal, were in the hands of Brown's men, and it was impossible to get either arms or ammunition, there being hardly any private arms owned by citizens. At last, however, a few weapons were obtained, and a body of citizens crossed the river and advanced from the Maryland side. They made a vigorous attack, and in a few

minutes caused all the invaders who were not killed to retreat to Brown inside of the armory gate. Then he entered the engine-house, carrying his prisoners along, or rather part of them, as he made selections among them.

After getting into the engine-house with his men, he made this speech: "Gentlemen, perhaps you wonder why I have selected you from the others. It is because I believe you to be the most influential, and I have only to say now that you will have to share precisely the same fate that your friends extend to my men." He began at once to bar the doors and windows, and to cut port-holes through the brick wall.

Then commenced a terrible firing from without, from every point from which the windows could be seen, and in a few minutes every window was shattered, and hundreds of balls came through the doors. These shots were answered from within whenever the attacking party could be seen. This was kept up most of the day, and, strange to say, no prisoner was hurt, though thousands of balls were imbedded in the walls, and holes shot in the doors almost large enough for a man to creep through.

At night the firing ceased, for we were in total darkness, and nothing could be seen in the engine-house.

During the day and night I talked much with John Brown, and found him as brave as a man could be, and sensible upon all subjects except slavery. Upon that question he was a religious fanatic, and believed it was his duty to free the slaves, even if in doing so he lost his own life.

During a sharp fight one of Brown's sons was killed. He fell; then trying to raise himself, he said, "It is all over with me," and died instantly.

Brown did not leave his post at the port-hole, but when the fighting ceased he walked to his son's body, straightened out his limbs, took off his trappings, then, turning to me, said, "This is the third son I have lost in this cause." Another son had been shot in the morning and was then dying, having been brought in from the street. While Brown was a murderer, yet I was constrained to think that he was not a vicious man, but was crazed upon the subject of slavery. Often during the affair in the engine-house, when his men would want to fire upon some one who might be seen passing, Brown would stop them, saying, "Don't shoot; that man is unarmed." The firing was kept up by our men all day and until late at night, and during this time several of his men were killed; but, as I said before, none of the prisoners were hurt, though in great danger.

During the day and night many propositions *pro* and *con* were made, looking to Brown's surrender and the release of the prisoners, but without result.

When Colonel Lee came with the Government troops, at one o'clock at night, he at once sent a flag of truce by his aide, J. E. B. Stuart, to notify Brown of his arrival, and in the name of the United States to demand his surrender, advising him to throw himself upon the clemency of the Government.

Brown declined to accept Colonel Lee's terms, and determined to await the attack.

When Stuart was admitted, and a light brought, he exclaimed, "Why, aren't you old Ossawatimie Brown, of Kansas, whom I once had there as my prisoner?" "Yes," was the answer, "but you did not keep me." This was the first intimation we had as to Brown's true name. He had been engaged in the Kansas border war, and had come from there to Harper's Ferry. When Colonel Lee advised Brown to trust to the clemency of the Government, he responded that he knew what that meant,—a rope for his men and himself,—adding, "I prefer to die just here."

Stuart told him he would return at early morning for his final reply, and left him.

When he had gone, Brown at once proceeded to barricade the doors, windows, etc., endeavoring to make the place as strong as possible.

During all this time no one of Brown's men showed the slightest fear, but calmly awaited the attack, selecting the best situations to fire from upon the attacking party, and arranging their guns and pistols so that a fresh one could be taken up as soon as one was discharged. During the night I had a long talk with Brown, and told him that he and his men were committing treason against the State and the United States. Two of his men, hearing the conversation, said to their leader, "Are we committing treason against our country by being here?" Brown answered, "Certainly." Both said, "If that is so, we don't want to fight any more. We thought we came to liberate the slaves, and did not know that was committing treason."

Both of these men were killed in the attack on the engine-house when Brown was taken.

When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final reply to the demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

Stuart asked, "Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?"

Brown answered promptly, "No! I prefer to die here."

His manner did not betray the least fear.

Stuart stepped aside and made the signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door.

Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke.

I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds.

When Governor Wise came and was examining Brown, I heard the questions and answers; and no lawyer could have used more careful reserve, while at the same time he showed no disrespect. Governor Wise was astonished at the answers he received from Brown.

After some controversy between the United States and the State of Virginia as to which had jurisdiction over the prisoners, Brown was carried to the Charlestown jail, and, after a fair trial, was hanged.

Of course I was a witness at the trial, and must say that I have never seen any man display more courage and fortitude than John Brown showed under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. I could not go to see him hanged. He had made me a prisoner, but had spared my life and that of other gentlemen in his power; and when his sons were shot down beside him, almost any other man similarly situated would at least have exacted life for life.

*John E. P. Daingerfield.*

Boston

# EVENING TRANSCRIPT

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887.

## JUSTICE FOR JOHN BROWN.

### ON SOME LATTER DAY CRITICISM OF OLD JOHN BROWN.

At the time of John Brown's death, now nearly twenty-eight years ago, his praises were celebrated so eloquently by Emerson, Thoreau, Manning, John A. Andrew, Wendell Phillips, and others, and were so well supported by public opinion, that it seemed as if his fame had been set on an enduring basis forever. Victor Hugo and the English anti-slavery people took up the refrain in Europe, and the reverberation of it had not died away on either side of the Atlantic before the civil war commenced and the John Brown song echoed throughout the land. In 1867 Phillips said of Emerson that after all his chief merit lay in the fact that having talked about heroism all his life, when the hero finally came he knew him.

Now, however, as usually happens, we have an ebb tide again. The opposition who were formerly constrained to silence by public opinion come forward now to argue their views before a younger generation, in which there dwells a different spirit from that of the war period. Take any man out of his own time and place him in another, and he will appear to great disadvantage. Imagining Socrates in the age of the Antonines, or Martin Luther as a contemporary of Voltaire. They would appear as violent or meddlesome persons. So if we take John Brown away from the fearful and exciting period of his career, a period of dark political intrigues and inhuman plots against the liberties of the people, whilst the first shocks of a gigantic revolution were agitating the most courageous minds—if we take him out of the element in which he lived, and study him with the peaceful and common-place life of today as a background, his actions may appear monstrous, his character inhuman, his endeavor a failure. That, however, is not the way to study an historical character. We should either place ourselves in sympathy with the conditions of his life, or leave him alone, and interest ourselves in other subjects.

Henry Wilson, in his hastily constructed history of the anti-slavery struggle, led the way by speaking of the Harper's Ferry invasion as a serious injury to the prospects of the Republican party. This is the natural view of a broad-minded, but timid, politician, one without much historical insight; but it is a point difficult to prove, since the Republican party was never more successful than during the next twelve months. In Wilson's own State John A. Andrew, who did not hesitate to preside at a meeting called to raise funds for John Brown's family, was nominated for governor with enthusiasm, and easily elected. Next came an article some years since in the North American Review supposed to have been written, or perhaps instigated, by a citizen of Kansas who formerly was a leading spirit in the free State movement, but afterwards eclipsed by bolder and more enterprising leaders. Having now outlived most of his rivals he takes advantage of the fact in a way which is creditable neither to his judgment nor intentions. The article does not even pretend to be an *ex parte* statement, but is a direct attack on John Brown's character and an undervaluation of his public services. Fortunately for the writer, his efforts to do this have small chance of success, and we trust will be forgotten for the sake of his earlier services in the cause of freedom.

Following shortly after the North American article came an essay on John Brown by a Boston gentleman, read and presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society. This was also a direct attack upon the man. In it he is said to have been described as either a fanatic or a midnight murderer, and guilty of lynching five innocent Missourians at Pottawatomie. Brown may have been a fanatic in the sense that Peter the Hermit and Cromwell were fanatics, not in the sense that Marat and Wilkes both were fanatics. In regard to the Pottawatomie executions nothing probably will ever be known with certainty. Whether Brown was responsible for them or not, the free State party certainly were. It appears to have been a case of retaliatory lynch law. A number of free State settlers had been murdered by Missourians in a cowardly and brutal manner that would have disgraced highwaymen. The murderers could not be punished by course of law, and in most cases could not be identified. We know in our own time what ruffians have infested the border counties of Missouri—the James brothers and others. The men who committed these atrocities were indirectly supported by the President of the United States. It is not in the nature of frontier men to endure such things without reprisals; they would not endure them from Indians nor from any other species of human fiend. The five Missourians who were shot or stabbed on Pottawatomie Creek may not have committed these atrocities themselves, but they were known to have been members of the lawless bands which were terrorizing the country round about. That they were "innocent and blameless men" is as unlikely and as difficult to prove as Wilson's statement that the Harper's Ferry invasion injured the prospects of the Republican party. It was a horrible affair, and whether justifiable or not who shall say? To return good for evil does not work well in all cases, and vicarious atonement is also a Christian doctrine. Among the free State men of Kansas at the time there seems to have been a difference of opinion in regard to it; but we have sufficient evidence in Governor Robinson's cordial indorsement of John Brown to the friends of Kansas in the Eastern States some months afterward that it did not injure him with the leaders of the party. Cæsar, whose merciful nature stands out alone among the soldiers of antiquity, once utterly destroyed a tribe of Germans who had invaded Gaul, men, women and children. In ordinary men, temporary aberrations are usually caused by outside influences, but in the case of a strong, consistent and determined character they must be interpreted in some other way. The lives of such men are like problems in algebra—the known terms give us the solution of the unknown.

Finally, Hay and Nicolay, in the August number of the Century, have given a disparaging account of John Brown, which is much more dangerous than any preceding attack upon his life and character.

It is more dangerous, not only because of the large circulation and popularity of that magazine, but also because it is written with what might be called the negative bias of impartiality. As man is unconsciously prejudiced in regard to a certain action, mentally condemns it without proper investigation, and then decides to write an impartial account of it. This I think is what Hay and Nicolay have done in the present instance, and the mischief of it is that it gives their writing the appearance of being dispassionate when it is not so at all. Their intentions are doubtless good, but they do not apprehend the processes of their own minds. They would do John Brown justice if they saw him clearly as he was; but they do not see him clearly as he was. The case is as if one were to judge a stained-glass window in a mediæval church by its dull and wire-covered exterior. Go within the

church and look at it with the light shining through and it becomes a glorious spectacle. John Brown's achievements, looked at from the outside would not surpass those of Andreas Hofer; looked at in the light of their spiritual significance and he becomes the most modern type of a world-hero. It is one of the materialistic tendencies of our time that writers come more and more to consider surfaces only. This is what Mr. Howells means by what he calls realism, and consequently he relegates heroism to the infatuations of the past. Mankind can always be divided into classes; those to whom "the primrose by the river's brim" is a picture of heavenly love and purity, and those to whom it is only a yellow primrose. This may not be democratic, but according to the view of these writers neither is heroism a democratic virtue. Democracy, as its name implies, is a principle of politics, and has no place in ethics or literature.

John Brown, moreover, was a unique character, so different from his contemporaries that even among his admirers few can be said to have penetrated to the very heart of the man. No one should be blamed for not understanding him or for misunderstanding him. There are excellent painters who do not appreciate the drawings of Da Vinci, and good composers who cannot realize the superiority of Bach's music. It is not any fault of theirs, but the accident of temperament, education or mental capacity. What is difficult of comprehension attracts and interests the civilized man; but the pedant despises it and the barbarian hates it. We should always endeavor to respect what we do not comprehend; for so only can we hope finally to comprehend it.

In Hay and Nicolay's account of Brown there is a certain kind of disparagement from beginning to end. Everything about him is represented in the hardest, most uncharitable way. He is spoken of as a man generally unsuccessful in a variety of vocations; his services in Kansas are discredited; his presumed connection with the Pottawatomie affair is enlarged upon and presented in an unfavorable light; he is represented as practising deceit on the Kansas aid committees; his invasion of Virginia is criticised from a military point of view, certainly the most inapplicable of all points of view from which to see it; he is described as a man "of unbounded courage and little wisdom; crude, visionary ideality;" of "ambition curbed to irritation;" "in language and conduct he was clean, but coarse; honest, but rude;" "his courage partook of the recklessness of insanity;" and finally the victor of Cassawatomie fight is represented as "of military ability too insignificant even for ridicule." Is this one of the results of Mr. Howells's doctrine of realism in writing? Surely nothing could be more unsympathetic.

I will add one short paragraph to show more plainly the temper of this historian:

"But merely to conceive great enterprises is not to perform them, and every after-step of John Brown reveals his lamentable weakness and utter inadequacy for the heroic role to which he fancied himself called. His first blunder was in divulging all his plans to Forbes, an utter stranger, while he was so careful in concealing them from others. Forbes, as ambitious and reckless as himself, of course soon quarrelled with him, and left him, and endeavored first to supplant and then betray him." (I do not believe that Forbes knew very much about the plans. He might have inferred Brown's intentions from what he saw and heard in Brown's company.)

As these remarkable statements have, to use a geological expression, all the same "dip," I shall only attempt to reply to one or two of them, which may do for

the whole. In regard to John Brown's ~~conduct~~ <sup>image</sup> it was sufficiently refined for him to appear to advantage among the most cultivated men and women of Boston. Never was a man more transparent. His ethical purity and the innate nobility of his spirit were not written on his face, but shone through it. It was this which always inspired confidence in him among high-minded men, as among vulgar people he was often despised for the very same reason. His handwriting, though somewhat cramped, was in general style much like Abraham Lincoln's; and Emerson, in the deliberative reflection of after years, coupled his address to the court in Virginia with Lincoln's Gettysburg speech as "the most eloquent words of the present century." I have also been told Mr. Lowell pronounced Brown's letter to my brother describing the earlier years of his life to be one of the finest pieces of autobiography extant. In style his writing is plain, sensible and kind, which are also the distinctive characteristics of Lincoln's speeches.

People who are exclusively non-resistants, and those who know what is at the bottom of the sea, may satisfy themselves that there was no need of fighting in Kansas in 1856, but they will never convince many others. What has been we sometimes know; what might have been who can tell? That the civil war began in Kansas has become a proverbial expression. If fighting was necessary in one case it was in the other; and there has never been any question but that John Brown did the bravest fighting against the Missouri invaders of Kansas. Colonel Lane is credited with having been a brave man and ready for a fight, but he never had much chance, for Captain Brown was always before him. What would the free State settlers have done without Brown and Lane to defend them? I think they would have mostly emigrated to Nebraska, and left Kansas to be filled up with slaveholders. "Courage," Dr. Johnson said, "is the most important of all virtues, for without it the others are of no avail." The books which have been written to prove that the civil war might have been avoided by a few more concessions to the slavocracy, and that Buchanan's policy towards the rebellious South was dictated by patriotic motives, are based upon a misunderstanding of human nature, and their writers can have but a weak sense of national honor. John Brown's invasion of Virginia was only the continuation of hostilities, the inevitable change from a successful defence to offensive operations.

The Harper's Ferry attack was not a success from a military point of view, or even from that of guerilla warfare; but to call John Brown an unsuccessful man is to deny history. It is difficult to understand how it could have been otherwise than unsuccessful, but those who have accomplished any great work by their own unaided exertions, and have not been mere flies on the wheel of prosperity, those know right well the narrow line that divides success from failure. John Brown, like Garibaldi, possessed a genius for irregular warfare, a very rare kind of genius. The methods of such men are a secret which, like that of Titian's coloring, dies with them. How can any of us who are wholly incapable of such great actions pretend to judge them with exactness? Indeed, in a higher sense, as Lincoln said at Gettysburg, we have no right to judge them. Not to be satisfied with their result would be ungenerous. The ignominy of failure fell at John Brown's feet like broken chains, and the moral grandeur of the man shone forth from the Charleston jail with such a light that friends and foes bowed their heads in homage, and men of all nations rose to their feet with a shout of applause. It was like a bright meteor crossing the black sky of American politics and disappearing for-

ever. He shook the South as Neptune was fabled to shake the nations with his trident, and Lincoln's army which invaded Virginia twenty months afterward was much less successful and produced less consternation.

"But John Brown was a rebel, and Lincoln the lawfully elected President," say alike the comfortable aristocrat depending on his traditions and the honest Democrat holding fast to party principles. So was Henry Tudor a rebel when he fought against Richard III.; and William of Orange when he opposed the Spaniard; and so were Washington and Mirabeau rebels. Those men had law and authority pitched against them. They were the champions of a higher law and acted under it. When laws become unendurable, when, as Lowell says, "right is ever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," then rebellion is a virtue and the higher law comes into play. Froude states it exactly when he says, "High treason is either the greatest of crimes, or the noblest of virtues;" which it is depends upon the circumstances of the case. Webster wished to know where the higher law was to be found; but when there is no such law in the hearts of men the laws in the statute books have little force, as is the case in Mexico and portions of South America. On another occasion Webster also might have admitted this, for if he was not a man of keen moral sense, neither was he a narrow legal pedant. There is at least one form of higher law which even the most pedantic lawyers are compelled to recognize, and that is the right of revolution. The defeated party in a revolution rarely, if ever, justifies it, and the successful party invariably justifies it; but every one is sure to justify some revolution. Southerners might condemn the acts of John Brown, but the bombardment of Fort Sumter was just as illegal. Englishmen may think that we separated from the mother country without sufficient cause, but they all justify the glorious revolution of 1688. The French jurists of the restoration were not so unwise as to attempt a return to the legal status of Louis XVI.; and when Charles X. did so he was immediately dethroned. It was the higher law which Jennie Geddes appealed to when she hurled her chair at the Scotch bishop and cried out, "Are you going to say mass in kirk?" It was the higher law which our forefathers appealed to when they declared "No taxation without representation." It was under authority of the higher law that Lincoln issued his proclamation of freedom to the slaves. So far as the practice of law is influenced by legal principles rather than the customs of mankind, and so far as legislators in framing the statutes are influenced by an idea of right and justice, just so far is the higher law recognized and accepted by the legal profession. Truly, it is this ideal of justice which constitutes the higher law.

Hay and Nicolay, however, say that "modern civilization and a republican government require that all coercive reform shall act by authority of law only." This statement is almost worthy of Stephen A. Douglas; for, while it seems broad enough to cover the whole question, it contains in substance only a vague and unproven political theory. Great things are to be hoped of republican governments, but the history of our own world show that they are not exempt from tyranny, outrage and the perversion of right. Read what that most truthful of historians, Dr. H. von Holst, says of the administrations of Jackson, Polk and Pierce. The United States in 1856, with the noblest statesman of his time struck down at his desk in the Senate, and political murders supported by Government authority in Kansas, can hardly be called an instance of modern civilization. The Southern States at that time were in a condition resembling that of Italy two thousand years ago. That they were so

was wholly owing to the institution of African slavery. We were a republic in form, but an oligarchy of sixty thousand slaveholders had absolute possession of the central government. The human race, however, is governed not more by laws than it is by sentiment, and it was the sentiment of European civilization, of the civilization of New England, and of the sons of New England in the great West, which concentrated itself in John Brown, and drove him to his desperate deed.

It has been said that he made the war. No doubt he precipitated it, but that is a different thing from being responsible for it. Frederick the Great precipitated the seven-years' war; but he did so, as we all know, as an act of self-defence. If any one individual was responsible for the war it was Stephen A. Douglas, with his iniquitous Kansas-Nebraska bill, all the more iniquitous since it pretended to be based on Democratic principles. Next to Douglas comes Franklin Pierce and Caleb Cushing, with their support of the "law and order party" in Kansas. H. von Holst has made this so plain that only those who are perverse can fail to be convinced of it. In brief, the slavery question might be compared to a powder magazine, covered up and protected by Henry Clay with successive layers of compromise, the last of which included Webster's fugitive slave law. Through all these protections Douglas bored a hole with a sharp auger, called the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Pierce then laid the train, which was suddenly exploded by John Brown in a flash of heaven's own lightning.

In bold contrast to the judgment of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries is the following passage from a famous European writer who has already effected quite a revolution in the minds of leading Americans. He says, "It was in December, 1855. A large armed force, consisting mostly of Missourians, but nevertheless passing for Kansas militia, and marching under the authority of the Federal Government, appeared before Lawrence, the principal town of the Free Soil men of the Territory. The town prepared to resist, and their partisans from the surrounding country hastened to the aid of the citizens. A small troop of these auxiliaries attracted especial attention. \* \* \* Four were young, one or two had scarcely left boyhood; in their midst stood a man fifty-five years old. John Brown and four sons—two others had to remain behind for the time being on account of sickness—came at the call of the Lord of Hosts to fight out a life and death struggle against slavery, 'the sum of all racialities.' He was almost six feet high, and rather slender than stout. His body, though not broad in the shoulders, told of unusual strength. His muscles and sinews seemed to be woven with threads of iron. His hair, which had grown gray with years, stood up in a dense mass above the high forehead, which retreated somewhat in its upper part. Two deep furrows, telling of thought and cares, ran down between the bushy eyebrows to the stout curved nose. The thick full beard could not conceal the firm closing of the lips of the broad mouth. The large, clear eyes seemed to change color along with the intensity of the fire which glowed within them; sometimes they are called light blue, sometimes dark gray, sometimes black. When he hastened on with a rapid and remarkably energetic gait, making room for no one that he met, his head would be slightly bent forward and his eyes cast down, as though he were lost in serious thought. But his eyes seemed to pierce to the uttermost depth when he fixed them on a face; and if the enemy was near, they turned restlessly from side to side, as though no point of the horizon should escape them for a single moment.

"The man had led a full and agitated life, but he had never come into public notice. He was no dreamer, and not even an enthu-

siast in the ordinary sense the word. American through and through, vigorous work was his natural bent, and the vicissitudes of his life had developed his natural inclination to a high extent. The man of flesh and bone led a life such as many thousands of Americans, who from cradle, almost, are left to shift for themselves, still lead today; but the man whom God had chosen as a mortal vessel for an immortal spirit, led alongside of this life another life, of which a few only were cognizant. \* \* \* What was to make him a name in the world's history lay unnoticed and mostly unknown in the quiet depth of his own soul."

In a higher sense, as Lincoln would say, it seems almost a pity that anything should have been written about John Brown. Almost immediately from the time of his death he became an ideal character in the thoughts of men. Probably he will remain so in spite of all that may be said about him; and in some future age, a more poetical and less critical one than the present, it is likely he will become the central figure in some epic commemorating the great anti-slavery struggle. Since Cromwell's time there has been perhaps no other such grand personality. His features, "chiselled as it were in granite," bore the stamp of the hero; and when Brackett's bust of him was placed among those of the Roman emperors in the Athenaeum, it made them all to appear insignificant. Wasson said of him, "His was the most determined face I ever beheld. His lips were like the lips of fate, and yet they met together as lightly as rose petals. There was no contraction of the facial muscles, no clinching of the teeth; his determination was of a pure moral quality. Like Socrates, the man was possessed of a genius which was too much for him." The penetrating look of his eye has been already mentioned, but the tone of his voice was also so penetrating that its echoes are sometimes yet to be heard. Two years since I met a South Carolinian who had been a colonel in the Confederate army, and he told me quite a dramatic story of an interview between John Brown and Governor Wise of Virginia, and as he repeated the words, "It is only a brief moment, Governor Wise, that any of us live on this earth," the tones of the narrator's voice startled me, for I heard in them the tone of Brown's own voice again after twenty-five years. Now this colonel had not received this story directly from Governor Wise, but at second or third hand. Brown, Lincoln and Sumner seem to be the three Northern men of that time whom Southerners have the most respect for.

One is glad to learn, from Sanborn's biography, that John Brown's friends endeavored most earnestly to dissuade him from the Virginia expedition. Finally, being unable to move him, they proved themselves true and loyal friends, and gave him all the moral and material support they could. "You see how it is," said Gerrit Smith, "our dear old friend has made up his mind to this course, and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die alone; we must support him." This loyalty to friends and kindred was the basis of all virtue in the earlier ages of history; and, although in modern life a regard for abstract right is held to be superior to it, cases still occur in which amid a conflict of duties we are compelled to fall back again on the old corner stone of human society. It was in such Homeric sense that Gerrit Smith, George L. Stearns and others supported John Brown in his attempts to liberate the negroes of the South. Froude says that healthy natures act more from feeling than reflection, and in spite of his intense moral earnestness Brown was a healthy, practical nature, one that looked facts full in the face, and felt the firm earth always under his feet. His presentiment of accomplishing great things in Virginia was justified by the result, though in a different way from what he had at first anticipated.

F. P. STEARNS.



"Considering the position of your pieces, Judge, at the time of the upheaval, I think you had no reason to complain."

The Judge, however, has always said that he never could forgive Lincoln for not chastising that urchin.

*The Every-Day Life of Lincoln*, F. F. Browne, page 206.

### John Brown at Harper's Ferry

There now occurred another strange event which, if it had been specially designed as a climax for the series of great political sensations since 1852, could scarcely have been more dramatic. This was John Brown's invasion of Harper's Ferry in order to create a slave insurrection.

On the 4th of July, 1859, John Brown, under an assumed name, with two sons and another follower, appeared near Harper's Ferry, and soon after rented the Kennedy farm, in Maryland, five miles from town, where he made a pretense of cattle-dealing and mining, but in reality collected secretly his rifles, revolvers, ammunition, pikes, blankets, tents, and miscellaneous articles for a campaign. His rather eccentric actions, and the irregular coming and going of occasional strangers at his cabin, created no suspicion in the neighborhood. . . . He appointed the attack for the 24th of October; but for some unexplained reason he precipitated his movement in advance of that date. From this point the movements exhibit no foresight or completeness of preparation, no diligent pursuit of an intelligent plan, nor skill to devise momentary expedients; only a blind impulse to act.

On Sunday evening, October 16, 1859, Brown gave his final orders, humanely directing his men to take no life where they could avoid it. Placing a few pikes and other implements in his one-horse wagon, he started with his company of eighteen followers at eight o'clock in the evening, leaving five men behind. They cut the telegraph wires on the way, and reached Harper's Ferry about 11 o'clock. He himself broke open the armory gates, took the watchmen prisoners, and made that place his headquarters. Separating his men into small detachments, he took possession of, and attempted to hold, the two bridges, the arsenal and the rifle-factory. Next he sent six of his men five miles into the country to bring in several prominent slave-owners and their slaves. This was accom-

1908  
B. J. ...  
Whipple



JOHN BROWN AFTER HIS CAPTURE

5  
BOYD B. STUTLER  
BOX 1412  
CHARLESTON, W. VA.

April 16, 1931

Dr. Louis A. Warren  
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Sir:

At various times during the past year or so I have been permitted to examine copies of your bulletin "Lincoln Lore." The last four or five numbers have been handed me by Mr. Phil M. Conley, editor of the West Virginia Review. The bulletins are of particular interest to me, and I wonder if it is at all possible to obtain a complete set, and also be placed on the mailing list to receive the publication as issued.

I am particularly interested in the Lincoln era and in Lincoln the man. Just now I am attempting to bring together a collection of Lincoln medals and tokens from 1860 until today. On last Sunday I examined the collection at the museum on 10th Street, Washington, kept in the house where Lincoln died. They have a great number, but lack a catalog or other descriptive list. Inquiry at various places has been met with the reply that so far as known no such list or catalog has been compiled. Do you know of any list of Lincoln medals or tokens published?

My especial interest is in the career of John Brown and I have brought together a collection of more than fourteen hundred pieces relating to Brown and his men. Many of the books, pamphlets, and magazine articles are of both Lincoln and Brown interest, especially in the works dealing with the anti-slavery crusade.

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of the March number of the West Virginia Review containing an article by Dr. Roy Bird Cook, "Some West Virginia Contacts with Washington and Lincoln." Not, as you may think, dealing with the doubtful story of the birthplace of Nancy Hanks.

Very truly yours

*Boyd B. Stutler*

*John Brown*

April 17, 1931

Mr. Boyd B. Stutler  
Box 1412  
Charleston, W. Va.

My dear Mr. Stutler:

Your letter stating your historical interest is before me and we should be very glad indeed to include you among the Lincoln students now receiving Lincoln Lore.

This weekly publication goes out gratis to about three thousand people who are interested in Lincoln, but I regret to say we are unable to send you a complete set of these bulletins; many numbers are long since exhausted. We are sending you, however, as many as we have.

With reference to the catalogue of Lincoln medals, the most complete one of which I know is "Lincoln Number Numismatist, February 1924." This catalogue carries descriptions of 887 Lincoln medals.

You might possibly secure it by writing to any of the Lincoln book dealers which are listed in the Lincoln Lore bulletin which I enclose.

I would also refer you to Robert T. King, 12 Spott Building, Erie, Pennsylvania, who is one of our largest present collectors.

Thank you for forwarding to me Dr. Roy Byrd Cook's article, and I shall be pleased to read it when it arrives. .

Respectfully yours,

LAW:VL

Director,  
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation.

THE WEST VIRGINIA REVIEW

PHIL CONLEY, EDITOR  
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

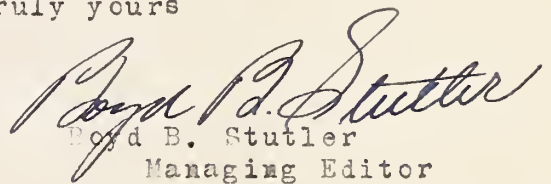
January 10, 1932

Lincoln Lore  
Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I note in the issue of Lincoln Lore for January 4 (No. 143) the statement that back numbers for 1930 and some for 1929 are available. My file begins with No. 100, dated March 9, 1931. I would be very glad to have as many of the previous numbers as it is possible for you to furnish.

Very truly yours

  
Boyd B. Stutler  
Managing Editor

Mailing address

Box 1412  
Charleston, W. Va.



**PROCLAMATION!**

In pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern,

That, as heretofore, particularly from now until after Friday next the 2nd of December, STRANGERS found within the County of Jefferson, and Counties adjacent, having no known and proper business here, and who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested. That on, and for a proper period before that day, strangers and especially parties, approaching under the pretext of being present at the execution of John Brown, whether by Railroad or otherwise, will be met by the military, and turned back or arrested without regard to the amount of force that may be required to affect this, and during the said period and especially on the 2nd of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding county are EMPHATICALLY warned to remain at their homes armed and guard their own property.

Information received from reliable sources, clearly indicates that by so doing they will best consult their own interests.

No WOMEN or CHILDREN will be allowed to come near the place of execution.

WM. B. TALLIAFERRO, Maj. Gen. Com. troops.

S. BASSETT FRENCH, Military Secy.

THOMAS C. GREEN, Mayor.

ANDREW HUNTER, Asst. Pros. Att'y.

JAMES W. CAMPBELL, Sheriff.

November 28th, '59.

Spirit Print.

The original broadside, 14 by 12 inches, printed at the SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON newspaper office just before the execution of John Brown. Excessively rare. \$75.

17. CATALOGUE of the Revolutionary Relics exhibited at No. 56, Beacon Street, June 1875. Second Edition. Boston: Pub. by Ladies Centennial Commission. 1875. An interesting list of 654 exhibits of furniture, glass, silver, swords, letters, etc., with names of owners, making it valuable for reference. \$3.

18. CHARLESTON, S. C. A large colored view of Charleston, published in 1851 by Smith Bros., London. 42 x 23 inches, laid on cloth and varnished. Fairly good condition. \$20.

19. CONFEDERATE BOND, \$100 denomination. \$1.

20. GEN. HENRY DEARBORN. ALS 2pp. 4to. June 27, 1815. To his wife. \$4.50.

167. PEBBLEY WOODRIDGE. Manuscript accounts of expenses while attending Yale College, 1794. 5pp. 4to. \$5.

168. LEVI WOODBURY. Sec'y of Navy. LS 1p. 4to. Navy Dep't. Dec. 28, 1831. To Mid'n Joseph H. Adams, care of Hon. J. Q. Adams. Revoking his order to report for duty on the PEACOCK and promising duty on the UNITED STATES. Perhaps J. Q. Adams had used his influence to get this change of assignment. \$3.50.

169. JUSTICE LEVI WOODBURY. U. S. Supreme Court. LS 1p. Dec. 31, 1833. Navy Dep't official letter. \$2.

170. WORLD WAR. Rhymes of a Dough-boy. By Pvt. Paul T. Klingstedt. The Devine Press. Canton: 1920. Author's autographed presentation copy. \$2.50.

171. RICHARD YATES. War Governor of Illinois and 12 others, including Lincoln's friend, Henry E. Dummer. DS 1p. folio. Petersburg, Ill. March, 1863. Petition to appoint Capt. Wm. F. Estill, Provost Marshall of the 9th Illinois District. \$5.

178. CIVIL WAR DIARY. Capt. M. Lewis Blair of Co. E, 143rd Penna. Volunteers Regiment, 5th Army Corps, 1865. About 365 pages, leather bound book. \$15.

Sunday, January 1, 1865.

"Once more we enter upon the New Year— one year ago today the Army of the Potomac lay upon the north side of the Rapidan River in the vicinity of Culpeper & the Rebel Army lay upon the south side—thousands of human being have been slaughtered during this brief year but as a reward the same Army is now lying upon the James River. One flank resting within 5 miles of Richmond & the other flank lapping almost completely around Petersburg, this proves to us that however strong the Rebel Army may be, the Union Army have driven them back upon their own Capitol & will there deal out in all probability the death blow to their darling Confederacy."

Wednesday, February 22, 1865.

"The heavy guns in the Harbor are belching out the honors of the Godfather of this bleeding nation & in addition 100 guns from the taking of Charleston & its occupation by our troops."

Saturday, April 15, 1865.

"Heard the heart rending news of the assassination of Prest. Lincoln by J. Wilkes Booth in Grover's Theater. Came to Scranton on the Engine with LaFrance. All here are indeed gloomed over the sad news. All stores closed in respect to the worthy deceased President."

**MICHIGAN**



**JOHN BROWN'S FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS SISTERS, MARY AND MARTHA.**

*Faithful transcript, reproducing the capricious punctuation and lack of it, the uncertain spelling, and the numerous underlinings, of a letter Capt. John Brown wrote in Charlestown jail to his sisters, Mary and Martha, five days before his execution. The original is a premier treasure among the Chicago Historical society's 50,000 manuscripts and is on exhibition in the civil war gallery of the society's building at North Dearborn and Ontario streets.*

**C**HARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co, Va, 27th Nov 1859. Sabbath  
My Dearly beloved Sisters  
Mary A, & Martha.

I am obliged to occupy a part of what is probably (my last) Sabbath on Earth in answering the *very kind & very comforting* letters of Sister Hand & Son of the 23d inst or I must fail to do so at all. I do not think it any violation of the day that "God made for man." Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings than to learn that you do not feel *dreadfully mortified & even disgraced* on account of your relation to one who is to die on the scaffold. I have really suffered more by Ten fold, since my confinement here; on account of what I feared would be the *terrible feelings of my kindred* on my account than from all other causes. I am most glad to learn from you that my fears on your own account were ill founded. I was afraid that a little *seeming present prosperity* might have carried you away from realities so "that the honor that cometh from men" might lead you in *some measure* to undervalue that which "cometh from God." I bless God who has *most abundantly supported, & comforted me all along* to find you are not ensnared. Dr. Herman Humphrey has just sent me a *most doleful Lamentation* over my "infatuation" & "madness" (very kindly expressed:) in which I cannot doubt he has given expression to the *extrem grief* of others; of our kindred. I have endeavoured to answer him kindly also: & at the same time to deal faithfully with my old friend. I think I will send you his letter; & if you deem it worth the trouble you can probably get my reply or a copy of it. Suffice it for me to say "none of these things move me." I have experienced a consolation; & peace which I fear he has not yet known. Luther Humphrey wrote me a very comforting letter. There are "things dear Sisters that God hides even from

the wise & prudent" I feel astonished that one so *exceedingly vile, & unworthy* as I am would ever be suffered to have a place *any how or any where* amongst the *very least of All* who when they come to die (as all must:) were permitted to pay the "debt of nature" in defence of the right: & of Gods *eternal & immutable truth*. Oh my dear friends can you believe *it possible* that the scaffold has no terrors for your own poor, old, unworthy brother? *I thank God* through Jesus Christ *my Lord*; it is even so. I am now shedding tears; but they are no longer tears of grief or sorrow. I trust I have nearly done with those. I am weeping for joy; & gratitude that I can in no other way express. I get many *very kind & comforting* letters that I cannot possibly reply to. Wish I had time & strength to answer all. I am obliged to ask those to whom I lo write to let friends read what I send as much as they well can. *Do write* my deeply & oft afflicted Wife; It will greatly comfort her to have you write her freely. She has born up *manfully* under accumulated trials. She will be most glad to know that she has not been entirely forgotten by relatives. Say to all my friends that I am "waiting" cheerfully; & "patiently the days of my appointed time": fully believing that for me now "to die will be to me an Infinite gain"; & of *untold benefit* to the cause *we love*. Wherefore "be of good cheer"; & "let not your hearts be troubled." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me"; in my throne even as I also overcame; & am set down with my Father in his throne." I wish my friends could know but a little of the rare opportunities I now get for *kind & faithful* labour in Gods cause: I hope they have not been entirely lost. Now dear friends I have done "May the God of peace bring us all again from the dead."

Your Affectionate Brother  
JOHN BROWN

*2000 from Tribune 7/5/31*





# THE MONTH AT GOODSPEED'S

June 1934



*A Sporting Shelf, see pages 319 and 339*

❁ BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. ❁

*John Brown's Constitution  
formed among his disciples  
in the Capitol - April 18 65 by*  
PROVISIONAL  
**CONSTITUTION** *E. L. Taylor*

AND  
**ORDINANCES**  
FOR THE  
**PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.**

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, Slavery, throughout its entire existence in the United States, is none other than a most barbarous, unprovoked, and unjustifiable War of one portion of its citizens upon another portion; the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment, and hopeless servitude or absolute extermination; in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence: Therefore,

WE, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE, WHO, BY A RECENT DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT ARE DECLARED TO HAVE NO RIGHTS WHICH THE WHITE MAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT; TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER PEOPLE DEGRADED BY THE LAWS THEREOF, DO, FOR THE TIME BEING ORDAIN AND ESTABLISH FOR OURSELVES, THE FOLLOWING PROVISIONAL CONSTITUTION AND ORDINANCES, THE BETTER TO PROTECT OUR PERSONS, PROPERTY, LIVES, AND LIBERTIES; AND TO GOVERN OUR ACTIONS:

ARTICLE I.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

ALL persons of mature age, whether Proscribed, oppressed and enslaved Citizens, or of the Proscribed

THE MONTH  
AT GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP  
*7 Ashburton Place, Boston*

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VOL. V  No. 10

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*A REVIEW published ten times each year, giving information concerning certain books, prints, and autographs which are now available.*

Norman L. Dodge, *Editor*

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THE NATION THAT NEVER WAS

OUR frontispiece shows the first page of what is known as "the John Brown Constitution." This instrument, for the government of a "nation" that never was, indicates the state of mind of an heroic monomaniac who embarked on high treason only after an honest observation of the proper formalities. It was not until he had armed himself with a little pamphlet that John Brown felt justified in saying to his secret band, "Men, get on your arms. We will proceed to the Ferry."

The "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States," despite the wide sweep of its claim to jurisdiction, was designed as an instrument for the government of Brown's few followers and the slaves it was their intention to liberate. This strange state paper was written at the home of Frederick Douglass, where Brown rested after his flight from Kansas. Subsequently, in May

1859, Brown led his band, white and black, into Canada West, where he called together a "Constitutional Convention." At this convention — ostensibly for the organization of a negro Masonic lodge — a constitution of forty-eight articles was adopted. The principal debate of the convention was occasioned by Article 46, which, in its adopted form, reads —

THESE ARTICLES NOT FOR THE OVERTHROW OF GOV'T.

The foregoing Articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States: and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to Amendment and Repeal. And our Flag shall be the same that our Fathers fought under in the Revolution.

At his trial after Harper's Ferry, Brown referred to this strange Article 46 as proof that his intent was not treason. Other articles of the Constitution define the branches of government, officials, duties, elections, and similar necessary commonplaces. Coming closer to the business in hand are articles relating to the confiscation of property, treatment of prisoners and neutrals, and "persons to be seized." The Constitutional Convention was followed by an election. Brown was named Commander-in-chief and his trusty lieutenant, Kagi, became Secretary of War. In addition there were secretaries of state and treasury. The office of president remained vacant. "If, after a lapse of fifty years," writes Oswald Garrison Villard, "it seems at first as if the Constitution and the entire proceeding belonged to the domain of the mock Springdale legislature, the earnestness and seriousness of the Chatham [Canada] proceedings cannot be denied, so far as the moving spirits were concerned. Some of the men doubtless signed without much consideration; but to the colored men, at least, it

seemed as if freedom from bondage were really in sight for their enslaved brethren. Since Brown was able to overrule the objections of practical men like Gerrit Smith and George L. Stearns, it is, of course, not to be wondered at if the little gathering in Chatham accepted at its face value the extraordinary document which John Brown laid before them."

The Provisional Constitution was printed by Kagi at Hamilton, Canada, and delivered to Brown at Cleveland. Copies were found at the Kennedy Farm, Brown's rendezvous six miles from Harper's Ferry, where his company lay low during the summer of 1859, while plans for the raid were maturing. It is a pamphlet of fifteen pages, and issues were printed on both white and blue paper. Copies are very rare. The last one to be sold at auction appeared in 1926, and we find records of but three previous sales. We have an uncut copy of the white paper variety. A small tear on the last leaf has been neatly repaired and there is interesting writing in ink on the first leaf, as may be seen in our reproduction. It is now preserved in a full crimson morocco slip-case. \$1 50.

#### MARVELS

**E**DMUND ("The Unspeakable") CURLL was one of the publishers of the second edition of the *Miscellanies* of John Aubrey. Sixteen pages of his advertisements, thoroughly characteristic of Curll's career, are bound at the end of our copy of this edition, which also contains a memoir of Aubrey. Aubrey the Antiquary noted that his life in the year 1656 was mainly composed of "several love and lawe suits." His *Miscellanies* is a collection of traditional ghost stories and other supernatural lore, with an ingenuous charm in the telling. Our copy of the second edition (London, 1721) is bound in half red morocco. It is an octavo and the price is \$10.

# I Drove John Brown to the Gallows

EDITOR'S NOTE: May 9 is the 135th anniversary of the birth of John Brown, the abolitionist who on October 16, 1859, seized the arsenal at Harpers Ferry in a raid that he hoped would inspire the slaves everywhere to free themselves. He was captured by United States troops under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, and on December 2 was hanged for treason at Charles Town, West Virginia.

"Uncle" Tom Warren is now ninety-six and lives near Mansfield, Louisiana. Liberty has his affidavit, sworn to before a notary, that the facts as set forth in this story are true. Mr. Anthony has been able to check some of them and has found them "correct to the dot."

WHEN I grew up big enough to work I was bound out by my maw to Mr. George Sadler, de undertakin' man at Charles Town, West Virginia. My paw belonged to Marse Bill Crow, a slave driver [dealer], an' he wouldn't let paw an' maw marry, but dey was married in de sight o' de Lawd. I was 'bout twenty years old when de Harpers Ferry trouble come about.

"It was late Sunday night, October 16, 1859, when us folks in Charles Town heard guns poppin' off up de ferry way 'bout nine miles from Charles Town. It wasn't ontill de nex' mornin' I 'arned from Mr. Sadler 'bout some kind o' raid at de gov'ment arsenal. Mr. Sadler tol' me we had a fun'ral to bury de first man killed in a raid by a man named John Brown.

"Tuesday mornin' when I went to work de town was filled with soldiers, an' I hear people say John Brown is captured an' in jail at Charles Town. Things quieted down some after Tuesday an' dey warn't much excitement ontill de day come fer his trial. Den Charles Town was full o' soldiers an' strange people. I hyard tell John Brown was soon to be hung along wid some udder men."

"Friday mornin', November 25, 1859, Mr. Sadler tol' me to hitch up de spring wagon an' bring it ober to de jail. By de time I reached de jail-house wid de wagon a bunch o' soldiers was dar. Dey had three men chained togedder an' made 'em git in de wagon an' den tol' me to drive out de Lees Town [now Leetown] road. Soon we come out in a big field whar dar was a bran'-new scaffold shinin' in de sun. De men was ordered out o' de wagon, an' de soldiers made fast work stringin' 'em up. I hyard de men was name' Shields Green, Cophie, an' Cook, an' was part o' John Brown's crew.

"On December 2 when I went to work I noticed soldiers standin' all round town an' dey was a soldier in



The Last Moments of John Brown

From a painting by T. Hovenden in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A 76-Year-Old Memory,  
Unclouded by Time, of One  
of History's High Spots

by "Uncle" Tom  
Warren

as told to

Harold G. Anthony

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

front o' every house. When I got to de jail wid de wagon, pulled by two big white horses, 'bout a dozen soldiers brought a nice-lookin' white-haired man out. Dey called him John Brown, an' made him git in de wagon. Dey tol' me to go by Mr. Sadler's place an' pick up a coffin. Dey made Mr. Brown sit on de coffin an' tol' me to drive back whar de scaffold was.

"A fine carriage come racin' up behin' de wagon. Two soldiers jumped out wid guns an' stopped de carriage. I could see a lady inside. Dey come back an' say, 'Dat's yo' wife, John Brown. We give her permission to come to de hangin'."

"Mr. Brown he jus' sit on his coffin and looked out ober de fields. 'Well, John Brown, ain't you studyin' 'bout dyin'?' one soldier say, laughin'."

"Mr. Brown turned on his coffin an' smiled. 'Oh, no. Ain't dat field lookin' good an' green over dar! Dat crop is level as a die on top. Fer every strand o' hair in my haid, just dat many lives will be taken fer mine. No, I ain't 'fraid to die!'"

"Dar was only one big tree in de open field whar de scaffold was. I drove de spring wagon up to de scaffold, an' de carriage stopped under de lone tree. De soldiers tol' Mr. Brown to go up on de gallows, an' asked him did he hab anything to say befo' he was hung. Mr. Brown shook his haid. Den dey made him stand on de trap an' put a new rope round his neck.

"'Bout dis time Mrs. Brown jumped out o' her carriage an' come toward de scaffold. She was 'bout de prettiest lady I ever seen. Two soldjers helped her up to de scaffold. She wasn't scairt a-tall.

"She walked over to Mr. Brown an' looked at him mighty sweet an' smiled. Den she reached in her purse an' pulled somethin' out, an' I hyard her say: 'Take dis. It'll keep you frum dyin'."

"She put what she took outen her purse into his mouf an' he swallowed it. She patted him on de shoulder an' jumped down an' went back to her carriage.

"IT didn't take de soldiers long to pull a cap over Mr. Brown's face an' spring de trap. Dey let him hang 'bout ten minutes, swinging dar in de air. Den dey cut de rope an' his body kerflumped to de ground. I done helped pick it up and put it in de coffin. De soldiers tol' me to drive to de station an' unload de coffin dar, becus Mrs. Brown was goin' ter ship it off.

"When I got to de station she was dar, an' she had Mr. Charlie Bragg, de carpenter dat built de gallows, wid her. 'Hurry, now,' she say, 'an' do whut I tol' you.'

"Mr. Bragg started borin' auger holes all ober th' coffin. I reckon he made fifty er sixty holes befo' Mrs. Brown say, 'You can stop now. Dat ought to gib him plenty air.'

"She turned round to me an' tol' me to hurry up to de Sappington Hotel an' get her bags. It all 'peared sort o' spooky to me—Mrs. Brown bein' so shore de hangin' hadn't killed her man dat she had air holes put in his coffin. I didn't have no hankerin' fer bein' round did a dead man come back to life.

"Ain't no matter does I live to be two hund'ed, I ain't neber goin' fergit 'bout dat John Brown hangin'"

THE END

Liberty May 11, 1935



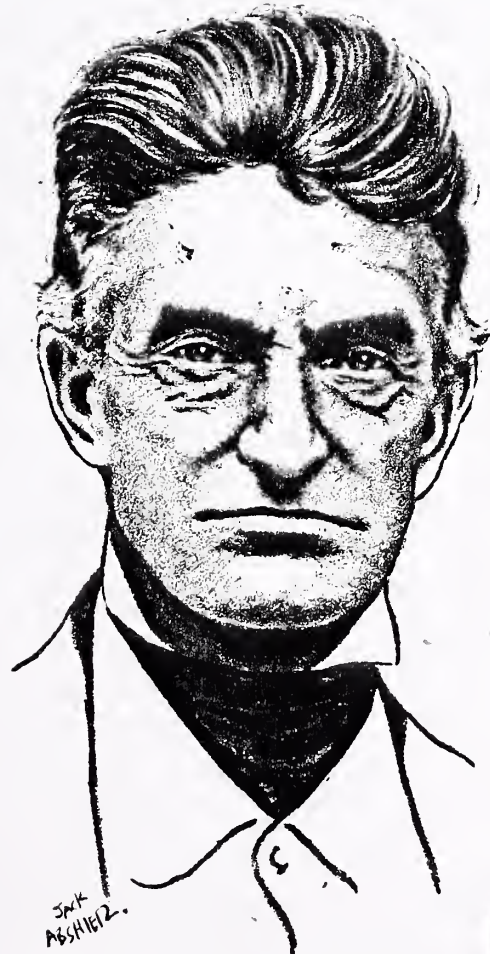
# KANSANS TRIED TO RESCUE JOHN BROWN WHO WAS HANGED 80 YEARS AGO TODAY

James Montgomery Was Ready to Effect Jail Delivery When Abolitionist Sent Word Begging Him to Give Up the Attempt, as He Desired to Die a Martyr to the Anti-Slavery Cause—Charlie Lenhart, Lawrence Printer, Another Would-Be Rescuer.

**W**HEN John Brown mounted the scaffold December 2, 1859—just eighty years ago today—he might have boasted to his executioners, "I planned it this way." He had had two chances to cheat the gallows, one a plea of insanity and the other a chance of jail delivery; but he spurned them both because he saw that his death would win sympathy and rouse others to destroy slavery. When he rejected one of the plots to rescue him, he remarked to Samuel C. Pomeroy, later a United States senator from Kansas:

"I am worth more, infinitely more, to die than to live."

Kirke Mechem has injected Brown's refusal to be rescued into his play, "John Brown," but most of the John Brown biographers have passed over this episode and some have gone so far as to deny that such a plot ever existed. Fortunately, O. E. Morse, an officer of a Kansas regiment during the Civil war, collected from those who plotted the rescue the facts of the case and related the inside story in an address before the Kansas Historical society in 1903. The accuracy of his account was hotly disputed. Thereupon



JOHN BROWN AS MEN OF HIS TIME SAW HIM.

Canada, where he liberated eleven of them, an additional slave having been born en route.

His successful defiance of the laws protecting slavery encouraged Brown to operate in Virginia. He believed he could go South and wage war from the fastnesses of the mountains, arm the slaves and let them fight for their own liberties, just as the Revolutionists had successfully fought in those same mountains against the British in the Revolution. Brown had read the story of those mountaineer partisans and expected to repeat their exploits. He also had read of Toussaint L'Ouverture's successful overthrow of the French slave masters in Haiti.

This seems like a mad attempt to us today, but that Brown was not insane is evident from the fact he had the financial backing of a good many New England men of high intelligence and excellent education who were never accused of being crazy. Renting the Kennedy farm in Maryland, across the Potomac river from Harper's Ferry, Brown and his men transported 180 rifles, 75 revolvers and 850 pikes to that point. It was with these weapons, and others which he expected to capture from the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, that he intended to arm the slaves.

October 16 he left three men, including his son Owen, at Kennedy farm, and with nineteen men, including himself, he crossed the Potomac, captured the arsenal and terrorized the town of Harper's Ferry. He freed some slaves from surrounding farms and added them to his force. Then he waited for other slaves to join him. Here is where his plot fell down. The slaves had not been apprized in advance of his coming. They had never heard of him and were suspicious of this thing called freedom that he had to offer.

Too long he tarried in Harper's Ferry. The militia of Maryland and Virginia, together with United States marines under Robert E. Lee, hemmed him in, killed ten of Brown's men, including two of his own sons, and captured five wounded men, including Brown. The slaves, once free of Brown, hurried back to bondage.

Four of the Brown men in Harper's Ferry crossed the Potomac and made their way to Kennedy farm and joined the three there. Then occurred the only brilliant exploit on the part of the raiders. It is about thirty-five miles from Kennedy farm to the Pennsylvania line in a direct march. This country was filled with militiamen and other officers attempting to intercept the seven men. But Brown led his followers into tangled timber, craggy hills and precipitous defiles of the Blue Ridge, followed its tortuous paths for 120 miles and escaped to Pennsylvania. There two of the men, becoming careless, were captured and extradited to Virginia to be tried and executed. The rest went free.

#### TO JAIL IN CHARLESTON, VA.

Brown and the other prisoners were taken to Charleston, Va., county seat of Jefferson County, in which Harper's Ferry is situated, and there lodged in jail. This must not be confused with Charleston, capital of West

Morse accumulated and presented corroborative evidence, the most convincing being a written statement by J. A. Pike, last survivor of the rescue party and only man living at the time Morse made his address.

Other corroborating material came to light later. But in spite of the fact that Morse's account and his material gathered later were published in the Kansas historical collections in 1904, the story of the plot and its reasons for failure have not come to the attention of the general public.

In addition to the rescue plot, Brown's relatives in Ohio attempted to build an insanity case. There was insanity in his mother's family. An aunt and some cousins were insane. But when Brown stood for trial he repudiated the insanity plea and refused to permit his lawyers to use it.

To understand the attempted rescue of John Brown, it is necessary to recall that prior to the Harper's Ferry raid, he had participated actively in the border war in Kansas. His last blow against slavery in that quarter came in December, 1858, when he crossed the line into Bates County, Missouri, where he slew a slave holder named Cruise and carried ten slaves belonging to three masters from Missouri into Kansas. He went into hiding in Linn County under the protection of James Montgomery, chief of the Linn County Jayhawkers, and others.

#### A \$3,500 PRICE ON HIS HEAD.

President Buchanan and the governors of Missouri and Kansas set a price, totaling \$3,500 in three awards, on Brown's head. Yet he eluded capture and took his slaves to

parently acting alone, and conferred with Brown in the jail.

#### A LAWRENCE PRINTER TO THE RESCUE.

Another would-be rescuer, also apparently acting alone, was Charlie Lenhart, Lawrence printer, who arrived at Charleston as Virginia authorities were enrolling guards to patrol the approaches to the jail and to prevent the repetition of the John Doy rescue. Lenhart represented himself as a Missouri friend of the slain Cruise and said he was anxious to see Brown hanged. He knew the signs and countersigns of Missouri anti-slavery societies and his story was readily believed. He was accepted in the Jefferson guards in the same file with John Wilkes Booth, but no opportunity ever came to Lenhart to free John Brown or any of his men, although he served in the guards until the last John Brown follower was executed in the spring.

The party with the greatest chance of success was headed by James Montgomery, who had worked with Brown in Kansas and later became a Union army brigadier general. With ten men, including four who had assisted in the Doy rescue, Montgomery took up headquarters at Hagerstown, Md., where he posed as a landseeker. He and his men explored the route to and from Charleston they decided to take. They learned that Brown was in a room heated by a fireplace fed by a flue wide enough to admit passage of two men, side by side. They learned that a 14-foot brick wall, easily scaled, surrounded the jail. They learned that a spur of rugged hills, which extended into the mountains, could be reached in a 10-minute run from the jail. All they needed was a stormy night and they would be ready to strike.

Virginia. The Charleston of John Brown fame also is now in West Virginia, but it appears on the maps as Charles Town. It lies in the Shenandoah valley between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah mountains. All mountain chains in the vicinity range northeastward and southeastward, parallel to the main axis of the Appalachian system. In 1859 they were sparsely inhabited and offered a route by which outlaws might advance from Pennsylvania into the deep South without a break except where the Potomac river cuts through them at right angles. If Brown could be taken from jail into any of the near-by mountains, the chances of bringing him to Pennsylvania in safety were fairly good.

The business of delivering anti-slavery men from the jails of slave states had been accomplished before. In the previous July, ten Kansans had entered St. Joseph, Mo., gained entrance to the county jail on the pretext that they were bringing in a horse-thief, overpowered the sheriff and rescued John Doy, who had been convicted of stealing slaves from Missourians. They had Doy back across the Missouri river and into Kansas before pursuit could be organized.

The idea of duplicating the Doy exploit in the case of Brown occurred to many Northerners. John W. Le Barnes of Boston employed George H. Hoyt to go to Charleston as junior counsel for Brown. Hoyt became attorney general of Kansas in 1867, but in 1859 he was just out of law school and inexperienced in legal practice. His chief role was to meet John Brown and plan a rescue.

From Kansas came Samuel Pomeroy, ap-

Then came word, apparently brought by Hoyt directly from John Brown, begging them to give up the attempt. Brown did not want to run the risk of harm coming to his jailer, who had been very kind. He did not want anyone to be killed in his behalf. But more, he wanted to die a martyr to the anti-slavery cause. He would not even promise not to expose the rescue plot. Added to Brown's refusal to co-operate, came a snow that interfered with secrecy of movement in the mountains. Reluctantly Montgomery had to give up.

Of the 3,000 persons present at the hanging of Brown for the triple crime of treason, murder and inciting slaves to insurrection—all of them capital offenses—no other man was as calm as the prisoner himself.

"This is a beautiful country," he remarked as he rode, sitting on his own coffin, to the gallows.

As they stood him under the cross beam to adjust the cap, Charlie Lenhart saw Brown take a long look at the beautiful Blue Ridge. Serene to the last, he dropped through the trap to eternity.

John Doy had been rescued, and how many today have ever heard of John Doy? Perhaps John Brown envisioned the northern hosts marching south with fixed bayonets and singing to the cadence of their feet, "His Soul Goes Marching On" BLISS ISELY.

JOHN BROWN

1944

May 9 marks the 144th birthday of John Brown, the rugged abolitionist of pre-civil war days who is famed in song and story. The museum's Western Expansion room contains a number of articles associated with the well-known chapters in the life of this unique character. A relic of his early days is a letter stamp, made during the time he was Postmaster at Richmond, Pennsylvania. Field glasses and a revolver shown, were used by him during his campaign through Kansas. Memorabilia of the famous Harper's Ferry raid include a hasp from the log kitchen of the Kennedy Farm, and a spear head, pike and percussion caps from the supplies of the raiders. A large pick was used by a slave, on John Brown's order, to break portholes in the Engine House for firing through at the Virginia militia and the U. S.

troops. This pick was brought out of the Engine House by Colonel Lewis Washington, a slave holder, who had been held as a hostage. Personal items displayed are eye glasses, a pocket rule, and a memorial ring containing a lock of John Brown's hair.

A touching note is the Bible which the abolitionist had with him during his imprisonment before his execution. Four days before his death, he inscribed on one of the fly-leaves the following words: "John Brown...These leaves were turned down and marked by him while in prison at Charlestown, Va. But a small part of those passages which in the most positive language condemn oppression & violence are marked..."

The character of John Brown remains controversial even unto this day. Termed noble martyr, religious fanatic, or common murderer, he was undoubtedly a man of great single purpose. His shrewdness, stubbornness and practicality are attributed to his English and Dutch stock, of which he was born in Connecticut in 1800. His belief in his ability to form a nation within a nation has been interpreted as a result of a weak mental inheritance, since ten blood relatives suffered from insanity. He grew up with a Bible in

one hand and a plough in the other. In business, he completely failed as a tanner, surveyor, cattle-breeder and wool merchant. Yet, he possessed a personal magnetism which made his followers ready and eager to risk all and even to die for him.

There is not sufficient evidence as to the exact time John Brown became an active abolitionist, although the barn at his home in Richmond, Pennsylvania, where he moved in 1825, was used as a station on the underground railroad. His father had been an agent for this railroad, and Brown was probably early indoctrinated with the abolitionist cause. He was over fifty when he replied to the call of his sons and went to a colony on the Osawatomie in Kansas to help win the territory to so-called freedom. Here he became the leader and captain of the local militia company, and here he gained the name of "Old Brown of Osawatomie" as a result of his company's decision to "cause a restraining fear" amongst political opponents. The method used to accomplish the latter was the bloody massacre of five chosen victims of pro-slavery leanings.

It was in the spring of 1858 that Brown and his followers, both white and negro, met at Chatham, Canada, and formulated plans for the amazing government of the free state which was to have its headquarters in the mountains of Maryland and Virginia. In the

summer of '59, the band congregated at the Kennedy Farm in Maryland, about five miles from Harper's Ferry, and spent the next several months accumulating ammunition and supplies. On the night of October 16, they marched upon Harper's Ferry and by morning were in possession of the U. S. Armory and the bridges leading to the Ferry. The following night, a company of U. S. Marines under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived, and by dawn John Brown's dream was over. He was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, on December 2, 1859.

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## JOHN BROWN IN OHIO

### An Interview with Charles S. S. Griffing

edited by LOUIS FILLER

*Assistant Professor of American Civilization, Antioch College*

John Brown's Ohio years merit continued study. In view of the fact that a serious shadow has been cast over his intentions and activities in Kansas by a formidable historian,<sup>1</sup> it is evident that the Ohio period may be crucial in any ultimate evaluation of Brown's role and personality. Mary Land's article, "John Brown's Ohio Environment," in the January 1948 issue of this *Quarterly* constitutes a supplement to Charles B. Galbreath's work in the field, which, however, she does not appear to have used.<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, John Brown's precise relationship to the undoubtedly strong antislavery forces in Ohio, and his reputation, if any, with his antislavery neighbors *independent of his exploits in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry*, still remain largely circumstantial and have yet to be firmly established.

There is need for a clearer understanding than some students seem to manifest of the seriousness of the charges against Brown. It is often granted that Brown was guilty of "cold-blooded murder" at Potawatomic; but the edge of this accusation is as often blunted by emphasis upon Brown as a "fanatic"—that is, as one overwhelmed by the urgency of his crusade. The sense of both the Warren and Malin analyses is to impugn Brown's sincerity and thereby the integrity of his actions.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> James C. Malin, *John Brown and the Legend of Fifty-six* (Philadelphia, 1942). See also Robert P. Warren, *John Brown: the Making of a Martyr* (New York, 1930), in which the psychological approach is maintained to Brown's detriment.

<sup>2</sup> Charles B. Galbreath, "John Brown" and "Anti-slavery Movement in Columbiana County," *Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, XXX (1921), 184-289; 355-396. A variety of other material connecting John Brown to antislavery in Ohio makes this volume of particular value; the reference to it made further on in the present writing does not exhaust its pertinent contents. Miss Land's article, though involving original research, is not always careful with respect to details. Thus, she repeats the story that Missouri offered a reward of \$3,000 for Brown's capture, a story which seems to have been decisively refuted by Floyd C. Shoemaker. See his "John Brown's Missouri Raid," *Missouri Historical Review*, XXVI (1931-32) 78-82.

<sup>3</sup> The Malin analysis is particularly long and exhaustive, and there is reason to fear that not all students who are presumed to have an acquaintance with it have trudged its weary road to the end. A brief summary of its method and conclusions with respect to Brown may be found in Malin, *Essays on Historiography* (Lawrence, Kans., 1946), 153 *et seq.*

The opinions of respectable personages in relation to Brown must be carefully weighed. The difficulty with Thoreau's plea for his "character,"<sup>4</sup> for instance, is that Thoreau did not know enough about Brown to discuss him with authority. He assumed that Brown was what Brown seemed; but his actual acquaintance with Brown was meagre, to say the least. The same is true of other distinguished witnesses to Brown's uprightness and disinterestedness in behalf of the Negro and antislavery. A witness, therefore, who could speak from personal knowledge of Brown but from a position which relieved him of a need for supporting or defending Brown, could throw important light on a significant question.

Charles S. S. Griffing is such a witness. He can today probably be best identified as the husband of Josephine S. Griffing, feminist, abolitionist, and founder of the Freedman's Bureau, whose own career has received inadequate attention.<sup>5</sup> It cannot be denied, however, that Griffing was himself an ardent antislavery worker and temperance advocate and with his wife fought the good fight in Ohio, as an associate of Marius R. Robinson, and elsewhere.<sup>6</sup> That he was a temperance fanatic can be readily conceded, his views not being markedly different in kind from those of other reformers of his type.<sup>7</sup> His honesty in the ordinary sense, however, seems evident; his was the rectitude usually associated with the antislavery "apostles." In point of fact, his memories of John Brown, which have been culled from the Griffing Scrapbooks deposited in the Manuscript Division of the Columbia University Library, and which appeared in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, June 18, 1879, agree very well with the known facts of John Brown's Ohio years. There are relatively trifling errors which can be ascribed to the defects of memory or to error on the part of the interviewer "Caliban." But it is significant that Griffing speaks for active Ohio abolitionists, who had special reason for distinguishing between active and in-

<sup>4</sup> Henry D. Thoreau, *Writings* (Riverside ed., 10 vols., Cambridge, 1894), X, 234.

<sup>5</sup> The sketch of her career in the *Dictionary of American Biography* is based upon scanty passages in Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others, *History of Woman Suffrage* (3 vols., Rochester, 1881-87) and several other works, as well as family information.

<sup>6</sup> For material relating to their joint careers, see the Griffing Scrapbooks, Manuscript Division, Columbia University Library. In 1854, Griffing was involved in the Salem Rescue, described in Galbreath, "Anti-slavery Movement in Columbiana County," 380 *et seq.*

<sup>7</sup> See his *Christianity Not a Temperance Religion. Jesus of Nazareth Did Not Institute the Eucharist, Nor Make Wine at a Wedding Feast. A New Departure by the Church Necessary and Practical. As Maintained in an Address by C. S. S. Griffing, at Columbus, Ohio, July 26th, 1876* (Columbus, 1879).



active, sincere and insincere, antislavery partisans. Moreover, Griffing lacked family or other personal ties with Brown, such as prejudiced Professor James C. Malin against other witnesses to Brown's antislavery fervor in Ohio. Griffing's testimony respecting John Brown's antislavery proclivities, therefore, becomes a substantial part of the Ohio record:

#### JOHN BROWN'S MEN

An Old Associate of Theirs in the Anti-Slavery Movement  
Relates Some New Facts About Them.

*Special Correspondence of the Enquirer*

COLUMBUS, June 17, 1879.

I lately met one of the old band of Ohio Liberators, or Liberty men, as they preferred to call themselves—the men who, twenty-five or thirty years ago, helped to manage the underground railroad between slavery and freedom, or, geographically speaking, between Kentucky and Virginia soil and Canada. This gentleman was Mr. Charles S. S. Griffing, now of Pittsburg, formerly, however, of Columbiana County. I had known him for many years, but either his modesty or my stupidity had never brought out the fact that he was an historical character in having been one of the small band of original Abolitionist [*sic*] who fought slavery on the hustings as far back as 1844 when Birney was a candidate for the Presidency against Henry Clay on the anti-slavery principle. He is an intelligent man of sixty, perhaps, and the way having been once opened to reminiscence he becomes one of the most interesting talkers I ever met. He fought the anti-slavery battles of those days along with Parker Pillsbury, William Lloyd Garrison, John and Oliver Brown, Sojourner Truth, and a score of others whose names are not lost from history.

#### THE PIONEERS OF THE MOVEMENT

"Ours was a little band in those days," said Mr. Griffing, "but we stuck well together, and kept fighting for the right as we viewed it. And we had the satisfaction of seeing it triumph in the end."

"Did you know John Brown personally?"

"Very well. He was one of our band long before he went to Kansas, and while he was living out there he often came back to the Reserve. I remember one time he came back with a horse<sup>s</sup> that he had 'taken' he called it, though stolen others would have said, from a pro-slavery man in Missouri. That horse was sold at auction on the street in Cleveland. There was no attempt to keep secret how he got it. It was perfectly understood that the money he got for it was to help old John in his fight then against the Border Ruffians in Kansas."

<sup>s</sup> Should be "horses." The incident occurred in the spring of 1859.

"What is your estimate of Old John Brown?"

"He was as brave a man as ever drew breath. He was eccentric, but not crazy. He had a consuming idea in life, and that was to free the black man. He had no other aim. When we used to campaign through the Reserve, we had two kinds of men—men of words and men of action. Parker Pillsbury was a man of words; no man who ever lived could speak more bitterly of the cause of slavery or eloquently of freedom than he. John Brown was a man of action; no one would brave greater perils or incur more risks to lead a black man from slavery to freedom than he. I've seen him come in at night with [a] gang of five or six blacks that he had piloted all the way from the river, hide them away in the stables maybe, or the garret, and if anybody was following he would keep them stowed away for weeks. He would appear on the streets without saying a word to any one about it. But let any slaveholder discover the whereabouts of his charges and attempt to take them back, and he would fight like a lion.

#### JOHN BROWN'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

"What of his military abilities?"

"I think he hadn't much of military ability. He had seen the rough and tumble of pioneer life and knew what it was to fight from every point. But still he didn't know anything of the science of war. He got a lot of pikes made down at Troy, New York. Of what account could they be to him? Pikes are a weapon of a former generation, and a darky would be just as formidable with a pitchfork in his hand as a pike. But still his campaign is not so chimerical as many people think. You see, he was was [*sic*] forced to make his move on Harper's Ferry a week sooner than he had intended to. He hadn't fixed up his arrangement with the blacks yet and he was driven like a rat into a hole there at Harper's Ferry. His original plan was to move with his force down the Blue Ridge, giving the slaves their freedom as he went along, and adding the men to his little army. He intended to make a track South about thirty miles wide, running right through to salt water; then with that to start from, he would move both east and west, gathering in the slaves, but killing none of the whites unless he had to."

"When did you see John Brown last before his execution?"

"He was out in Ashtabula County. I think it was in April or May of that year, 1858 [1859]; then he was up in Portage County some time in the summer. That was the last time I saw him alive."

"Did you know others of his band?"

"Yes, several of them. I knew Realf, who was their Secretary of State, as he was called. I knew the Coppic<sup>o</sup> brothers, both of them. One escaped, but the other was hanged, and after he was hanged we brought his body back to Columbiana County, where they had lived, and buried it at Salem.

<sup>o</sup> The interviewer consistently misspelled "Coppoc."

Never have I seen, before or since, a funeral where there was such a crowd or so much feeling. His grave is marked by a monument now."<sup>10</sup>

## JOHN BROWN'S FAMILY

"Did you know other members of the Brown family, Mr. Griffing? I have been told that all of them were extraordinary characters?"

"Yes, I knew them well. His son John, who now lives at Put-in-Bay, is much like his father in resolution and taciturnity. Own [*sic*] Brown, the one who used to be on Jay Cooke's Island, was wounded and taken prisoner in the Kansas troubles. He had to endure a great deal of suffering, and I expect it injured him somewhat. But there was a brother of old John—that was Oliver—who was a strange character."

"Was he an Abolitionist, too?"

"Oh, yes. They were all Liberty men. Oliver was the most original, perhaps, of them all. He used to live up in Geauga County. He burned a pulpit there once, I very well remember."

"How was that?"<sup>11</sup>

"Well, it was in the country there, and at the time we were making our anti-slavery fight. Oliver had got a big farm and on one corner of it a little church had been built for neighborhood worship. It was really on his land as no deed had ever been made transferring it to the little congregation who worshiped there. The church people were not disposed to share it with us Abolitionists on equal terms, though it was built with the understanding that it should be for joint use. One Sunday afternoon we had arranged to have an anti-slavery meeting there, and when we arrived we found the preacher holding forth. Oliver Brown didn't like this, and asked the preacher to vacate, but he wouldn't do it. Then we went out in the yard and held our meeting, and soon had most of the congregation with us. The preacher announced that he would preach again next Sunday, but Oliver determined he shouldn't. So during the week he run a fence around it, a rail fence, not very high, but still high enough to turn stock. Sunday morning he was the first man to get in the church. He took with him a basketful of bowlders and two or three good clubs and prepared to hold the fort. About ten o'clock the congregation began to arrive in their wagons and buggies. When they saw that fence they commenced to get mad, and it wasn't five minutes before it was swept away. But when they got to the door it was locked. Going around to the window they saw Oliver in there, with hymn-book in hand, marching up and down the aisle singing: "Far from my Thoughts Vain World Begone." They called to him to let them

<sup>10</sup> The interviewer here interjected a reminiscence by someone else respecting Barclay Coppoc, who escaped, which does not bear on the subject and appears obviously apocryphal. The paragraph is therefore not reproduced here.

<sup>11</sup> The incident is substantiated in a letter by John Brown, Jr., to Frank B. Sanborn, dated January 8, 1884, which is in the possession of Mr. Boyd B. Stutler, an authority on John Brown. The present writer wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Stutler in sending him a copy of this letter, as well as in providing stimulating suggestions and ideas.

in but he took no notice of them. Then they commenced to batter away at the door, when he with a loud voice warned them to leave him alone, that he was worshiping in his own house and his own way and would not be disturbed. Still they tried to get in, but he pointed to his armament of clubs and stone, and they stopped for the time. In the afternoon, however, they got into the church, and that made Oliver so mad he vowed he would burn the pulpit 'with fire and brim-stone.' The next day, toward sunset, I came along there, and sure enough he had loosened the pulpit from the floor and dragged it out in the yard, and was just about to set fire to it. Several of the neighbors had gathered there, but none of them were willing to have a difficulty with Oliver, and he set it on fire. While it was burning, a little old man who felt wrought up by it brought out the pulpit Bible and asked him why he didn't burn it as well. 'If you want to burn your Bible, neighbor, just throw it in there,' replied Oliver; 'but I won't do it, because I have nothing against the Bible. If it will give you any comfort, just throw it on.' After he had burned the pulpit we had no more trouble about getting the use of the church. They had preaching there and we had our anti-slavery meetings, but there was no conflict afterward."

I could go on with many more anecdotes of the Brown family, as told by Mr. Griffing, but space will not permit at this time.

CALIBAN





# CHICAGO HISTORY

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*John Brown*  
*By an unidentified artist*

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# CHICAGO HISTORY

*An informal publication devoted in the main to the  
Society's museum, library, and activities.*

PAUL M. ANGLE, *Editor*

The Chicago Historical Society  
Lincoln Park at North Avenue, Chicago 14

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## John Brown

RALPH WALDO EMERSON called him a new saint. To Henry David Thoreau he was an angel of light. William Cullen Bryant, editor of the *New York Evening Post* (better known today as the author of "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl") predicted that history would record his name "among those of its martyrs and heroes." William Dean Howells, whose fame as a novelist lay far in the future, declared that Brown had become an idea "a thousand times purer and better and loftier than the Republican idea."

Other Northerners—Abraham Lincoln, Edward Everett, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., John Greenleaf Whittier—spoke of the man's insanity and shrugged off responsibility for him.

To millions in the militant South, Brown was the Antichrist, the embodiment of Northern malevolence, the inevitable result of a generation of abolitionist agitation.

This is certain: John Brown did more to precipitate the Civil War than any other individual except, perhaps, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

And this: in less than two years after he was hanged thousands of soldiers would march to a song that made him

a martyr, a song which the emotion and fervor of Julia Ward Howe would transmit into the greatest of American battle hymns.

Thus the man who, in mid-October, 1859, attacked Harpers Ferry in a preposterous attempt to touch off a slave insurrection, only to be executed for treason to the State of Virginia six weeks later.

This strange, contradictory, aberrant throw-back to the days of John Calvin—and to an even darker inheritance—was born at Torrington, Connecticut, on May 9, 1800. His father, Owen Brown, a man of piety and strong anti-slavery convictions, had sixteen children; his mother, her mother before her, and several other members of the maternal line died insane.

John Brown enjoyed the scantiest of schoolings. As a young man he worked at the tanner's trade, then dabbled in real estate, sheep raising, and the brokering of wool. His business ventures always failed. Only in procreation was he a noteworthy success, siring seven children in his first marriage and thirteen in his second.

Early in life Brown became an abolitionist, but he was over fifty years of age before a determination to be an active instrument in freeing the slaves came to dominate his mind and his life. At this point in his career the collection of John Brown material in the Chicago Historical Society becomes exceedingly significant. Although used by some students—particularly Allan Nevins in his excellent book, *The Emergence of Lincoln*—the collection is not nearly so well known as it should be. Therefore, in this centennial year of John Brown's execution, we shall quote from some of the Society's outstanding items more copiously than we ordinarily would, hoping thus to disseminate more widely a number of documents rare if not unique.

In the spring of 1855, when the Territory of Kansas was torn by strife between free-soil and pro-slavery factions, five of John Brown's sons settled there. They had a dual purpose: to carve farms from virgin land, and to help win the

territory for freedom. Soon they appealed to their father for help. In August the old man—so he was referred to—established what was left of his family at North Elba, New York, on a farm given him by the abolitionist Gerrit Smith, loaded a wagon with guns and ammunition, and set out for Osawatomie. Within a few months he came to look upon the anti-slavery cause as a crusade and upon himself as its leader. Sometime in the spring of 1856 he drafted articles of enlistment which reveal the state of militancy to which he had arrived. The manuscript is in the Society's collection.

“Kansas Ter                      1856

“We whose names are found on this & the following pages do hereby enlist ourselves to serve in the Free State cause under John Brown as Commander; during the full period affixed to our names respectively; & we severally pledge our word & sacred honor to said commander & to each other; that during the time for which we have enlisted we will faithfully & punctually perform our duty in such capacity or place, as may be assigned to us by a majority of all the votes of those associated with us as regular volunteers for the maintenance of the free State cause in this territory; & we further agree that as individuals we will conform to the by Laws of this association & that we will insist on their regular enforcement as a first & last duty; & in short that we will observe, & maintain a strict, & thorough military discipline at all times untill our term of service expires.”

On May 21, 1856, pro-slavery ruffians attacked and sacked the free-soil stronghold of Lawrence, Kansas. Brown lost no time in retaliating. On May 24, with four of his sons and two others, he fell upon and killed five pro-slavery settlers living on Potawatomie Creek although the men had no known connection with the sack of Lawrence. A few months later he left the territory for the East, where he hoped to raise funds to support his private, unofficial, and in any strict sense, unlawful, army. Before embarking on his campaign he issued a printed circular, of which the

Chicago Historical Society has a copy—perhaps the only copy. We quote the body of the document:

“To the Friends of Freedom.

“The undersigned, whose individual means were exceedingly limited when he first engaged in the struggle for Liberty in Kansas, being now still more destitute and no less anxious than in time past to continue his efforts to sustain that cause, is induced to make this earnest appeal to the Friends of Freedom throughout the United States, in the firm belief that his call will not go unheeded. I ask all honest lovers of *Liberty and Human Rights, both male and female*, to hold up my hands by contributions of pecuniary aid, either as counties, cities, towns, villages, societies, churches or individuals.

“I will endeavor to make a judicious and faithful application of all such means as I may be supplied with. Contributions may be sent in drafts to W. H. D. Callender, Cashier State Bank, Hartford, Ct. It is my intention to visit as many places *as I can* during my stay in the States, provided I am first informed of the disposition of the inhabitants to aid me *in my efforts*, as well as to receive my visit. Information may be communicated to me (care of Massasoit House) at Springfield, Mass. Will editors of newspapers friendly to the cause kindly second the measure, and also give this some half dozen insertions? Will either gentlemen or ladies, or both, who love the cause, volunteer to take up the business? It is with *no little sacrifice of personal feeling* that I appear in this manner before the public.

“JOHN BROWN.”

The appeal closed with testimonial letters from Gerrit Smith and Charles Robinson, leader of the free-soil forces in Kansas.

In February, 1857, Brown was in Concord, Massachusetts, where he had an ardent supporter in young Franklin B. Sanborn, whom Ralph Waldo Emerson had installed as the head of the academy. In a speech at the

Town House, Brown made his appeal for funds. Soon afterward, Sanborn delivered a lecture on Brown at the Concord school. The Chicago Historical Society has Sanborn's manuscript. Naturally, the speaker did not mention the cold-blooded murders on Potawatomie Creek, but he did draw a word-picture of the zealot that has validity in every line:

"Tall, gaunt, sinewy and hard-featured like so many other Yankees, he has something in his face and bearing which marks him at once as no common man. Some newspaper calls him most happily 'eagle faced'—for his thin head, curved nose, and severe blue eyes and grey hair like ruffled plumage all remind you of the king of birds. His dress is a sober brown—neither new nor old, worn with precision and cut after the fashion of twenty years ago.

"His gray military surtout and shining stock give him the air of a soldier, which his heavy, unbrushed boots, in one of which he carries for convenience the long knife which he took from a Border Ruffian bespeak him no follower of fashions. He talks in a measured, decided tone—using no needless words but going straight to the point as befits one

'Whose life is work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life.'

"He says 'I am neither a gentleman nor a scholar, and what knowledge I have has been got by hard knocks and is of the practical kind,' but his wisdom shames the effeminacy of gentlemen and the sophistry of scholars. When he speaks of himself it is without boasting, yet without false modesty; he desires neither repute nor reward for what he has done—for it was only his duty. He is at his ease in all companies,—never embarrassed in the parlor nor at the ceremonious dinner,—but the same simple and austere man everywhere. Like his brethren of Cromwell's day he is devout to the verge of fanaticism, but without cant. Cotton Mather would have rejoiced in him, and Miles Standish owned him as a brother in the Lord. He forbids all swearing among his men, and prays in his tent night and morning—bending to God the knees that no fear of man could ever bow."

PROVISIONAL  
**CONSTITUTION**  
AND  
**ORDINANCES**  
FOR THE  
**PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.**

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PREAMBLE.

*Whereas, Slavery, throughout its entire existence in the United States, is none other than a most barbarous, unprovoked, and unjustifiable War of one portion of its citizens upon another portion; the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment, and hopeless servitude or absolute extermination; in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence: Therefore,*

WE, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE, WHO, BY A RECENT DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT ARE DECLARED TO HAVE NO RIGHTS WHICH THE WHITE MAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT; TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER PEOPLE DEGRADED BY THE LAWS THEREOF, DO, FOR THE TIME BEING ORDAIN AND ESTABLISH FOR OURSELVES, THE FOLLOWING PROVISIONAL CONSTITUTION AND ORDINANCES, THE BETTER TO PROTECT OUR PERSONS, PROPERTY, LIVES, AND LIBERTIES; AND TO GOVERN OUR ACTIONS:

ARTICLE I.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

ALL persons of mature age, whether Proscribed, oppressed and enslaved Citizens, or of the Proscribed

Brown did not return to Kansas until late autumn, 1857. By that time the territory had settled down to a relatively peaceful existence—a state of affairs not encouraging to Brown's peculiar talents. No matter: a far grander enterprise than winning a future state for freedom had become his obsession. He would establish a base in the mountains of Maryland or Virginia and instigate a giant uprising of the slaves. In preparation, he convened a group of followers in May, 1858, at the Canadian city of Chatham, not far from Detroit, and there submitted to them a provisional constitution, already printed, for the interim state he proposed to establish. The Chicago Historical Society has a copy of what is surely an excessively rare publication. The title reads: "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States." After the Preamble come forty-six articles, of which the most interesting and significant are the following:

"XXVIII. Property. All captured or confiscated property, and all property the product of the labor of those belonging to this organization and of their families, shall be held as the property of the whole, equally, without distinction; and may be used for the common benefit, or disposed of for the same object; and any person, officer or otherwise, who shall improperly retain, secrete, use, or needlessly destroy such property, or property found, captured or confiscated, belonging to the enemy, or shall wilfully neglect to render a full and fair statement of such property by him so taken or held, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction, shall be punished accordingly.

"XXXIII. Volunteers. All persons who may come forward and shall voluntarily deliver up their slaves, and have their names registered on the books of the organization, shall, so long as they continue at peace, be entitled to the fullest protection of person and property, though not connected with this organization, and shall be treated as friends, and not merely as persons neutral.

"XXXVII. Desertion. Persons convicted, on impartial

trial, of desertion to the enemy after becoming members, acting as spies, or of treacherous surrender of property, arms, ammunition, provisions, or supplies of any kind, roads, bridges, persons, or fortifications, shall be put to death and their entire property confiscated.

“XLVI. These articles not for the overthrow of gov’t. The foregoing Articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States: and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to Amendment and Repeal. And our Flag shall be the same that our Fathers fought under in the Revolution.”

Allan Nevins, in *The Emergence of Lincoln*, places John Brown’s Provisional Constitution in the stream of history:

“Monomania has reached its climax, for this Chatham gathering marks a full crystallization of Brown’s plans. In every feature the scheme is preposterous: the idea that slaves are ready for wholesale revolt; the idea that State and national forces can be resisted; the idea that a temporary new commonwealth can be created. Yet there is method in Brown’s madness. The preamble of his constitution is a declaration of war which justifies the killing of slaveholders, the liberation of slaves, the confiscation of other property, and the ravaging of enemy lands. It does more than justify the fomenting of slave insurrections; it assumes that a universal and incessant slave insurrection is under way, and that only brute force is restraining it within bounds. Rejecting the American Constitution, Brown is establishing his own government and laws, under which he will be free to commit any act of belligerent violence. As he wages war against the slaveholders, the States, and the nation, his robberies will be called the confiscation of enemy property, his kidnappings will be termed the seizure of enemy hostages, and his murders will be denominated legitimate military operations. His knowledge of what had happened in Haiti when a war of races began does not daunt him, for he believes that without the shedding of blood there can be no



remission of Southern sins, and that, as he has told Emerson, it is better that a whole generation of men, women, and children should pass away by violence than that slavery should endure.”

Inflexibly, insanely, John Brown plunged ahead. In the early summer of 1859 he decided to make Harpers Ferry, where the federal government had both an arsenal and an armory, his target. He rented a farm a few miles away. There he collected arms and assembled the young zealots and adventurers who had fallen under his spell. For several months the recruits lived in hiding while two of Brown's daughters managed the makeshift household. In 1886 one of the two, Annie, recorded her recollections for Franklin B. Sanborn, who was then writing a biography of the “martyr.” The manuscript, which Sanborn received too late to use, is in the Society's collection.

A nosey neighbor, Mrs. Huffmaster, still lived in Annie's memory:

“One day she managed to get into the middle room . . . , and as the boxes of rifles and pistols were kept in there, she wanted to know what was in those boxes. I told her that it was ‘furniture.’ Then she wanted to know why I did not open it and use it as we had no chairs. I told her that it was some very nice furniture that father had bought and that as we did not know for certain whether we should buy that place or not, yet, that Mother had written to him not to let us use it and soil it before she came. . . .

“Sometimes she [Mrs. Huffmaster] would appear while the men were eating breakfast or dinner. I would then shut the door and the men would disappear noiselessly up the stairs, taking the dishes, victuals, tablecloth and all with them, while Martha and I entertained her on the porch or in the kitchen.”

Annie recalled the hardships to which she had been subjected:

“When we first went down, father bought a lot of coarse cotton cloth and Martha and I made bed ticks which were

filled with hay, as it was too early in the season to get straw. These were laid on the floor as we did not want to incur the expense of bedsteads, and as hay mats and wads [and] cannot be stirred to make it soften like straw when in a bed, our beds were necessarily *very hard*. We did not have any pillows, but put carpet sacks, coats or any spare rubbish under the head of the tick to raise it above the level of the bed. He [Brown] told us to make some sheets for ourselves and we made some and put onto his bed. I made up the beds upstairs every day until the 'invisibles' began to arrive, then father brought down the sheets from off his bed and told me I need not make it up any more. He said they would all fare alike, that I must not show him any partiality in that respect any more. . . .

"The fleas were unmercifully numerous. Martha and I used to kill as many as seventy-five a day apiece, and then could not see that we had made any visible impression on them. They poisoned me severely and at one time my back and sides were so sore and raw where they had bitten me that I was obliged to fold some of my clothing and lay [it] under the sheet on my bed to try to soften it so I could endure to lie down to sleep."

Annie described how walled-in men fought boredom:

"Kagi used to send down papers and magazines for the men to read whenever anyone went to Chambersburg and father subscribed to the Baltimore daily as he said it would look more like real settlers if we took a paper and it would make an excuse for someone to go often to the post office. Every morning when father was there, he used to gather the family together in the middle room and read a chapter in the Bible and make a prayer. The books that were read most by the men were Paine's *Age of Reason* (it belonged to Stevens) and a volume of *Military Tactics*. They played checkers and cards, sang songs, and told stories for amusement and on stormy nights when 'the old man' was gone, held something that sounded like a circus, upstairs, for exercise and amusement."

By the early fall of 1859 Brown had collected twenty-one followers, including three of his sons: Owen, Oliver, and Watson. When he announced that he intended to take Harpers Ferry most of the men were aghast: they had assumed that he planned nothing more ambitious than abducting some slaves and spiriting them off to Canada. Nevertheless, when Brown called for a showdown he won over a majority, although several members of the band believed that certain death would be their reward.

On the early evening of Sunday, October 16, Brown and seventeen of his men, all heavily armed, headed for the Ferry. Three remained at the farm. Arriving at the town, the little force seized the bridges over the Potomac and Shenandoah, posted guards, overpowered watchmen and took possession of the armory, arsenal, and rifle works half a mile up the Shenandoah. The grizzled leader then dispatched six men into Virginia to seize as a hostage Colonel Lewis W. Washington, great-grand-nephew of the first President, with as many slaves as they could bring along. The detachment also picked up another planter, John H. Allstadt, his son, and six of their Negroes. At the armory, the bewildered slaves were given pikes and told to guard the hostages.

At 1:00 o'clock on the morning of Monday, October 17, the train from Wheeling to Baltimore arrived. A barricade kept it from proceeding. Brown's men fired on the train crew, killing the station baggage master, a free Negro. The noise and confusion gave notice to many of the townspeople that something was amiss, and Brown speeded his own end when, at 5:00 a.m., he permitted the train to depart. By mid-morning President Buchanan, Governor Wise of Virginia, and the commander of the Maryland militia had been informed that a slave revolt, instigated and assisted by whites, was under way.

Meanwhile, at the Ferry, militia companies and hastily organized volunteers had surrounded Brown's three strong points. Realizing that he was trapped and disillusioned by

the failure of the slaves to rise in revolt, the old man tried to arrange a truce. Two of three emissaries, one of them his son Watson, were killed; the third was wounded. Early in the afternoon the rifle works were stormed and captured.

In Baltimore, Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, and other communities troops were mustered and loaded on special trains for Harpers Ferry. In Washington, Buchanan ordered Colonel Robert E. Lee of the Second Cavalry and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart of the First Cavalry, both of whom happened to be in the Capital at the time, together with ninety-odd Marines, to the scene of action.

By nightfall on Monday Brown counted heavy losses. His son Owen, mortally wounded, would soon join Watson in death. Half the company were either dead or fatally wounded. Hungry, despairing, the survivors and Brown lay in the engine-house of the armory, awaiting morning. When the sun rose Lee, now in command of the troops, sent Jeb Stuart with a note demanding that Brown surrender. Stuart was not to parley: he was to jump out of the way of a storming party if Brown temporized.

Brown read the note and started to talk. Stuart waved his cap, the troops rushed forward. In a few minutes all was over: the doors battered down, and Brown, wounded, a prisoner. Ten of his men were dead or dying, five were taken alive, the others had escaped.

Brown was indicted on charges of murder, treason to the State of Virginia, and conspiracy with Negroes to foment insurrection. In a scrupulously fair trial, which began on October 25 and lasted seven days, he was convicted on all three counts. The court sentenced him to die by hanging on December 2.

"In his last weeks," Allan Nevins comments, "John Brown rose to a height of moral grandeur which went far toward redeeming his name from the terrible blots which he had placed upon it. Caught up by exaltation of spirit in his confidence of a vast posthumous influence, he displayed neither grief for the two sons killed at his side nor fear of

approaching death. Moving as a man who fulfilled a mighty destiny, he impressed all observers by his unshaken courage and serene equanimity. He believed that he had done right; he felt certain that God reigned and would yet overmaster all opposition to his divine decrees."

Touching evidence of this state of mind is found in a letter, in the Society's collection, which Brown wrote to two of his sisters on November 27, less than a week before his execution:

"My Dearly beloved Sisters *Mary A. & Martha.*

"I am obliged to occupy a part of what is probably (my last) Sabbath on Earth in answering the *very kind & very comforting* letters of sister Hand & Son of the 23d inst or I must fail to do so at all. I do not think it any violation of the day that God made for man. Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings than to learn that you do *not* feel *dreadfully mortified & even disgraced* on account of your relation to one who is to *die on the scaffold*. I have really suffered more by tenfold since my confinement here, on account of what I feared would be the *terrible feelings of my kindred* on my account than from *all other* causes. I am most glad to learn *from you* that my fears on *your account* were ill founded. I was afraid that a little *seeming present* prosperity might have carried you away from realities so that the honor that comes from men might lead you in *some measure* to undervalue that which cometh from 'God.' I bless God who has most *abundantly supported & comforted me all along* to find *you* are not ensnared. Dr Heman Humphrey has just sent me a *most doleful Lamentation* over my '*infatuation & madness*' (very kindly expressed) in which I cannot doubt he has given expression to the *extrem grief* of others of our Kindred. I have endeavoured to answer him kindly *also*: & at the same time to deal faithfully with my old friend. I think I will send you his letter, & if you deem it worth the trouble you can probably get my reply or a copy of it. Suffise it for me to say none of these things move me. I have experienced a consolation & peace which I fear he has not yet known.

Luther Humphrey wrote me a very comforting letter. There are 'things dear Sisters that God hides even from the wise & prudent.' I feel astonished that one *so exceedingly vile & unworthy as I am* would ever be suffered to have a place *any how or any where amongst the very least of All* who when they come to die (as all must) *were permitted* to pay the 'debt of nature' in defence of the *right & of God's eternal immutable truth*. Oh my dear friends can you believe *it possible* that the scaffold *has no terrors* for your *own* poor, old, unworthy brother? *I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord: it is even so*. I am now shedding tears: but they are *no longer* tears of *grief or sorrow*. I trust I have nearly *DONE* with those. I am now weeping for *joy & gratitude* that I can *in no other way* express. I get many *very kind & comforting* letters that I cannot possibly reply to. Wish I had time & strength to answer all. I am obliged to ask those to whom I do write to let friends read what I send as much as they well can. *Do write* my deeply & oft afflicted Wife. It will greatly comfort her to have you write her freely. She has born up *manfully* under accumulated trials. She will be most glad to know that she has not been entirely forgotten by relatives and say to all my friends that I am 'waiting cheerfully & patiently the days of my appointed time,' fully believing that for me now 'to die will be for me an Infinite gain,' & of *untold* benefit to the cause *we love*. Wherefore 'be of good cheer' & 'let not your hearts be troubled.' 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me, in my throne even as I also overcame, & am set down with my Father in his throne.' I wish my friends could know but a little of the rare opportunities I now get for *kind & faithful* labour in *God's cause*. I hope they have not been entirely lost. Now dear friends I have done. 'May the God of peace bring us all again from the dead.'

"Your Affectionate Brother  
"John Brown"

As the day of Brown's execution approached the local authorities feared that an attempt might be made to rescue

# PROCLAMATION!



IN pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern,

That, as heretofore, particularly from now until after Friday next the 2nd of December, STRANGERS found within the County of Jefferson, and Counties adjacent, having no known and proper business here, and who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested.

That on, and for a proper period before that day, strangers and especially parties, approaching under the pretext of being present at the execution of John Brown, whether by Railroad or otherwise, will be met by the Military and turned back or arrested without regard to the amount of force, that may be required to affect this, and during the said period and especially on the 2nd of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding country are *EXPRESSLY* warned to remain at their homes armed and guard their own property.

Information received from reliable sources, clearly indicates that by so doing they will best promote their own interests.

No WOMEN or CHILDREN will be allowed to come near the place of execution.

WM. B. TALLIAFERRO, *Maj. Gen. Com. troops,*  
S. BASSETT FRENCH, *Military Sec'y.*  
THOMAS C. GREEN, *Mayor,*  
ANDREW HUNTER, *Asst. Prov. Att'y.*  
JAMES W. CAMPBELL, *Sheriff.*

September 20th, 56.

Printed

## *Warning to Would-be Rescuers*

him. That is the only interpretation that can be made of a large handbill in the Society's collection:

### "PROCLAMATION!

"In pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern,

"That, as heretofore, particularly from now until after Friday next the 2nd of December, STRANGERS found within the County of Jefferson, and Counties adjacent, having no known and proper business here, and who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested.

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during the said period and especially on the 2nd of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding country are (EMPHATICALLY) warned to remain at their homes armed and guard their own property.

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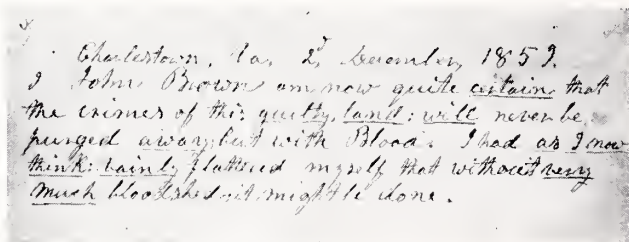
"November 28th, '59."

On the morning of December 2 Brown handed a short note to one of his guards at the jail. The original, in the Society's collection, is undoubtedly his last writing. It reads:

"Charlestown, Va, 2d December, 1859.

"I John Brown am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land*: will never be purged *away*; but with Blood. I had as I now think: *vainly* flattered myself that without *very much* bloodshed: it might be done."

One hour before noon jailers led the old man from his cell to an open wagon, where he took a seat on a pine box which enclosed an oak coffin. In the forty-acre field which



Charlestown, Va, 2<sup>d</sup> December, 1859.  
I John Brown am now quite certain that  
the crimes of this guilty land: will never be  
purged away; but with Blood. I had as I now  
think: vainly flattered myself that without very  
much bloodshed: it might be done.

John Brown's Last Writing



had been chosen for the execution he climbed the scaffold with alacrity and stood patiently for eight long minutes before the sheriff, delayed by slow troop dispositions, could spring the trap.

While Brown's body dangled on its rope the voice of Colonel J. T. L. Preston of the Virginia Military Institute rang out: "So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the Union! All foes of the human race!"

But only John Brown's body returned to dust. His soul kept marching on.

## Fifty Years Ago

*As recorded by newspapers in the Society's collection.*

SEPT. 1, 1909. Chicago changes from its old street numbering system to a new one: 800 numbers to a mile. The post-office handles 2,000,000 pieces of mail with little delay.

SEPT. 3. The University of Chicago graduates the largest summer class—209—in its history. The convocation is unusual in that no gift from John D. Rockefeller is announced.

SEPT. 4. Charles A. Comiskey reveals plans for a new White Sox park at 35th Street and Shields Avenue. The stands, to be completely fireproof, will seat 30,000.

SEPT. 5. In an interview with reporters Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed, registrar of the University of Chicago, asserts that no more large gifts from John D. Rockefeller should be expected. "The university is now self-supporting," Goodspeed states.

SEPT. 6. Labor Day. Three thousand union members march through the Loop, and the Carpenters' union enjoys a picnic at Hawthorne Park. The parade is only half as large as the Labor Day parade in 1908.

The National Amateur Golf Tournament opens on the Chicago Club course at Wheaton. Charles Evans, Jr. ("Chick" Evans) of the Edgewater Golf Club leads the qualifying round with a score of 74.



# THE COLLECTOR:

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Volume LXXIII

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WHOLE No. 776



ESTABLISHED 1887

MARY A. BENJAMIN, *Director and Editor*



18 EAST 77th STREET  
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Telephone REgent 4-3902  
4-3903

## A NOTABLE DISCOVERY

The space given to the John Brown letter reproduced on page 19 of this issue may seem puzzling to some readers of THE COLLECTOR, but to those who are familiar with the dramatic career of the tragic figure who was hanged on Dec. 2, 1859, the interest and importance of this letter, dated Apr. 29, 1858, and written from Chatham, Canada West, (now Ontario) will be at once apparent.

When, last January, I uncovered the letter, broken in three pieces at the folds and enclosed in a soiled blank envelope—one of a collection of hodgepodge miscellany—I knew at once that I had come upon something unusual. Just how unusual I was to be told by Mr. Boyd B. Stutler of Charleston, W. Va., leading authority on Brown, whose counsel I sought.

"You have indeed made one of the finds of the decade," wrote Mr. Stutler, in a letter of Jan. 13, 1960. "That Chatham letter, though it has been known that such letters were written, is the first one that has turned up in the original in one hundred years."

For those who may find the handwriting difficult to read I give here a complete transcript.

Chatham, Canada West  
April 29th 1858

Dear Sir

You are earnestly requested to meet quite a number [sic] of the friends of freedom at this place on Saturday the Eighth of May and bring with you any other that you *know to be absolutely true men to the cause* and who will have sufficient interest in the matter to meet [sic] the expense of the journey. There are already so many collected here that it has been decided to make *this* the point for a most *quiet convention*. Had we the means [sic] of bearing your travelling expenses we would most gladly do so. Western friends are on the ground *now* waiting.

Very respectfully your friends

*John Brown*  
*M. R. Delany*  
*J. M. Bell*

Charles L. Remond Esqr

John Brown of Ossawatomie needs no introduction to the average American, who has learned of him in school days and will indubitably at one time or another have joined in chanting the marching song, "John Brown's body lies amouldering in the grave." The mention of Harpers Ferry cannot fail to bring to mind his ill-fated attempt in October, 1859, to seize the government arsenal there as a signal for a general insurrection of slaves.

Brown, in his fanatical efforts to abolish slavery, had conceived the idea of establishing a new State as a refuge for negroes. It was at Chatham that his plans were to be formulated and a constitution drawn up. Oswald Garrison Villard in his "John Brown," and Mr. Stutler in an article entitled "John Brown's Constitution," appearing in the Lincoln Herald for December, 1948-February, 1949, have discussed at length the purpose and aims of the Convention. Prior to this meeting, Brown was known to have mailed out a form letter to friends of his movement, no copy of which had ever come to light until the present letter was discovered. The gist of its contents were known but not its actual wording. Again to quote Mr. Stutler:

"After the failure of the Harpers Ferry raid, John E. Cook, one of Brown's right hand men, made a long confession which was published in pamphlet form and given wide distribution. In the course of his 'confession' he told of the arrival of the party at Chatham, Canada West . . . and of spending some days in sending out a sort of form letter inviting anti-slavery people to a convention at Chatham to convene on May 8th, 1858. The letter was quoted from memory, as follows:

'Chatham, May ....., 1858

Mr. ———

Dear Sir, —We have issued a call for a very *quiet* Convention at this place, to which we shall be happy to see any true friends of freedom, and to which you are most earnestly invited to give your attendance.

Yours respectfully,  
*John Brown'* "

"This John E. Cook version," continues Mr. Stutler, "has been accepted as a veritable John Brown letter and has been reprinted many times in books, magazine and newspaper articles, and has excited some comment because it is vague and indefinite. No date for the convention is noted, which would be highly important to any one living at a distance from Chatham who planned to attend. The couple of sentences quoted in your letter indicate that Cook only gave the substance, but that the actual letter was couched in different language. The letter itself—your copy is dated the day JB arrived in Chatham from the West, bringing with him the eleven men who had wintered at Springdale, Iowa—is probably in the handwriting of Cook or John Henri Kagi; both did clerical work at various times."

It is interesting to note that Brown personally checked this particular appeal and possibly all other copies sent out. In the present one he has corrected the word "take" to "have" in the seventh line and, in addition, has written out the name of the addressee, "Charles L. Remond Esqr".

Not being a specialist in Brown, and my available biographical dictionaries not including the names of the co-signers or the addressee, I was grateful to Mr. Stutler for the information he furnished about these men. All three were negroes.

Dr. Martin R. Delany, a member of the Chatham Convention, was born at Charles Town, Va., now West Virginia; was in news-

paper work and became associated with Frederick Douglass. He studied medicine, attended Harvard Medical School and located at Chatham. In the summer of 1859, he headed the Niger Valley exploring party in Africa, and so had no part in the final preparations for the Harpers Ferry raid. During the Civil War he was commissioned a Major of Infantry, the highest line office rank attained by any member of his race in that war, though two others were commissioned Majors in the Medical Corps.

James Madison Bell was originally from Gallopolis, Ohio, was educated at Cincinnati, became a plasterer by trade and a poet by avocation, publishing poems in both books and pamphlets. Brown lived with him for a while at Chatham, and assumed his name for mailing purposes. Mr. Stutler reports having a letter of John Brown signed "J. M. Bell". While living in Chatham, Bell served as a sort of forwarding agent for Brown. Though a member of the Convention, he was never one of the "army of liberation." He later migrated to the West Coast and spent some years in San Francisco, returning to Toledo about the middle of the 1870s.

Lastly, Charles L. Remond, the addressee was born in Salem, Mass., was well educated and was for years one of the foremost anti-slavery lecturers, working under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society. All three men, Delany, Bell and Remond, were born free.

The historic significance of the letter is obvious. From the standpoint of rarity, it ranks high. Though in past years, I have handled many letters of Brown, none dated from Chatham at this momentous period in his life had ever come to my attention. Mr. Stutler, while noting that an unrecorded number of form letters similar to the present one had been sent out and granting that others might still be in existence though as yet still unrecovered, added that "in view of the great fright after the failure of the Harpers Ferry putsch, when JB's friends and associates destroyed their correspondence files, it is hardly likely that another will crop up in the next hundred years."

This dramatic item is no longer available, having been sold to a private collector. For the record, however, I reproduce it here that its exact contents may not again disappear for another hundred years or more. It is with pardonable pride that I do so, as who would not take pleasure in a discovery that serves, as this letter does, to keep the historic record straight? Such is one of the many and repeated privileges of those who handle or collect autographs.

Chatham, Canada N.Y.  
April 29<sup>th</sup> 1858

Dear Sir

You are earnestly requested to  
meet with a number of the friends  
of freedom at this place on Saturday  
the Eighth of May and bring with  
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many collected here that it has been  
decided to make this the point for  
a most quiet convention. Had we the means of  
bearing your travelling expenses we would most gladly  
do so. Western friends are on the ground now <sup>very</sup> well

Very respectfully your friends  
Charles L. Remond Esqr

John Brown

W. H. Channing  
J. M. O'Connell

JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE

(full size reproduction)

Newly discovered and only known copy of the form letter sent out in unrecorded numbers by John Brown in 1858, inviting his friends to attend the Chatham Convention in Canada at which he hoped to formulate plans and draw up a constitution for his new State, intended as a refuge for Negroes.

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**FOR SALE**

All letters and documents listed hereafter are guaranteed to be originals as they came from the hands of the writers.

Description: **A** — Autograph; **L** — Letter; **S** — Signed; **Ms** — Manuscript; **D** — Document; **N** — Note; **Q** — Quotation.

Size fol.—folio, roughly 12 ins. x 16 ins.; **4to**—quarto, roughly 8 ins. x 12 ins.; **8vo**—octavo, roughly 6 ins. x 8 ins.; **16mo**—sextodecimo, roughly 4 ins. x 6 ins.; **obl.**—oblong (varies); **p.**—page (one side of sheet); **pp.** — pages; **n.y.**—no year; **n.d.**—no date.

**A.L.S.**—Autograph Letter Signed — is a letter both handwritten and signed by the individual; **A.L.** is a letter written by the person mentioned but not signed; **L.S.** is a printed letter or one written by a clerk, but signed by the individual in question.

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When a heading appears in parentheses, it indicates that the item is neither written nor signed by the person named, but is about him.

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v 143 **ASHBY, Turner** (1828-1862). C.S.A. Cavalry General, who had already become almost a legend when he was killed in action near Harrisonburg, June 6. DS, 4to, Feb. 28, 1862. Approval for payment of \$675 for five horses. On a U. S. A. form, on which "United" has been crossed out and "Confederate" written in. \$15.00

v 144 **BEALE, R.L.T.** (1819-1893). C.S.A. General. ALS, 8vo, Camp 9th Regt. V.V.C., July 7, 1864. To Gov. William Smith of Va. Giving an account of the conduct of the enemy at his house in Northumberland County, to "correct exaggerated reports." He describes how 30 negroes and three white men, "one the notorious Capt. Wheeler of Northumberland County", had searched his house. They had done little damage, but carried off "everything in the line of bed clothing and male wearing apparel; a portion of the clothing of my wife and little daughter and two nieces; everything eatable in storeroom & closet; my private papers, a good many books, carpenters' tools" etc. He adds that "no insult was offered to the ladies." \$25.00

v 145 **BEAUREGARD, P. G. T.** (1818-1893), C.S.A., General. In command during attack on Ft. Sumter, Apr. 12, 1861. ALS, 2pp, 8vo, New Orleans, June 14, 1889. To Lt. C. D. Cowles of the War Records Dept. "I regret much that I have not copies of the Maps you refer to. When I started from Centreville, in Feby /62, to join Genl. A. S. Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., I left with Genl. Jos. E. Johnston many of my official Books & Papers, among them were the Maps you allude to, & he informed me, several years since, that they were destroyed, with most of his own, at the end of the War," etc. \$25.00

v 145a **BEE, Barnard E.** (1824-1861). C.S.A. General. Killed at 1st Battle of Bull Run. It was he who made the famous allusion to T. J. Jackson's brigade standing "like a stone wall." ANS, obl. 4to, [Winchester, Va., June 20, 1861]. Last six lines of a letter to his brother, Gen. H. P. Bee, C.S.A. "Love to all your little ones and Missie—Should I fall in this war, take care of my family and try and make my boy like his Uncle and Grandfather," etc. On the face of this letter, immediately below Bee's signature, appears an ANS of Gen. H. P. Bee: "The last letter my brother wrote to me; he fell July 21, 1861 at Manassas." And on the verso, another ANS of General Bee referring to his brother's wishes regarding his son, reads: "I will do it." A deeply moving momento of a brave soldier. \$100.00

v 146 **BUONAPARTE, Charles de** (1746-1785). Father of Napoleon I. ADS, sm. 4to, Ajaccio, Sept. 3, 1784. Receipt given Paolo Vincenzo Padovani for 100 scudi, which he promises to return the following October 1. Napoleon, when he threw in his lot with the French revolutionists chose to drop the revealing prefix "de", which denoted a noble origin, and also gallicized his name to "Bonaparte". The father's manuscripts and letters have always been of extreme rarity. \$100.00

v 147 **BONAPARTE, Joseph** (1768 - 1844). Oldest brother of Napoleon. King of Naples and Spain. After the 100 Days, went to America as Count de Survilliers. ALS, 4to, Madrid, Aug. 24, 1809. To the Count de Cabarrus, his Finance Minister. Written as King of Spain and signed in royal fashion, "Joseph". Telling the Count to bring to the Council on Saturday his observations on certain projected decrees they had previously discussed. \$20.00

v 148 **BONAPARTE.** ALS, "Joseph, Cte de Survilliers," 4to, Philadelphia, July 27, 1818. To Messrs Bayard & Co., N. Y. Acknowledging receipt of letters from France and Holland, and asking them to forward those he encloses. At this time Napoleon was a prisoner of the British at St. Helena. \$10.00

v 149 **BONAPARTE, Josephine** (1763-1814). Wife of Napoleon I. Empress of France. LS, 4to, Paris, Jan. 3, 1809. Signed as Empress. To the Grand Master of the University, M. Fontanes. Recommending a certain M. Garnier for a place in one of the Academies. Josephine was constantly being approached to use her influence in favor of young applicants, and did so repeatedly. \$75.00

v 149a **BONAPARTE.** ALS, "Josephine", 1p. 4to, Malmaison, Feb. 15, n.y. On lettersheet with borders of handsomely embossed designs. To Napoleon's Minister of War. Recommending to his attention the son of Mme de Comtebonne, "ayant passe avec elle les premieres annees de ma jeunesse," and to whom, therefore she feels indebted. Handsome framing item. With charming engraving. \$150.00

v 150 **BONAPARTE, Letizia** (1750 - 1836). Mother of Napoleon I and who outlived him by 15 years. LS, 4to, Rome, Mar. 29, 1830.



"OLD BROWN OF OSAGATOMIE"

by

June Schneider

*June Schneider*



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## "Old Brown of Osawatomie"

John Brown is now chiefly remembered for his raid at Harper's Ferry. He was born at Torrington, Connecticut on May 9, 1800, the son of Owen and Ruth (Mills) Brown. His biographers, such as F.B. Sanborn, Oswald Garrison Villard, and James Redpath, have pointed out with much satisfaction that he was the sixth descendent of Peter Browne of the Mayflower. The Peter Browne to whom John Brown's ancestry has been traced was born in Windsor, Connecticut in 1632. The Peter Browne of the Mayflower left no male issue; nor does John Brown's name appear on the roles of the "Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants". The biographers have passed over lightly some very significant facts of inheritance. John Brown's mother was insane for a number of years before her death, and her mother before her. One of her sisters was insane also and three sons of her brother, Gideon Mills, became insane and were confined in asylums.- (Affidavit of Gideon Mills)- Two sons of another brother were also insane.

Owen Brown worked at various trades and was very quick on the move. One of these moves took the family to Hudson, Ohio, where John spent his boyhood, Owen Brown was married twice and was the father of sixteen children. He was a man of much piety, an abolitionist, and an agent of the underground railroad.

John Brown's schooling was scanty because it always meant confinement and restraint and he loved the free life

of the wilderness. During the War of 1812 he was sent to supply troops with beef cattle and he liked these long journeys.<sup>1.</sup> He was his father's foreman at the tanner's trade.

In 1820 he married Dianthe Tusk, who bore him seven children. She suffered from mental aberration and died in 1831. Two of her sons were of unsound mind. Within a year he married May Anne Day, daughter of Charles Day of Whitehall, New York. They had thirteen children.

At Hudson, Brown was successful as a tanner, but he gave up business there and moved to Richmond, Pennsylvania in May, 1825, where he established a tannery. He was appointed postmaster at Richmond in 1828, and held the office until he moved to Franklin Mills, Ohio in 1835. His failure in business should not in itself be counted against him, but some of the methods which he employed to extricate himself from his financial embarrassment were of a most fraudulent and criminal character. His last business venture was a partnership with Simon Perkins to raise sheep and establish a brokerage for wool growers. Brown went to Springfield, Massachusetts and opened an office, but this enterprise failed. Prolonged litigation followed; and one suit involving \$60,000 for breach of contract was settled out of court by Brown's counsel. Litigation seems to have been a constant and conspicuous feature of Brown's Connecticut life. On the records of the Portage County Court of Common Pleas are no less than twenty-one lawsuits in which John Brown figured as the defendant during the years 1820 to 1845.<sup>2</sup>

1. Letter to Henry L. Sterns, July 15, 1857 in F.B. Sanborn's Life and Letters of John Brown, Chapter I

2. John Brown--O.G. Villard, page 66

Brown was well over fifty before the idea of freeing the slaves by force came to his mind. He had always been an abolitionist and had made his barn at Richmond a station on the underground railroad. He had formed a League of Gileadites among the negroes in Springfield. He had visions of establishing a stronghold somewhere in the mountains where fugitive slaves and white friends could go forth and terrorize the slaveholders. 1.

In the spring of 1855 five of Brown's sons went to Kansas to help win the territory for freedom and incidentally take up lands for themselves. In May, John Brown, Jr, sent a message to his father for farms. 2. He set out for Kansas in a one-horse wagon filled with guns and ammunition. The cause of free-soil took on the aspect of a crusade. He and his company made out a list of victims and on May 23, he, with a party of six, set out for the Polowatomie country and on the night of May 24 they fell upon their five victims without warning and hacked them to pieces with their sabers. Probably Brown killed no one with his own hand, but he took full responsibility.

From this time on the name "Old Osawatomie Brown" became a terror to pro-slavery settlers. Eventually he and his men were beaten and dispersed, while in revenge Osawatomie was sacked and burned. Frederick, one of the sons whose mind had become unbalanced, was killed in this guerrilla warfare.

Old acquaintances who saw Brown after his return from Kansas in the autumn of 1856 commented on the change in his appearance and manner. He looked like an old man with his gray hair and bent figure. His inability to talk about anything

1. John Brown--O.G.Villard, pages 53-56.

2. " " " " " 83-84

except slavery, and that always with abnormal intensity, left many with the impression that he had become a monomaniac. One keen observer who did not know Brown's family history, detected "a little sign of insanity about his glittering gray-blue eyes."<sup>1.</sup> Upon less keen observers he made a happier impression. Emerson spoke of him as "a pure idealist of artless goodness." It is charitable to suppose that the Concord philosopher was at this time ignorant of the murders on the Potawotomi. But another ardent resident of Concord, Frank B. Sanborn, could hardly have been so ignorant, nor his friends, G.T. Stearns, T. Higginson, Theodore Parker, and S.G. Howe, who were members of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, and who gave Brown some supplies and arms, a little money and many assurances of moral support in the fight for freedom in Kansas.

When Brown returned to Kansas in the late autumn of 1857, he found both parties in favor of ballots instead of bullets. He began to gather a body of men for a new enterprise. He proposed to transfer his offensive against slavery to a new front. In the following spring, at an extraordinary convention of his followers and negroes at Chatham in Canada, he divulged his plans for the liberation of slaves in the Southern States.

He and his band were to establish a base in the mountains of Virginia and Maryland to which slaves and free negroes would resort. There they would beat off all attacking forces, federal or state, and would form a free state under a constitution. A provisional constitution was then adopted by the convention, and

1. Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes, 1897-I-pg.179

Brown elected Commander-in-Chief. I quote the preamble of their constitution:

"Whereas, Slavery, throughout its entire existence in the United States is none other than a most barbarous, unprovoked, and unjustifiable War of one portion of its citizens upon another portion; the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment, and hopeless servitude or absolute extermination; in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence; Therefore, we CITIZENS of the UNITED STATES, and the OPPRESSED PEOPLE; who, by a RECENT DECISION of the SUPREME COURT ARE DECLARED to have NO RIGHTS WHICH the WHITE MAN is BOUND to RESPECT; TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER PEOPLE DEGRADED by the LAWS THEREOF, DO, for the TIME BEING OBTAIN and ESTABLISH for OURSELVES the FOLLOWING PROVISIONAL CONSTITUTION and ORDINANCES, the BETTER to PROTECT our PERSONS, PROPERTY, LIVES, and LIBERTIES: and to GOVERN our ACTIONS."

Brown's funds were exhausted, so he turned to Gerritt Smith and his Massachusetts friends. They encouraged him with promises of financial help in what was really a treasonable conspiracy.

They delayed at present due to lack of funds. He returned to Kansas in 1858 under the name of Shubel Morgan.

His chief exploit on this trip was to descend upon some plantations across the Missouri border and one planter was killed while defending his property and eleven slaves were liberated. In the eyes of the government, he was nothing more than a dangerous outlaw. The President of the United States and the Governor of Missouri offered rewards for his arrest. He succeeded in getting to Canada with the slaves. This exploit didn't cost Brown the

confidence of his supporters. He made public speeches at Cleveland and Rochester and no one attempted to arrest him.

Gerrit Smith declared him "most truly a Christian" and headed a subscription list with a pledge of \$400, "with a clear knowledge of the use to which it would be put."--(Sanborn, pp. 5-7)

In early summer of 1859, Brown fixed upon Harper's Ferry as the base of his operations in Virginia and rented a farm about five miles away, where he could collect his arms and his band of followers. By midsummer his little army of twenty-one men had gathered secretly at Kennedy Farm; but it was not until the night of October 16 that the Commander-in-Chief gave the order to proceed to the Ferry. He had no coherent plan of attack even after all these weeks of preparation. That he should have fixed upon this quiet town of mechanics, many of whom came from the North, as the place for an assault upon slavery, is unexplainable upon any rational grounds. The town contained few slaves; and it is one of the tragic ironies of the affair that the first man killed was a respectable negro, free, who was a baggage-master at the station. In the morning Brown and his friends were in possession of the United States armory and the bridges leading to the Ferry. They had made many inhabitants prisoners, one a slaveholder from a plantation five miles away, and but for a few slaves there, Brown's initiative failed. He didn't go off into the mountains. The news spread through the country-side. By noon the local militia from Charleston had arrived and closed Brown's only way to escape. Occasional firing followed, with some casualties on both sides, while Brown with the remnants of his forces, slaves and his prisoners, were shut up in the engine house of the

armory. During the night a company of United States marines arrived under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, and at dawn, upon Brown's refusal to surrender, carried the building by assault. Brown fought with amazing coolness and courage over the body of his dying son, but was finally overpowered with four of his men. Seven had already been taken prisoners and ten either killed or mortally wounded, including two of Brown's sons. Brown himself was badly wounded. The next morning he was taken to Charleston to jail. One week later he was indicted for "treason to the Commonwealth, conspiring with slaves to commit treason and murder." His trial was conducted with expedition. It ended in a sentence of death. On December 2 he was hanged.

From the moment of his capture to his execution, Brown conducted himself with a dignity which commanded the respect of both his captors and the judges. For all questions regarding his motives he had only one answer--he had desired to free the slaves. He believed himself an instrument in the hands of Providence to this end. When confronted with the bloody consequences of his acts and with the designs he had entertained to incite a slave insurrection, he would recognize no inconsistency. It was fixed ideas regarding his mission and his unaccountableness to anybody but his Maker that created doubts as to his sanity. Before his execution, seventeen affidavits from neighbors and relatives who believed Brown to be insane were sent to Governor Wise, but he decided for some reason, not to follow his first inclination and have an alienist examine Brown. These remarkable affidavits with their unimpeachable testimony as to Brown's family history and



his own erratic behavior constitute first-class evidence which no modern court of law could ignore.

It is significant of the passions aroused by the Harper's Ferry raid that Brown was hailed both as a noble martyr in a great cause, and as a common assassin.

He became the popular incarnation of the spirit of liberty, its great pioneer and martyr, and the slogan of the people was, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." His nature had something of the sublime; and great natures have their functions as well as great intellects. No community could exist with such men for statesmen; perhaps none can be great without some such men for prophets.

Probably Abraham Lincoln anticipated the final verdict of history when he said in his Cooper Union speech (Feb. 27, 1860), "That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with many attempts, related in history, at the assassinations of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Napoleon and John Brown's attempt on Harper's Ferry were, in philosophy, precisely the same."

# Book Report

Jane Schneider

Death Comes to the Archbishop  
Willa Cather.

This book has the very interesting background of Mexico during the early days of exploration. It brings out some of the characteristics of the Indians in this region.





• *Historic* •  
**HARPER'S  
FERRY**



On the  
**BALTIMORE & OHIO**  
AMERICA'S FIRST RAILROAD



EW TOWNS the site of Harper's Ferry enjoy the distinction of being so universally known.

Consult any book of reference and you will find it mentioned. Ask any school boy if he has heard of the place and he is quick to assure you that he has. Ask him what he knows about the town and he will probably begin by saying that it was there John Brown's Raid occurred and by telling that it was afterwards the scene of a number of important conflicts during the Civil War. Thus has the town of Harper's Ferry and the thrilling happenings of John Brown's Raid and the Civil War been universally associated.

Those who have visited the town, however, have learned to link a certain scenic conception to their historic knowledge of the place. When Thomas Jefferson stood on a rock (named Jefferson's Rock in his honor) above Harper's Ferry and viewed the wonderful natural scenery of the country where the Shenandoah and the Potomac Rivers meet, he was inspired to write, as he did in his Notes on the State of Virginia, the following paragraph:

"You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to find a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

With Maryland Heights standing in abrupt grandeur on the Maryland side, and Loudoun Heights towering on the Virginia side, and Bolivar Heights looming its lofty summit on the West Virginia side, and between them the picturesque Potomac and its tributary, there is to be seen one of Nature's master creations in her works of river and mountain.

Nestling on a narrow tongue of land at the foot of Bolivar Heights is Harper's Ferry. A toll bridge for vehicles leads across the Shenandoah to the Virginia side. A similar bridge and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge leads across to the Maryland side. The railroad station is on the bank of the Potomac at the Harper's Ferry end of the bridge. Such is the town where John Brown of Ossawatimie let fall "the bolt that shook a nation."



HARPER'S FERRY AT OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR, SHOWING RUINS OF HALL'S RIFLE WORKS ON SHENANDOAH RIVER



HARPER'S FERRY LOOKING FROM MARYLAND HEIGHTS, SHOWING THE CONFLUENCE OF THE POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH RIVERS, AND THE TERRITORY OF THREE STATES—MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA

2. MARYLAND HEIGHTS, MD. 3. POTOMAC RIVER 4. SHENANDOAH RIVER 5. HARPER'S FERRY, BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, W. VA 6. POTOMAC RIVER 7. C. AND O. CANAL 8. MARYLAND HEIGHTS, MD.

**ITS EARLY HISTORY**

In 1735 Robert Harper, of Oxford, England, set sail in the "Moring Star" from London to Philadelphia. Here he prospered as an architect and builder until a defective title to the property he had accumulated caused him severe loss and he decided to go to North Carolina and again establish himself. With such goods as he could pack in saddle bags he started out. In the course of some days he reached the junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah.

Here the remarkable scenery gripped him. He lost his desire for North Carolina in a resolve to possess this unusual piece of real estate. Crossing the river he proceeded up stream where he soon found two squatters, one a German named Peter Stephens and the other an Indian named "Gutterman Tom." Having lived on the point since 1733 they possessed a log cabin, corn patch, cane, etc. These they sold to Mr. Harper for thirteen guineas. Two years later he secured the legal title to one hundred and twenty-five acres for sixty guineas, purchasing the property from Lord Fairfax who through royal grant was possessed of that portion of Virginia.

Robert Harper thus became owner of the beautiful gap through the Blue Ridge to the Valley of Virginia. Later at this natural gateway, he established a ferry. Thus did the place become known as Harper's Ferry.

The place was first mentioned in 1719 in the Chronicles of Virginia as "Shenandoah Falls." In 1763 the town was incorporated as Harper's Ferry by the General Assembly of Virginia.

In 1796 General George Washington purchased from the Harper family 125 acres of land to be used for an Army site. Washington himself made the survey and draft recognizing the value of the splendid water power, said by some to be of the finest in the United States.

Such was the early history of Harper's Ferry; but the history that has made Harper's Ferry a familiar name to every school child, had its staging under ghastly and gruesome circumstances. It was the scene of those dramatic happenings known as John Brown's Raid. This far famed bit of history is a feature of Harper's Ferry intimately and inseparably associated with the town as is that of its wonderful scenery.

**JOHN BROWN'S RAID**

In 1859 Harper's Ferry possessed a United States Army and a rifle works. Furthermore, a single bridge, a covered wooden structure, crossed the Potomac at that time and served for both the railroad and vehicle traffic. The rifle works were on the banks of the Shenandoah south of the station; the U. S. Army was on the banks of the Potomac immediately west of the station. Of the group of buildings composing the Army, the one nearest the station was a one-story brick structure, without windows and with heavy oak doors in front. This was the fire-engine house.

In the spring of 1859, a man, giving his name as Isaac Smith, rented an impoverished farm in Maryland some four miles from Harper's Ferry. Instead of cultivating the soil, however, the aged tenant and the two younger men with him proceeded to the mountains each day with spades, picks and canvas bags, where they roamed about digging up and examining the earth and frequently depositing a quantity in bags. Occasionally a one-horse wagon would make a trip east, usually being gone about three days, and return with long boxes which would be taken into the farm house at once. As weeks passed, the party of one prospector, (that is what the neighbors took them to be) increased by one or two at a time, until in October there were twenty-two.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday evening, October 16, 1859, Smith and nineteen armed men crossed from Maryland to Harper's Ferry. Three of his men were left to guard the farm house. The party divided into four squads after crossing the river. One squad was sent to take possession of the rifle works on the banks of the Shenandoah, another squad was sent in the direction of Charles Town, the third sent, to secure some prominent persons as hostages, a third squad was sent back to the Maryland farmhouses to bring the contents of the strange boxes (which comprised one hundred Sharpe's rifles, one hundred revolvers, about five hundred spears and fifteen hundred pikes and some ammunition), while the fourth squad remained and held the town.

At midnight the Baltimore and Ohio express came in from the west. When the conductor, A. J. Phelps, stepped from the train he was at once covered and told that his life depended on his obeying whatever orders might be given him. Likewise with the engineer and freeman.

About three o'clock in the morning the squad that had gone about the farmhouses returned. With Lewis W. Washington, great nephew of Gen. Washington, and John H. Alstead, two prominent citizens of the county, and a number of their slaves. The Harper's Ferry citizens, when they declined, and so were locked in one of the Army buildings with their masters. Conductor Phelps was then directed to proceed with his train.



THE SPURD OF JOHN BROWN, AND THE CHAIN WITH WHICH JOHN BROWN WAS BOUND WHEN HE WAS OVERTAKEN UNDER A MIDWINTER SUN OVER THE PLAINS OF KANSAS IN FRONT OF CAVALRY

The squad that had returned to Maryland for the arms received word through false sources that their party at the Ferry had been overcome and killed. Three of them thereupon returned to the Ferry by a circuitous route to find their comrades still in possession. They with two of the Charles Town squad, were then sent across to guard the Maryland entrance to the bridge.

By morning the alarm had reached the country side and Virginians in all walks of life seized their arms and hastened to the Ferry. The first man to die was a negro named Hayward, a porter for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He attempted to cross to the Maryland side. When commanded to halt he started to run. A raider fired and the negro fell mortally wounded on the floor of the bridge. The second victim was Thomas Boerly, killed in his own doorway.

A wealthy bachelor by the name of Turner was next to die. Living five miles south of Charles Town, he had hastened to the Ferry on his horse, dismounted at the top of Bolivar Heights, and was walking down the street that descended to the railroad station below. When nearing the bottom of the hill he espied one of the raiders. He immediately raised his gun and fired, but missed his aim, reloading he again raised his gun to fire when there was a crack of a distant rifle and Turner fell dead in his tracks.

An armed citizen next shot the raider who had killed Turner. The musket ball severing his jugular vein so that he bled to death in a few moments.

Hundreds of armed Virginians attacked the squad in the rifle works. From behind trees and boulders thousands of shots were poured into the buildings. Two of the squad being wounded, the raiders decided to surrender and a flag of truce was raised. To this, however, the Virginians paid no attention. The raiders then made a dash for the river. The two wounded men were killed as soon as they were clear of the buildings. Two reached the river but were shot dead before they had gotten far into the stream. The fifth took shelter behind a large boulder and was captured.

The armed Virginians then swept down toward the point near the railroad station which was still held by the raiders, who soon

found the onslaught of bullets irresistible and took shelter in the Army engine house. William W. Thompson, the raider who had been taken prisoner, was confined in a nearby hotel.

A body of armed Virginians who had crossed the river above the Ferry were on the Maryland side trying to dislodge the raiders who held the bridge, but without success. When the squad on the grounds at the Ferry were forced to abandon their positions and flee to the engine house, it left that end of the bridge unguarded. The Virginians immediately found positions where their fire could be directed through the bridge forcing the raiders out at the other end. Three of the squad were almost instantly killed. A fourth jumped into the river and throwing up his hands, exclaimed, "Don't shoot, I surrender."

But the words were no sooner uttered than there was a flash from the muzzle of a musket not over ten feet away and the top of the raider's head was blown off and his dead body floated down the Potomac. Learning that Thompson was a prisoner in the hands of the Virginians, the leaders of the raiders sent one of his men

Aaron Stephens, from the engine house under a flag of truce to negotiate the exchange of Thompson for one of all his own hostages. Disregarding the flag which he carried, Stephens was shot at and severely wounded. He was then carried into a nearby building and his wounds dressed.

During the fighting, Fontaine Beckham, the station agent, who was also the Mayor of Harper's Ferry, was struck by a raider's bullet and fatally wounded. This incensed the citizens and taking their prisoner, Thompson, out on the railroad bridge, they riddled his body with bullets and threw it into the Potomac.

The organized militia that had arrived by this time numbered over five hundred. These soldiers were marshalled and, led by Capt. E. C. Alburis of Martinsburg, charged some of the buildings of the Army and succeeded in releasing the prisoners who were not guarded. They then charged the engine house, but when within a short distance of the structure they were met with a volley of bullets that killed two of their number and wounded a half dozen more.

Night came on and still the remnant of the raiding party held out in the engine house. Terms of surrender could not be agreed upon; the raiders asked for free access to the mountains with their guns and ammunition. Colonel Robert E. Lee, who had arrived on the scene with a detachment of United States Marines, demanded unconditional surrender.

In the morning orders were given the marines to storm the engine house. Twenty-five marines were selected, two of them were provided with heavy sledges while the rest were armed with muskets and fixed bayonets. However, the sledges, despite the strength of the men who wielded them, were found inadequate in opening the doors. The marines were then ordered to lay their guns aside and obtaining a forty-foot ladder they rammed the doors which quivered but did not yield. At the second rush the doors partly gave way, but as they did so two shots rang out and two marines fell wounded, one mortally. A third rush and the entrance was gained. Lieut. Israel Green was the first to enter, carrying his drawn sword, and the first person he met was the leader of the raiders whom he struck down. The imprisoned hostages were released and the wounded raiders taken outside.

Immediately the mob of citizens swarmed forward and demanded the lives of the raiders, but Colonel Lee declared his intentions of protecting his prisoners as long as he had a marine under command.

It was then that the fact was disclosed by the aged chief that he was John Brown of Kansas fame. Two of Brown's sons had been in the engine house with him. One of these was killed and the other badly wounded.

Brown was kept at Harper's Ferry for two days, then removed to the county jail at Charles Town where he was tried, sentenced and on the second day of December was hanged.

The Harper's Ferry raid was the culmination of John Brown's stormy career as a rabid abolitionist, and this bloody encounter had for its object the liberation of negro slaves by arming and inciting them to revolt. While the insurrection was a failure and was promptly suppressed, it was no doubt one of the chief factors that hastened the outbreak of the Civil War.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has erected a modest little shaft on the spot near the station where the engine house formerly stood. The foot was removed for exhibition purposes to the World's Fair at Chicago, and afterwards brought back and re-erected at a park about three miles above Harper's Ferry on the Shenandoah River. Later it was again taken down, removed to the grounds of Storer College on Bolivar Heights and rebuilt just as it originally existed.

"It is a strange coincidence that Robert E. Lee, who directed the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, should later have the Federal Army to take command of the Confederate forces during the Civil War."



JOHN BROWN'S PORT AT HARPER'S FERRY



HARPER'S FERRY FROM BOLIVAR HEIGHTS



JEFFERSON'S ROCK, LOOKING UP SHENANDOAH RIVER



VIEW FROM JEFFERSON'S ROCK, LOOKING DOWN POTOMAC RIVER



AN UNUSUAL SCENE—HIGHWAY, BALTIMORE AND OHIO TRACKS, C. & O. CANAL, AND POTOMAC RIVER AT HARPER'S FERRY

Few buildings have had so interesting and transitory an existence as has this modest brick structure. It now contains some interesting collections that make it a small museum and it has become one of the chief points of tourist interest. Beside the John Brown Monument are five iron tablets which the United States Government has placed there for the enlightenment of travelers concerning the fighting that took place in the capture of Harper's Ferry by the Confederate Army in September, 1862.

#### HARPER'S FERRY AND THE CIVIL WAR

Of the main places that were in a constant state of siege during the Civil War, Harper's Ferry suffered most heavily. The Government arsenal and storerooms located there were destroyed by Federal troops to prevent their capture by the Confederates. These buildings were erected some time after the close of the Revolutionary War, and it was there that many of the old flint lock rifles were made that were used in the "War of 1812." All that remains of the old arsenal on the Potomac River today is the grass-grown foundation.

At one time or another during the war portions of the entire Union Army were at Harper's Ferry. It was looked upon as the key to the safety of Washington from the opening to the close of the war. It was retaken or evacuated every time the Confederates crossed the Potomac, except in 1864, when General Sigel determined to hold it at all hazards, a feat which at that time seemed impossible, for no army had been able to cross the Potomac and remain across without proper garrison. But General Sigel accomplished it with 6500 men, who, by taking a position upon the heights, managed to withstand Early's army of 25,000 though completely surrounded most of the time.

Early in the spring of 1861, Harper's Ferry was occupied by Generals Joe Johnston and Stonewall Jackson. The Federal troops were encamped at Sandy Hook, a small station on the railroad, almost immediately opposite. The experience of passengers on Baltimore & Ohio trains during the period was of a character not altogether pleasant, stopped on the Maryland side of the river by the Union forces and again on the Virginia side by the Confederate forces, one had to be careful and remember to just which power he had last given allegiance.

In a few weeks the Confederates evacuated the ferry, moving to Winchester, the Federals taking possession and holding it until September, 1862, when Stonewall Jackson captured it and compelled Colonel D. S. Miles, the Federal commander, to sur-

render with 11,000 men. The Union forces were paroled, and Jackson marched immediately, by way of Shepherdstown, to join Lee at Antietam. This happened on September 15th, the day after the two battles at South Mountain near Frederick were fought. The Confederates were defeated and in retreating toward Antietam, assisted Jackson in capturing the ferry. Colonel Miles was mortally wounded in the engagements, which continued for about twenty minutes after the white flag had been raised. Had the Federal forces pursued the Confederates promptly, Harper's Ferry would not have been lost. It was during this engagement that the Catholic Church at Harper's Ferry, which is now one of the famous landmarks of the place, was used as a hospital for the Union forces, and the natural stone steps leading to the edifice, up which the wounded soldiers were carried were soon so slippery from the gore of battle that it became impossible to ascend them.

The Confederates never occupied Harper's Ferry for any length of time after the battle of Antietam, September, 1862, but throughout the war it was the scene of much uncertainty, as it was the centre of operations of both sides. From Bolivar Heights, above the town, nearly all the ground covered by the operations of both armies at Antietam is in full view.

Harper's Ferry was the pivotal point. Antietam lies only ten miles away toward the northeast, South Mountain, where the battles were fought prior to Antietam, lies fifteen miles toward the northeast. Frederick, of Barbara Fritchie fame, lies eighteen miles to the east, while the battlefield of Monocacy is only four miles south of Frederick. Hagerstown is twenty-two miles north of Harper's Ferry, and the great battlefield of Gettysburg lies twenty-five miles northwest of Hagerstown. Many of these famous battlefields are visible from the heights of Harper's Ferry.

South of Harper's Ferry lies the beautiful Shenandoah Valley—"The valley of dispute." In regular order comes Hallowton, Charles Town (where John Brown was hanged), Summit Point, Opequon, Winchester (the scene of Sheridan's ride), Middletown, Cedar Creek and Strasburg.

#### HARPER'S FERRY TODAY

The place whose beauty so enthralled Robert Harper that he abandoned his trip to the South and for thirteen guineas purchased the land from two squatters, and later established the ferry that gave the town its name; the place whose entrancing scenery so gripped Thomas Jefferson that he declared it worth a trip across the Atlantic; the place universally known because of the thrilling history of which it has been the scene—it is indeed small wonder that such a place should become the much-frequented tourist point that is now to be found in Harper's Ferry.

Harper's Ferry boasts of several good hotels and many first-class boarding houses. During the greater part of the year the village entertains numerous visitors, and from May to October it teems with the activity of a large summer colony.

There are many diversions at Harper's Ferry to occupy one's time. Great delight is taken in viewing the wonderful mountain scenery. Sportsmen will find good fishing and hunting in the immediate vicinity; while boating, mountain hiking, horse-back riding, motoring and outdoor sports in general add to the enjoyment of visitors. It is also an ideal place for those seeking a rest, and the invigorating climate of this section will soon tend to restore tired minds and bodies to a healthy condition.

Another feature that adds to the popularity of Harper's Ferry is its accessibility. Located on the main line of the Baltimore



JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT AND CIVIL WAR TABLETS AT HARPER'S FERRY

## Historic HARPER'S FERRY

## Historic HARPER'S FERRY



and Ohio Railroad between Washington, D. C., and Cumberland, Md., it is but fifty-five miles west of the former city. Harper's Ferry is favored with both through coach and Pullman car service from many of the principal cities of the East and West; being but one and a half hours' train ride from Washington, two and a half hours from Baltimore, four and a half hours from Philadelphia and seven hours from New York. From the West, it is seven hours from Pittsburgh, twenty hours from Chicago, fifteen hours from Cincinnati and twenty-four and a half hours from St. Louis. Many passengers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad take advantage of the stop-over privilege accorded at Harper's Ferry for a few hours' visit at this beautiful and historic spot.

Harper's Ferry is also situated at the foot of the Shenandoah Valley, from which a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad leads to many of the well known resorts in that region. As a consequence, tourists often establish their headquarters at Harper's Ferry and from that point make a pilgrimage up the beautiful valley. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has issued for free distribution a special folder on the Shenandoah Valley and its attractions, that will prove of much interest to those planning a trip to this renowned section.

#### HARPER'S FERRY

Where the tumbling Shenandoah

From its sources in the deeps

Of the blue Virginia mountains

Lifting up their azure steep

To the fleecy skies above them,

Meets the great Potomac's waves,

A Queen of beauty rules them

And sends them forth her slaves.

From her throne between the mountains

She smiles upon the twain

As they join their crystal currents

In their journey to the main;

And their emerald ripples murmur,

As they gladden in the sun,

A bosom and an arm

To the Queen who nukes them one.

This pamphlet is one of a series issued by the Passenger Traffic Department, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., to promote a wider knowledge of the various historic and scenic places along its lines.

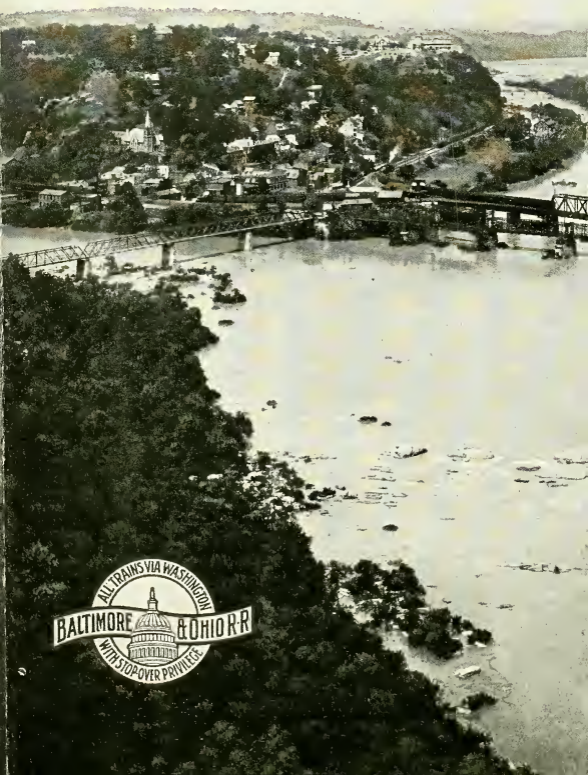
"Serving the Public Since 1827"



On the  
**BALTIMORE & OHIO**  
AMERICA'S FIRST RAILROAD



• *Historic* •  
**HARPER'S  
FERRY**

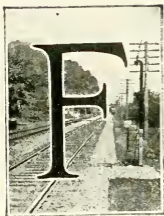




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HARPER'S FERRY LOOKING FROM MARYLAND

1. MARYLAND HEIGHTS, MD.

2. POTOMAC RIVER

### ITS EARLY HISTORY

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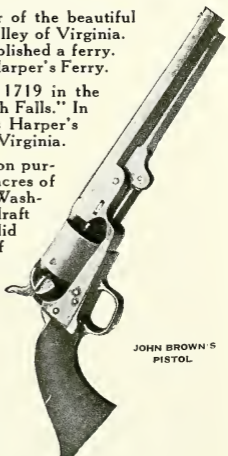
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Robert Harper thus became owner of the beautiful gap through the Blue Ridge to the Valley of Virginia. Later at this natural gateway, he established a ferry. Thus did the place become known as Harper's Ferry.

The place was first mentioned in 1719 in the Chronicles of Virginia as "Shenandoah Falls." In 1763 the town was incorporated as Harper's Ferry by the General Assembly of Virginia.

In 1796 General George Washington purchased from the Harper family 125 acres of land to be used for an Armory site. Washington himself made the survey and draft recognizing the value of the splendid water power, said by some to be of the finest in the United States.

Such was the early history of Harper's Ferry; but the history that has made Harper's Ferry a familiar name to every school child, had its staging under ghastly and gruesome circumstances. Here transpired those dramatic happenings known as John Brown's Raid. This far famed bit of history is a feature of Harper's Ferry as intimately and inseparably associated with the town as is that of its wonderful scenery.



JOHN BROWN'S PISTOL

3. LOUDOUN HEIGHTS, VA.

4. SHENANDOAH RIVER

### JOHN BROWN'S RAID

In 1859 Harper's Ferry possessed a United States Armory and a rifle works. Furthermore, a single bridge, a covered wooden structure, crossed the Potomac at that time and served for both the railroad and vehicle traffic. The rifle works were on the banks of the Shenandoah south of the station; the U. S. Armory was on the banks of the Potomac immediately west of the station. Of the group of buildings composing the Armory, the one nearest the station was a one-story brick structure, without windows and with heavy oak doors in front. This was the fire-engine house.

In the spring of 1859, a man, giving his name as Isaac Smith, rented an impoverished farm in Maryland some four miles from Harper's Ferry. Instead of cultivating the soil, however, the aged tenant and the two younger men with him proceeded to the mountains each day with spades, picks and canvas bags, where they roamed about digging up and examining the earth and frequently depositing a quantity in bags. Occasionally a one-horse wagon would make a trip east, usually being gone about three days, and return with long boxes which would be taken into the farm house at once. As weeks passed, the party of ore prospectors, (that is what the neighbors took them to be) increased by one or two at a time, until in October there were twenty-two.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday evening, October 16, 1859, Smith and nineteen armed men crossed from Maryland to Harper's Ferry. Three of his men were left to guard the farm house. The party divided into four squads after crossing the river. One squad was sent to take possession of the rifle works on the banks of the Shenandoah, another squad was sent in the direction of Charles Town, the county seat, to secure some prominent persons as hostages, a third squad was sent back to the Maryland farmhouse to bring on the contents of the strange boxes (which comprised one hundred Sharpe's rifles, one hundred revolvers, about five hundred spears and fifteen hundred pikes and some ammunition), while the fourth squad remained and held the town.

At midnight the Baltimore and Ohio express came in from the west. When the conductor, A. J. Phelps, stepped from the train he was at once covered and told that his life depended on his obeying whatever orders might be given him. Likewise with the engineer and fireman.

About three o'clock in the morning the squad that had gone for hostages returned with Lewis W. Washington, great grand-nephew of Gen. Washington, and John H. Alstadt, two prominent citizens of the county, and a number of their slaves. The slaves were offered their freedom which they declined, and so were locked in one of the Armory buildings with their masters. Conductor Phelps was then directed to proceed with his train.



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SHENANDOAH RIVERS, AND THE TERRITORY OF THREE STATES—MARY

5. HARPER'S FERRY, BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, W. VA.

6. POTOMAC RIVER



THE SPURS OF JOHN BROWN, AND THE CHAIN WITH WHICH JOHN BROWN, JR., WAS BOUND WHEN HE WAS DRIVEN UNDER A MIDSUMMER SUN OVER THE PLAINS OF KANSAS IN FRONT OF CAVALRY

land side. When commanded to halt he started to run. A raider fired and the negro fell mortally wounded on the floor of the bridge. The second victim was Thomas Boerly, killed in his own doorway.

A wealthy bachelor by the name of Turner was next to die. Living five miles south of Charles Town, he had hastened to the Ferry on his horse, dismounted at the top of Bolivar Heights, and was walking down the street that descended to the railroad station below. When nearing the bottom of the hill he espied one of the raiders. He immediately raised his gun and fired, but missed his aim, reloading he again raised his gun to fire when there was a crack of a distant rifle and Turner fell dead in his tracks.

An armed citizen next shot the raider who had killed Turner, the musket ball severing his jugular vein so that he bled to death in a few moments.

Hundreds of armed Virginians attacked the squad in the rifle works. From behind trees and boulders thousands of shots were poured into the buildings. Two of the squad being wounded, the raiders decided to surrender and a flag of truce was raised. To this, however, the Virginians paid no attention. The raiders then made a dash for the river. The two wounded men were killed as soon as they were clear of the buildings. Two reached the river but were shot dead before they had gotten far into the stream. The fifth took shelter behind a large boulder and was captured.

The armed Virginians then swept down toward the point near the railroad station which was still held by the raiders, who soon

The squad that had returned to Maryland for the arms received word through false sources that their party at the Ferry had been overcome and killed. Three of them thereupon returned to the Ferry by a circuitous route to find their comrades still in possession. They with two of the Charles Town squad, were then sent across to guard the Maryland entrance to the bridge.

By morning the alarm had reached the country side and Virginians in all walks of life seized their arms and hastened to the Ferry. The first man to die was a negro named Hayward, a porter for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He attempted to cross to the Mary-



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6. MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA

7. C. AND O. CANAL

8. MARYLAND HEIGHTS, MD.

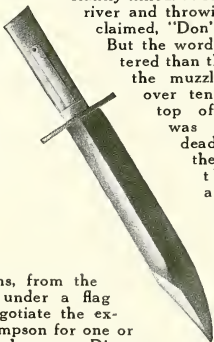
found the onslaught of bullets irresistible and took shelter in the Armory engine house. William W. Thompson, the raider who had been taken prisoner, was confined in a nearby hotel.

A body of armed Virginians who had crossed the river above the Ferry were on the Maryland side trying to dislodge the raiders who held the bridge, but without success. When the squad on the grounds at the Ferry were forced to abandon their positions and flee to the engine house, it left that end of the bridge unguarded. The Virginians immediately found positions where their fire could be directed through the bridge forcing the raiders out at the other end. Three of the squad were almost instantly killed. A fourth jumped into the

river and throwing up his hands, exclaimed, "Don't shoot, I surrender."

But the words were no sooner uttered than there was a flash from the muzzle of a musket not over ten feet away and the top of the raider's head was blown off and his dead body floated down the Potomac. Learning that Thompson was a prisoner in the hands of the Virginians, the leaders of the raiders sent one of his men

KNIFE CARRIED BY  
JOHN BROWN AND  
CALLED BY HIM HIS  
"TOOTHPICK"



Aaron Stephens, from the engine house under a flag of truce to negotiate the exchange of Thompson for one or all of his own hostages. Disregarding the flag which he carried, Stephens was shot at and severely wounded. He was then carried into a nearby building and his wounds dressed.

During the fighting, Fontaine Beckham, the station agent, who was also the Mayor of Harper's Ferry, was struck by a raider's bullet and fatally wounded.

This incensed the citizens and taking their prisoner, Thompson, out on the railroad bridge, they riddled his body with bullets and threw it into the Potomac.

The organized militia that had arrived by this time numbered over five hundred. These soldiers were marshalled and, led by Capt. E. G. Alburtis of Martinsburg, charged some of the buildings of the Armory and succeeded in releasing the prisoners who were not guarded. They then charged the engine house, but when within a short distance of the structure they were met with a volley of bullets that killed two of their number and wounded a half dozen more.

Night came on and still the remnant of the raiding party held out in the engine house. Terms of surrender could not be agreed upon; the raiders asked for free access to the mountains with their guns and ammunition. \*Colonel Robert E. Lee, who had arrived on the scene with a detachment of United States Marines, demanded unconditional surrender.

In the morning orders were given the marines to storm the engine house. Twenty-five marines were selected, two of them were provided with heavy sledges while the rest were armed with muskets and fixed bayonets. However, the sledges, despite the strength of the men who wielded them, were found inadequate in opening the doors. The marines were then ordered to lay their guns aside and obtaining a forty-foot ladder they rammed the doors which quivered but did not yield. At the second rush the doors partly gave way, but as they did so two shots rang out and two marines fell wounded, one mortally. A third rush and the entrance was gained. Lieut. Israel Green was the first to enter, carrying his drawn sword, and the first person he met was the leader of the raiders whom he struck down. The imprisoned hostages were released and the wounded raiders taken outside.

Immediately the mob of citizens swarmed forward and demanded the lives of the raiders, but Colonel Lee declared his intentions of protecting his prisoners as long as he had a marine under command.

It was then that the fact was disclosed by the aged chief that he was John Brown of Kansas fame. Two of Brown's sons had been in the engine house with him. One of these was killed and the other badly wounded.

Brown was kept at Harper's Ferry for two days, then removed to the county jail at Charles Town where he was tried, sentenced and on the second day of December was hanged.

The Harper's Ferry raid was the culmination of John Brown's stormy career as a rabid abolitionist, and this bloody encounter had for its object the liberation of negro slaves by arming and inciting them to revolt. While the insurrection was a failure and was promptly suppressed, it was no doubt one of the chief factors that hastened the outbreak of the Civil War.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has erected a modest little shaft on the spot near the station where the engine house formerly stood. The fort was removed for exhibition purposes to the World's Fair at Chicago, and afterwards brought back and re-erected at a park about three miles above Harper's Ferry on the Shenandoah River. Later it was again taken down, removed to the grounds of Storer College on Bolivar Heights and rebuilt just as it originally existed.

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\*It is a strange coincidence that Robert E. Lee, who directed the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, should later leave the Federal Army to take command of the Confederate forces during the Civil War.



JOHN BROWN'S FORT AT HARPER'S FERRY



HARPER'S FERRY FROM BOLIVAR HEIGHTS

Few buildings have had so interesting and transitory an existence as has this modest brick structure. It now contains some interesting collections that make it a small museum and it has become one of the chief points of tourist interest.

Beside the John Brown Monument are five iron tablets which the United States Government has placed there for the enlightenment of travelers concerning the fighting that took place in the capture of Harper's Ferry by the Confederate Army in September, 1862.

### HARPER'S FERRY AND THE CIVIL WAR

Of the main places that were in a constant state of siege during the Civil War, Harper's Ferry suffered most heavily. The Government arsenal and armories located there were destroyed by Federal troops to prevent their capture by the Confederates. These buildings were erected some time after the close of the Revolutionary War, and it was there that many of the old flint lock rifles were made that were used in the "War of 1812." All that remains of the old arsenal on the Potomac River today is the grass-grown foundation.

At one time or another during the war portions of the entire Union Army were at Harper's Ferry. It was looked upon as the key to the safety of Washington from the opening to the close of the war. It was retaken or evacuated every time the Confederates crossed the Potomac, except in 1864, when General Sigel determined to hold it at all hazards, a feat which at that time seemed impossible, for no army had been able to cross the Potomac and remain across without proper garrison. But General Sigel accomplished it with 6500 men, who, by taking a position upon the heights, managed to withstand Early's army of 25,000 though completely surrounded most of the time.

Early in the spring of 1861, Harper's Ferry was occupied by Generals Joe Johnston and Stonewall Jackson. The Federal troops were encamped at Sandy Hook, a small station on the railroad, almost immediately opposite. The experience of passengers on Baltimore & Ohio trains during this period was of a character not altogether pleasant; stopped on the Maryland side of the river by the Union forces and again on the Virginia side by the Confederate forces, one had to be careful and remember to just which power he had last given allegiance.

In a few weeks the Confederates evacuated the ferry, moving to Winchester, the Federals taking possession and holding it until September, 1862, when Stonewall Jackson captured it and compelled Colonel D. S. Miles, the Federal commander, to sur-





JEFFERSON'S ROCK, LOOKING UP SHENANDOAH RIVER

render with 11,000 men. The Union forces were paroled, and Jackson marched immediately, by way of Shepherdstown, to join Lee at Antietam. This happened on September 15th, the day after the two battles at South Mountain near Frederick were fought. The Confederates were defeated and in retreating toward Antietam, assisted Jackson in capturing the ferry. Colonel Miles was mortally wounded in the engagements, which continued for about twenty minutes after the white flag had been raised. Had the Federal forces pursued the Confederates promptly, Harper's Ferry would not have been lost. It was during this engagement that the Catholic Church at Harper's Ferry, which is now one of the famous landmarks of the place, was used as a hospital for the Union forces, and the natural stone steps leading to the edifice, up which the wounded soldiers were carried were soon so slippery from the gore of battle that it became impossible to ascend them.

The Confederates never occupied Harper's Ferry for any length of time after the battle of Antietam, September, 1862, but throughout the war it was the scene of much uncertainty, as it was the centre of operations of both sides. From Bolivar Heights, above the town, nearly all the ground covered by the operations of both armies at Antietam is in full view.

Harper's Ferry was the pivotal point. Antietam lies only ten miles away toward the northeast. South Mountain, where the battles were fought prior to Antietam, lies fifteen miles toward the northeast. Frederick, of Barbara Fritchie fame, lies eighteen miles to the east, while the battlefield of Monocacy is only four miles south of Frederick. Hagerstown is twenty-two miles north of Harper's Ferry, and the great battlefield of Gettysburg lies twenty-five miles northeast of Hagerstown. Many of these famous battlefields are visible from the heights of Harper's Ferry.



JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT AND CIVIL



VIEW FROM JEFFERSON'S ROCK, LOOKING DOWN POTOMAC RIVER

South of Harper's Ferry lies the beautiful Shenandoah Valley—"The valley of dispute." In regular order comes Halltown, Charles Town (where John Brown was hanged), Summit Point, Opequon, Winchester (the scene of Sheridan's ride), Middletown, Cedar Creek and Strasburg.

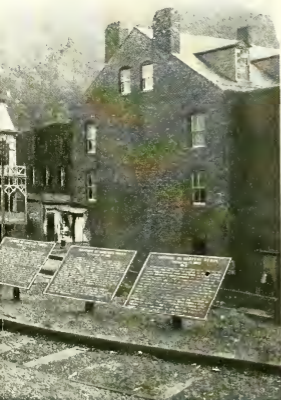
### HARPER'S FERRY TODAY

The place whose beauty so enthralled Robert Harper that he abandoned his trip to the South and for thirteen guineas purchased the land from two squatters, and later established the ferry that gave the town its name; the place whose entrancing scenery so gripped Thomas Jefferson that he declared it worth a trip across the Atlantic; the place universally known because of the thrilling history of which it has been the scene—it is indeed small wonder that such a place should become the much-frequented tourist point that is now to be found in Harper's Ferry.

Harper's Ferry boasts of several good hotels and many first-class boarding houses. During the greater part of the year the village entertains numerous visitors, and from May to October it teems with the activity of a large summer colony.

There are many diversions at Harper's Ferry to occupy one's time. Great delight is taken in viewing the wonderful mountain scenery. Sportsmen will find good fishing and hunting in the immediate vicinity; while boating, mountain hiking, horse-back riding, motoring and outdoor sports in general add to the enjoyment of visitors. It is also an ideal place for those seeking a rest, and the invigorating climate of this section will soon tend to restore tired minds and bodies to a healthy condition.

Another feature that adds to the popularity of Harper's Ferry is its accessibility. Located on the main line of the Baltimore



WAR TABLETS AT HARPER'S FERRY



AN UNUSUAL SCENE—HIGHWAY, BALTIMORE AND OHIO TRACKS, C. & O. CANAL AND POTOMAC RIVER AT HARPER'S FERRY

and Ohio Railroad between Washington, D. C., and Cumberland, Md., it is but fifty-five miles west of the former city. Harper's Ferry is favored with both through coach and Pullman car service from many of the principal cities of the East and West; being but one and a half hours' train ride from Washington, two and a half hours from Baltimore, four and a half hours from Philadelphia and seven hours from New York. From the West, it is seven hours from Pittsburgh, twenty hours from Chicago, fifteen hours from Cincinnati and twenty-four and a half hours from St. Louis. Many passengers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad take advantage of the stop-over privilege accorded at Harper's Ferry for a few hours' visit at this beautiful and historic spot.

Harper's Ferry is also situated at the foot of the Shenandoah Valley, from which a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad leads to many of the well known resorts in that region. As a consequence, tourists often establish their headquarters at Harper's Ferry and from that point make a pilgrimage up the beautiful valley. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has issued for free distribution a special folder on the Shenandoah Valley and its attractions, that will prove of much interest to those planning a trip to this renowned section.

### HARPER'S FERRY

Where the tumbling Shenandoah  
 From its sources in the deeps  
 Of the blue Virginia mountains  
 Lifting up their azure steeps  
 To the fleecy skies above them,  
 Meets the great Potomac's waves;  
 A Queen of beauty rules them  
 And sends them forth her slaves.

From her throne between the mountains  
 She smiles upon the twain  
 As they join their crystal currents  
 In their journey to the main;  
 And their emerald ripples murmur,  
 As they glisten in the sun,  
 A benison and anthem  
 To the Queen who makes them one.

This pamphlet is one of a series issued by the Passenger Traffic Department, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., to promote a wider knowledge of the various historic and scenic places along its lines.

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Jos. Brown, from a Photograph by Martin M. Lawrence. 81 Pradey, N. Y.





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